

A SELECTION OF SADÍ'S GHAZALS

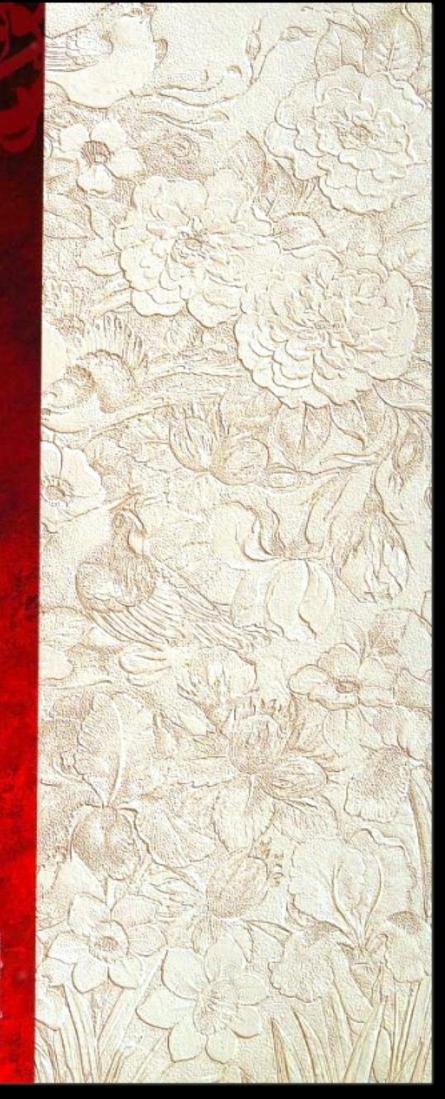


Persian Calligraphy: A.A. Falsafi

Dersian Daintings: Λ.Q. Aghamiri



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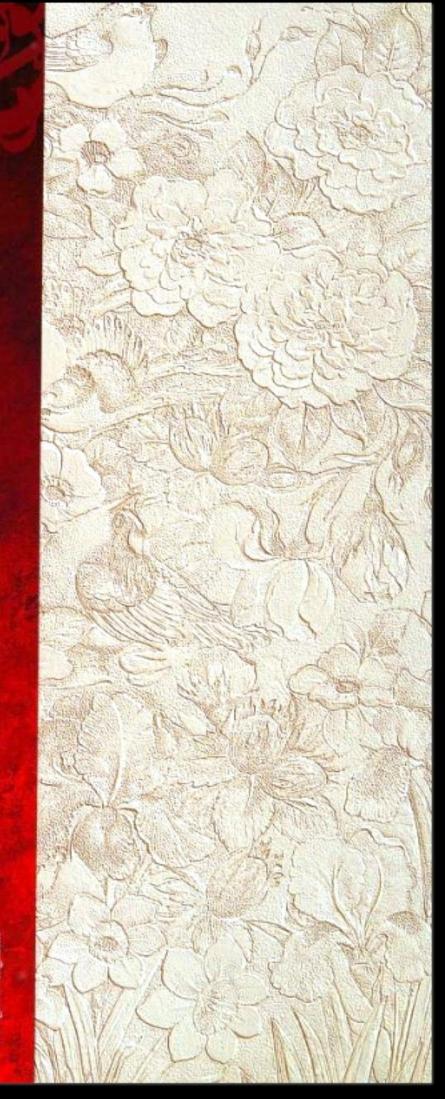


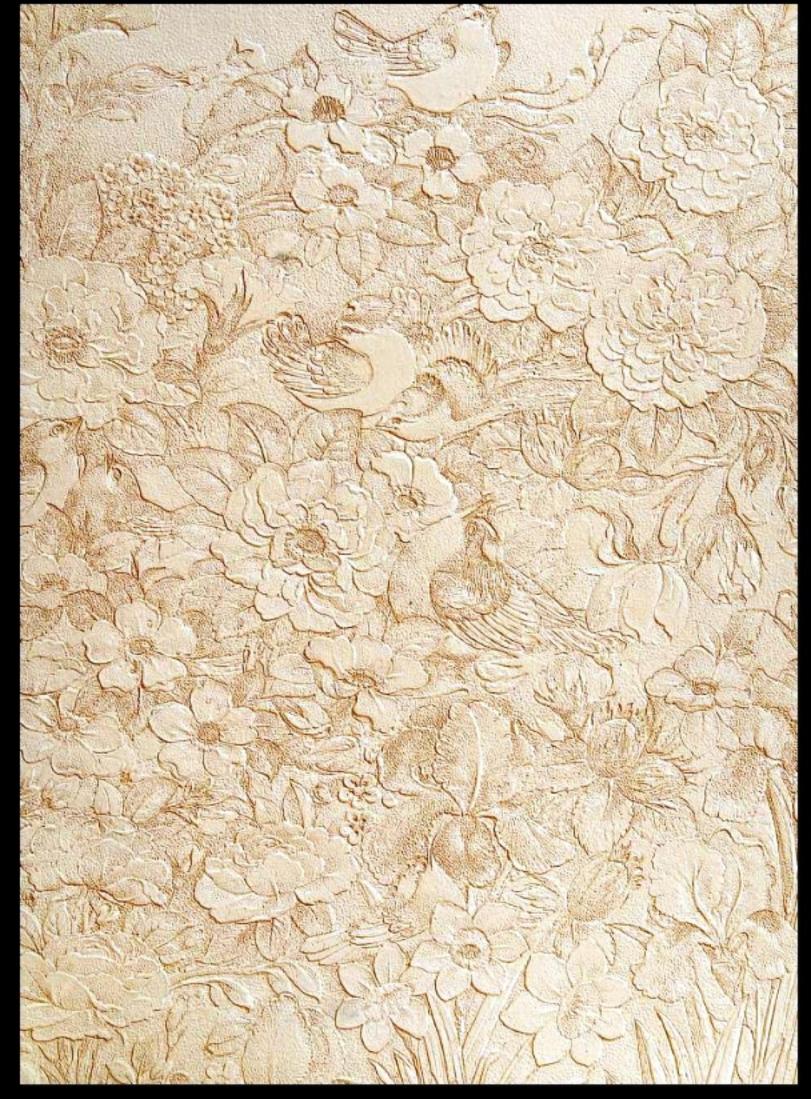
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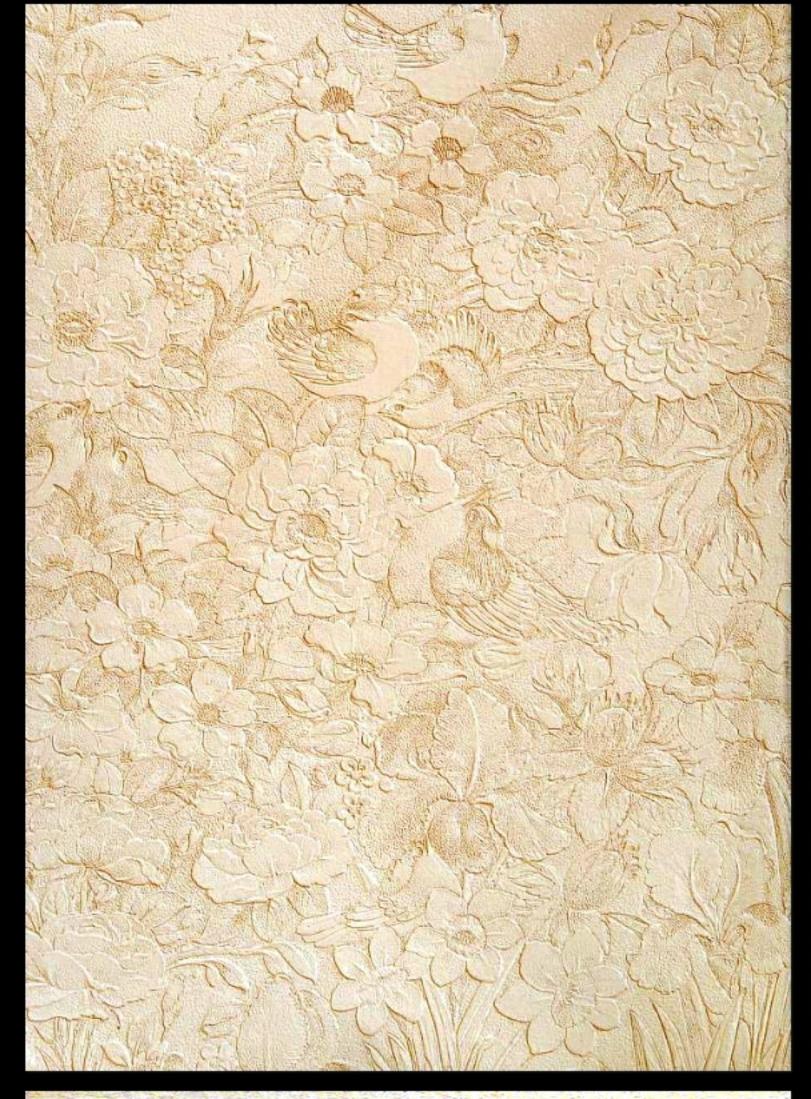
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# A SELECTION OF

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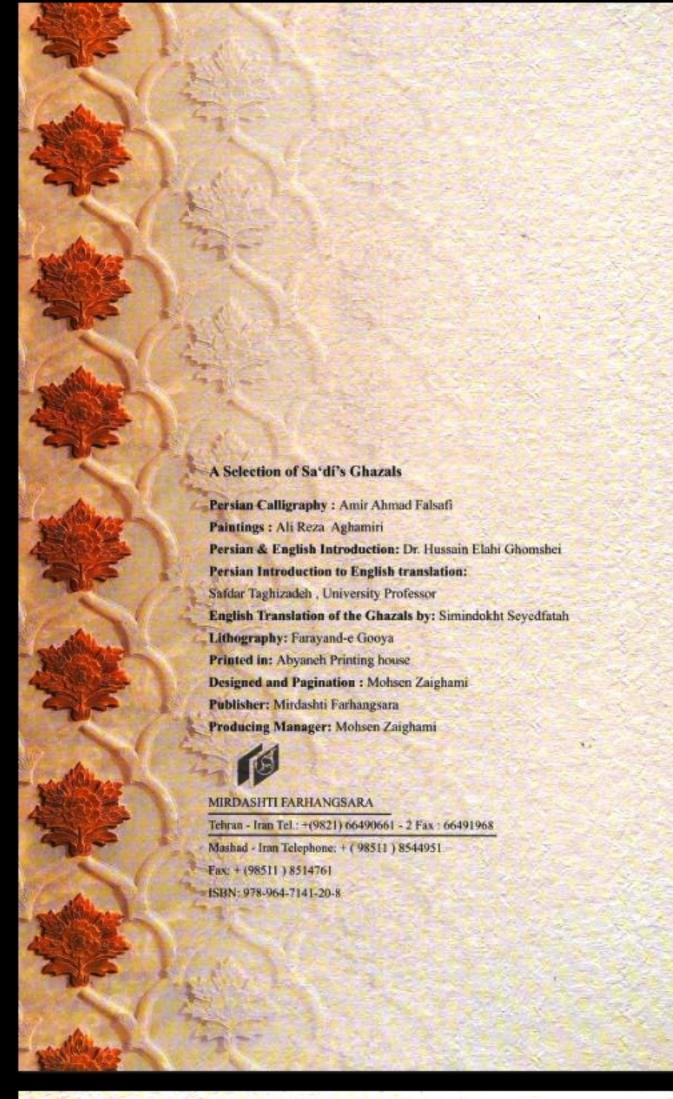


Persian Calligraphy: A.A Falsafi

Persian Paintings: A.R. Aghamiri

English & Persian Introduction : Dr. H. Elahi Ghomshei

English Translation of the Ghazals by: Simindokht Seyedfatah





## ماول دفتر بنام ابزد داناه

#### In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful

Let's begin in the name of God, the Knowledgeable, The Creator, the Living, the Able,

The Lord of the world and of the human, the Greatest, the Grand, Created fair face and fine character.

Through His generosity and kindness to the inferiors, Both have their portion, the bird and the fish,

Both have their lot, the benefactor and the dervish, The mosquito and the phoenix are provided in their daily bread.

He is aware of an ant's need through omniscience

While the ant is at the bottom of a pit, under the granite.

He created the creatures out of the sperm, sugar out of the cane, Moist leaves out of dry sticks and fountains out of granite.

He created sweet syrup out of the bees, Big palms out of the stone of the dates.

Free from everyone and kind to all, Hidden to the whole world and visible to all.

Beyond the grasp of the wise men are Gleams of His glorious court, because of their splendour.

Not only praises Him the Tongue in the mouth of the unconscious Suff, So does the Hair covering the organs of the body.

He who is not grateful to today's blessing Will regret over tomorrow's portion of mercy.

O Lord! Thou art the Prudent, the Protector, Free from all faults, clear of all errors.

We are unable to praise you truthfully
Along with all cherubim of the upper world.
Sa di talks out of his own perception
Otherwise for the power of imagination
It is impossible to comprehend your perfection.



#### Sadi

Sadi can be considered to be Shakespeare of Persia as Rumi has been called Dante of Islam and Firdowsi, Homer of Iran.

Emerson has praised Sadi as a poet who "speaks to all nations and like Homer Shakespeare, Cervantes and Montaigne is perpetually modern." Furthermore he has called the Gulestan (Rose - garden) of Sadi, one of the bibles of the world wherein the universality of moral law is gracefully portrayed.

His works, covering a wide variety of literary forms in prose and verse, have all a prophetic truth in them which is above that of history and a universal appeal beyond time and place. He has conquered the whole realm of human nature as he himself has beautifully expressed in a poem of his divan:

Oh, Sadi

Thou hast conquered the whole world with the sword of thy eloquent poetry.

But be aware that the credit all goes to the Grace of God.

Like Shakespeare he has bestowed the Persian language with thousands of popular quotations, words of worldly and heavenly wisdom inspiring maxims and aphorisms. Indeed, his complete works almost the size of the complete works of Shakespeare, can properly be entitled "Quotations by Sadi", for almost all he has said is heard from the mouth of speakers in far different subjects to serve modern purposes. The following remarkable example is a well-known poem of Sadi on the unity of all mankind, the translation of which has been written in bold letters above the gate of the united nations:

The sons of Adam are like the limbs of the same body.

For they share the same essence in creation.

When one limb is put to pain

The other limbs can not remain at rest

O thou who do not feel the sufferings of mankind,

Thou deservest not to be called a human being.

The most popular works of Sadi at home as well as abroad, are Gulestan (Rose-garden) and Bustan (Garden of Perfume, or Fruit Garden).

Gulestan is in melodious rhyming prose studded with pithy verses.

It is compendium of proverbial wisdom embodied in charming prose tales. Edwin Arnold has aptly described it in culinary terms as intellectual food and nectar of versatile genius. It reads human motives shrewdly and shows their wide range from the meanest personal greed to the sublimest selflessness.

Bustan (in rhyming couplets) follows similar themes in fascinating tales, fables, parables and proverbial words of wisdom. His ghazals (Lyric poetry almost in sonnet from) and odes are an important part of his work and fame, highly praised in the east and rarely appreciated in the west.

Gulestan and Bustan are both the later works of Sadi and show the seasoned philosopher and tolerant gentleman with excellent common sense and a twinkle in his eye over the follies of humanity.

Among the mystic and visionary Persian poets, Sadi stands out as a realist picturing the teeming life of highway and bazaar.

Professor R.A. Nicholson has thus characterized him in verse:

O full of human wisdom, happy sage,
A Persian Horace, mingling on thy page,
Where childhood learns to read, age reads to learn,
Moral with gay and tale with truth in turn;
Which as we read, our fancy so beguile,
The matter pleases for the golden style,

A style that softly winning, simply dressed, Endears the topic and refines the jest.

The following is a typical short tale from Gulestan which can give a taste of what Nicholson has found in Sadi. The tale is in prose, but followed by a piece of

verse, emphasizing the wisdom of the story in fresh insightful images:

I saw an Arab sitting in a ring of jewel dealers at Basra, telling a story how once upon a time in the desert he had settled in his heart he must die. "Suddenly" said he, "I lighted upon a bag which felt to be full of grain. Never can I forget the relish and the joy of thinking that it was indeed parched corn, and then the agony and the despair to find it only a bag of pearls."

The desert traveller mid the driving sands,
Sinking with thirst - what matter if his hands
Holds pearls or dust? His dried mouth curseth both!
So when a man with hunger falls to die,
What difference whether in his girdle cloth
He hideth gold or only frippery?

We hope that these few cups of the spiritual wine of Persian wisdom would stimulate English men-of-letters and literary circles to further introduce Sadi to

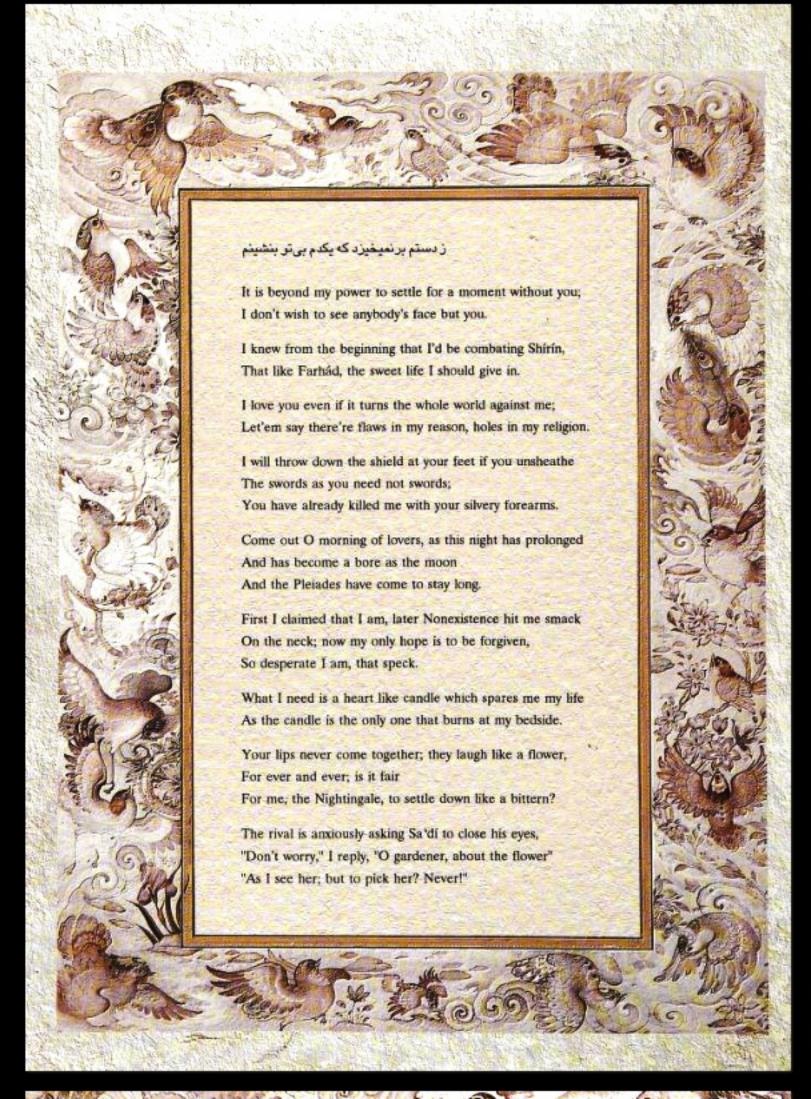
English readers, and guide them to the Mainsprings of this divine source of ecstasy

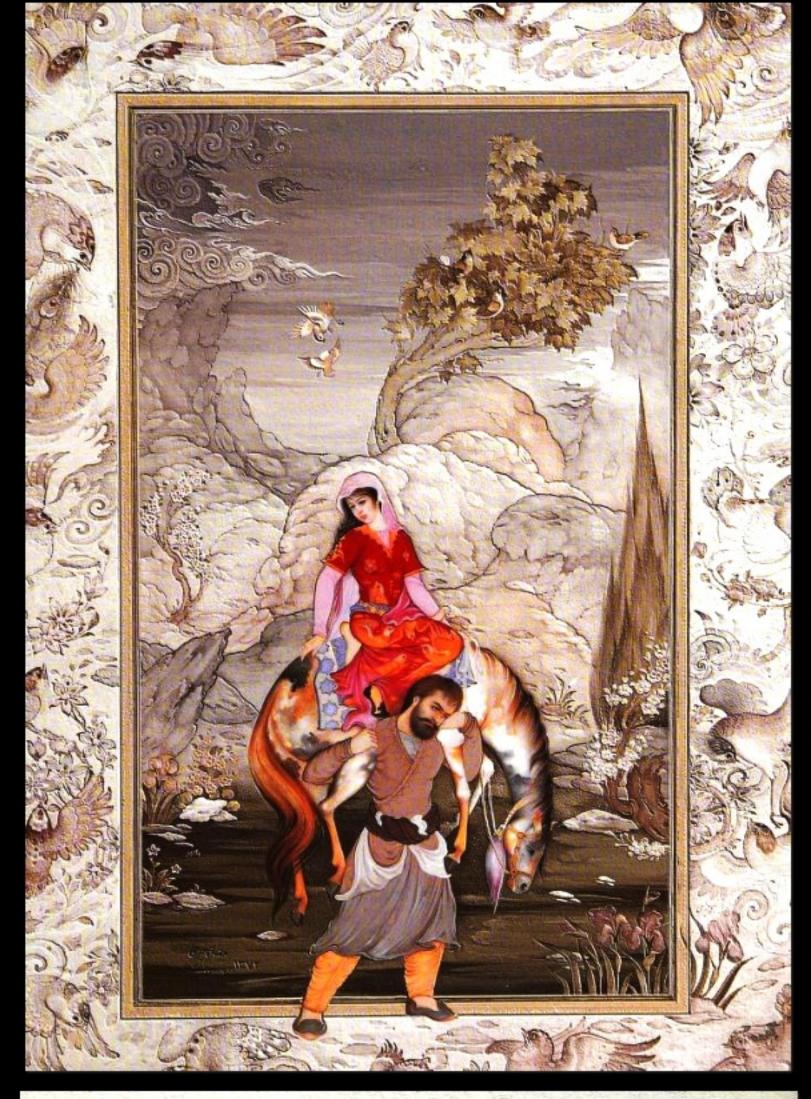
and intellectual intoxication.

1st.Jan.2000 Hossein, Mohyeddin Ghomshei



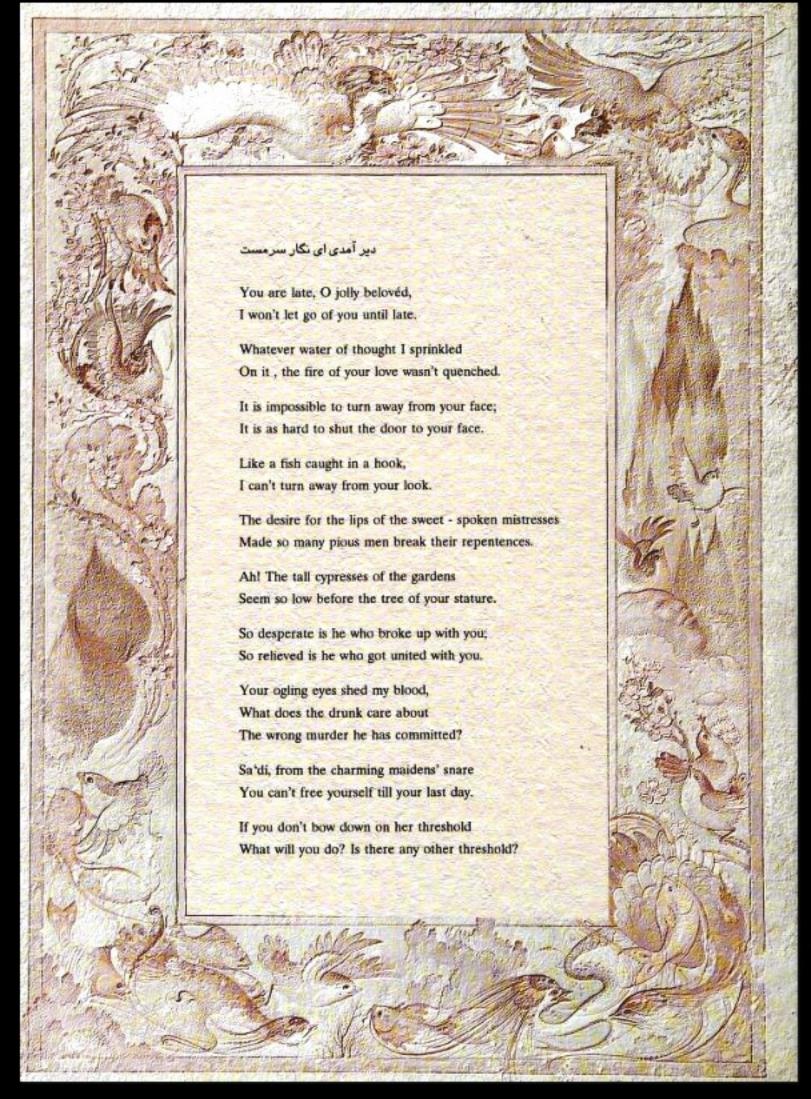


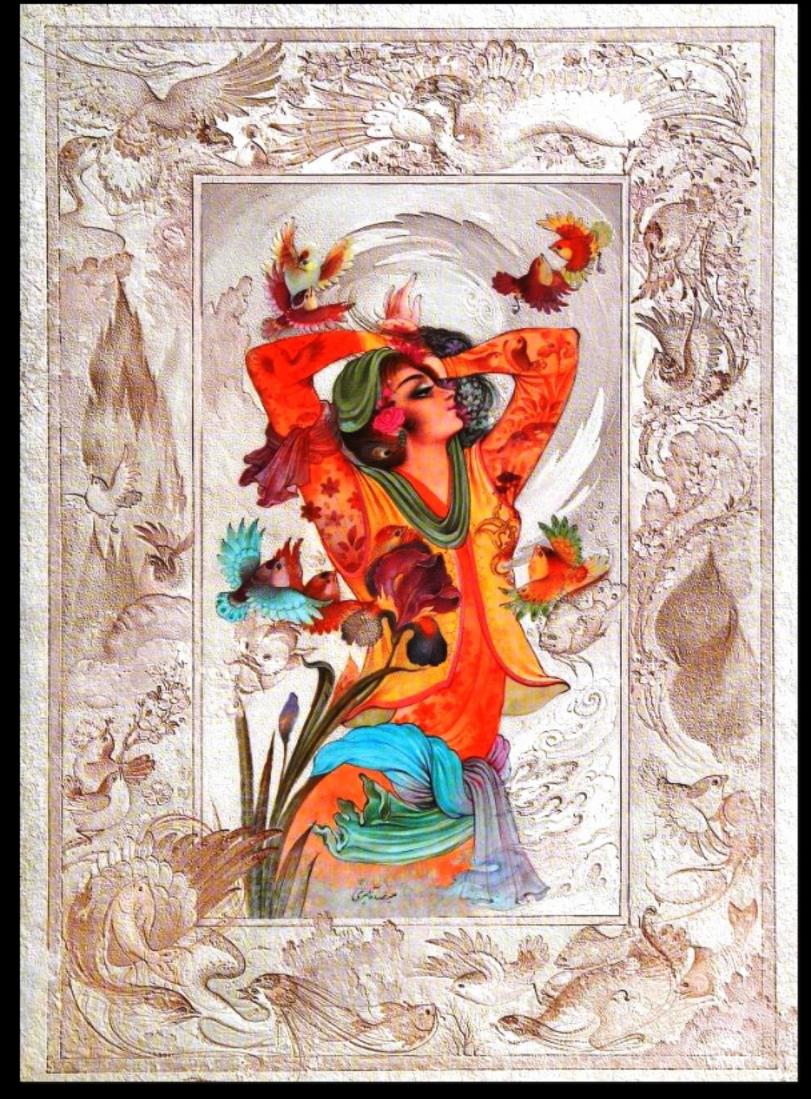














He is alive who dies in front of the belovéd; Gloomy is the one who takes not a belovéd.

He whose heart is lightened with verve, a beloved He needs to choose to keep the candle of his heart enlightened.

Only a heart soft as wax deserves to seek love; Never granite shall be set, shall it, with agate?

The beautiful face of Sa'di's mistress will be his murderer, Whomever is murdererd by this face will live on for ever.

آن کیست که می رود به نخجیر

Who's that who goes to search for preys With the lovers' hearts in chains and fetters?

Babel's sister of the witches, Kashmere's neighbour of the idols.

This is the paradise of which they say: Turns to a youth, an old man in a day.

Because of the love of her arms' bows The fallen is not aware of the arrows.

Once the painter sees her visage He will drop other people's image.

O unfaithful, O ruthless, O tyrant, You left and thus was I destined.

How vainly narrow - minded people blame me; Just because I am in love they warn me and blame me.

The blood that came into my body along with milk Will only abandon my corpse when life abandons me.

If the sweetheart asks for my life
It is not fair to be late or to forbid.

He who wishes to grant the belovéd's desires, Tell him to renounce his own wishes and desires.

Sa'dí, once you become love's captive

What will your tactic be except forsaking tactics?

وه که در عشق چنان می سوزم

Oh! To what length in love I'm burning!

One flame, and I'll set on fire the land of the living.

Candle-like before the face of the beloved who is charming I am blazingly burning; oh! What an incessant burning!

I burnt away but I dare not say That with somebody's love I am burning.

Have mercy on me as away I am wandering; Have pity on me as this is my soul which is burning.

With you, friends are all but blessed with pleasure; I am guilty, that's why I am burning.

O Sa'di, lament not. Why? If I don't Nobody will know that in secrecy I am burning. ما همه چشمیم و تو نور ای صنم

We are all eyes and you are the light, O idol; May the evil eye be averted from you, O idol!

Don't cover your face as he who sees Such a houri as you, will go to heaven, O idol.

I was wrong to call you houri; That was rude of me and I wronged you, O idol;

So as not to find fault with me that I can't see What your presence do with the people, O idol.

The cause of all sedition and languor Is you on the whole earth, O idol.

With all this sweetness and goodness you can't be But a source of coquetry and pride, O idol.

A stature like yours, exalted like a cypress, is for us So as not to settle down, not to remain patient, O idol.

So many riots of emotions have arisen in my head From a heart which is burning like an oven, O idol.

Once Sa'di drank out of this fountain of life.

His thirst shan't ever be relieved drop by drop, O idol.

فریاد من از فراق یار است

I cry for being away from my belovéd

And lament as from me, my sweetheart has parted.

Without that moon-faced beauty at my side I feel as if my face is coloured with blood.

The tears coming out of my eyes

Are but the blood shed from my heart.

I have a heartache beyond my power; I feel restless because she's gone for ever.

Not one is aware of my sorrow; Alack! The world shan't last for ever.

I am being tormented by my fortune, Because of that I have a sore heart ever.

Sa'dí, why do you complain about the belovéd While joy and anguish shan't last for ever?

آفرين خداى برجانت

May God praise your spirit, Such sweet lips and sweet teeth.

Whoever lost his Joseph of heart Ask him to find it in your chin's pit.

No sedition in Persia will arise Save from your seducing eyes.

Even if the Cypress comes and goes Her display is far behind your flaunt.

Your night is the others' daylight For it is sunshine in your resident.

Until when, O spiritual Orchard, Your gardener will you resent?

The nightingales we are, let's for a moment Rest in your rose - garden and lament.

Be a tyrant, be cruel to me for a thousand times, And I will love you still a thousand more times. I tried the power of patience, it was shattered O shattered like glass struck against the rock.

Whether you keep your promise or not That I am not to break my word, is beyond doubt.

Even if I die of the pang of separation

You will have my reward for the joy of fruition.

O Sa'dí, you will be a living mystic

If you give up the ghost over this seeking.

زنده کدام است بر هوشیار

To the conscious person, who is the living? He who dies near the belovéd's dwelling.

The lover, that crazy, that drunken lover Has no use for the wise words of the adviser.

Better to offer your head as a sacrifice to the beloved Than to wander through the country with a sound head.

O thou ravaged my heart and burnt my soul; Over the passion I have for you, my life was sold.

Venomous sherbet out of your hand, tastes not bitter; Mountain is not a burden if you put it on my shoulder.

He who is bound to your affection shan't free himself, nor Shall he who is drowned in your love ever see the shore.

Hidden agony consumed my sore heart; At the end my love was inevitably divulged.

Think not that I am calm within me, Expect not a wink of sleep from me.

If I am to blame then complain, If it is your fault make reparation.

While on your feet, your apology is not accepted; Until you settle down, the dust won't be settled.

This isn't the place to talk about money or heart; I am but a pretender if I won't devote my heart.

Sa'di, grieve not if you are wounded; It is an honour to be scarred by the belovéd. باد آمد و بوی عنبر آورد

The wind blew and with it brought

The smell of ambergris; the almond bloomed.

The nightingale was so anxious that the flowers, Despite all those thorns, blossomed.

I wish to kiss the messenger's blessed feet Who delivered the message of the belovéd.

I had only put a letter with him, He brought a bag of fragrant musk with him.

Never have I heard of a breeze that blew Flowers' fragrance sweeter than you.

Of an offspring nobody has ever heard Coming into the world being as beautiful as you.

O desperate is the one who lasted Yet another day away from you.

Sa'dí, your bright heart like an oyster Turned every drop it drank into a pearl.

The sweetness of your gift's daughters Filled with admiration the connoisseurs,

So much so that they may bury their daughters alive, Those who gave birth to them during your life. بوی کل و بانک مرغ برخاست

There comes the scent of the flowers and the cries of the birds,.

Now is the time for mirth, for gardens and for plains.

The Footman of Autumn scattered the leaves; The Painter of Zephyr adorned the meadows.

I am not in a mood for gardens, Wherever you are, there, plasure is.

Looking at the beauties, they say, is banned; That may be, but not this look of mine.

The secret of the ineffable make of God on your face.

Is as visible as the water through the glass.

I shall pluck my left eye So as to see you but right.

He is but a granite who is not Impressed by your seal of affection.

Some day the dry and the wet of me will kindle.

The fire beneath my pot of passion.

They say Sa'di's endless lamentation Is against the wise man's persuasion.

He who is at rest on the seashore Is unaware of the abyss I am in. چنان در قید مهرت پای بندم

I am so much bound to your love's bond Like a deer in a snare, with it's head caught.

I sometime weep over my incurable pain, Some other time laugh at my unsettled condition.

I have left no ears and no intelligence To act the intelligent people's comments.

All at once I was left no patience; I revealed my love story to the plains.

I am no Majnoon that from the beloved take my heart away;
O man of honour, don't advise if you are wise, night and day.

No painter is able to paint such a face; Who am I to paint a face such as this.

So many a soul and body are worn out by lovesickness for you; I am not the only one who is left but destitute.

You, too, will come back helpless and disappointed, In this case, I am, am I not, the most fortunate?

If you call me while asleep in the land of the dead You will relieve my soul which is so deeply afflicted.

To the earth you tread on, is my head devoted, Whether you comfort my soul, whether you hurt it.

And if your comfort is in Sa'di's agony I approve of this injustice towards me. این باد بهار بوستان است

Is this the vernal breeze of the orchard

Or is it the scent of he union with my sweetheart?

This charming writing ravishes the hearts As if it is the sweetheart's face's lines.

O bird caught in the heart's net, Come back, it's time you nestled.

At night, the candle and I burn together; The difference is that my burning is hidden.

My ears are stuck on the ground, my eyes staring at the door, Every day I have been waiting to hear from you with affection.

And if the muezzin calls for the prayer I think the voice comes from my belovéd's caravan.

You were so hostile to me; nevertheless, Come back because that is affection.

Patience is not so strong as to cope

With the powerful love of my charming maiden.

Estrangement of the companions is identical With separation between the body and the soul.

Sa'di's sore lamentation

Is but a reason to his affection.

She set fire to my pen and this blackness, my writing, Which is going up in smoke, is left from that burning. برآمد باد صبح و بوی نوروز

The morning's breeze blew and new year's scent, too; Good luck to all friends! May they all achieve their ends!

Happy new year and the years to come!

Blessed be to you this day and the days to come!

The pomegranate blossoms have set the tree on fire; Set not the brazier, no need to make a fire.

Fortune's eyes opened like daffodils; Tell Envy to stitch the eyes of the enemies. This is a cheerful spring; where are you, O Rose, To find the Nightingale lament? Ah, how He groans!

Long before us the world was and it will be after us;

O brother, beware! Acquire nothing but a good name, thus.

Do good and you will be fortunate; Obey not the slanderer, the evil - minded.

O Sa'di, depend not on the world, oh don't, As this wulnut will not last long on the vault.

What a shame that there's an end to pleasure!

What a shame that the deer can't pass the panther!

مادر این شهر غریبیم و درین ملک فقیر

In this land I am but a stranger, a beggar, Captured in your net, caught in your snare.

The horizon's gate is open but my heart's foot Is chained to the tips of your curls of hair.

While I am alive I can't turn away from thee, O queen of beauties, don't turn away from me.

Although in your arsenal of admirers many are worthier than me In the whole world I don't know of anybody who comes even near thee.

I was thinking of bestowing my life on thee Some day; still, I remembered that was a triviality.

I am saying this because I suffer; The ambergris won't smell until it is set on fire.

If I say that I am not distressed, My countenance shall reveal my heart's secret.

You are amazed at my senile love, amazed be not; What kind of a youth are you who ravaged an old heart?

I shan't turn my eyes away from your eyebrows, which look like two bows, Even if they shoot me at my eyes and stitch them with arrows.

I doubt the sanity of those who advise me; Come, come, O master, the lover doesn't take the advice of thee.

An elegant body, O Sa'dí, is for people to see Otherwise what is the use of the sighted eyes?



آندوست كه من دارم، و أن يار كه من دانم

That belovéd of mine, the one I know, a sweet mouth She has away from my lips and away from my teeth.

I am not so fortunate as to take that gracious form in my arms, To make her sit down and shower her with many a flower.

Ah, your darling face is a whole beauty; What does the whole have to do with peccability?

Beware! Only a shadow is remained of me as an entity; Even that withers away whenever I think of thee.

I persist not in the union, neither shall I lament
Of separation; ask what you wish, I am under your command.

O better than Leili, there is the fear that like Majnoon, For the love of you I may wander through deserts and mountains.

In case that a sea of foes attacks me

If I turn my back on you, of you I'd be weary.

I am caught in your snare, defeated before you; I am mesmerized by you, wondering how to describe you.

My hand on my sore heart, my feet coming after you in mud; I shall be patient with all this but with not seeing you, I shall not.

I wail away in secret and, strangely enough, lovers Don't go to sleep because of my hidden wails.

Have you seen how fast the fire strikes charred wood? You are hotter than fire, that's why I burn even faster.

They say, "Don't Sa'di put your life upon this passion,"

It is becoming me to die, my life depends on my heavenly maiden.

گر من ز محبتت بميرم

If I die for the love of you, of affection, I will appeal to you on the Resurrection.

I can escape this world and the next But I can't help being with the belovéd.

O you are the salve for people in affliction; I don't know of any other cure, you're my only satisfaction. That poor lover who's nobody but thee In this world and the next, it's me.

O sheriff, was that repentance from the young you wanted? If that is it, to repent, then I can't as I am aged.

Some day I will kiss her eyebrows which look like two bows; Tell her to shoot arrows at me from those eyebrows.

O sweet-smelling Breeze of the springtide, Upon the feet of your elegance I almost died.

Once you passed Shíráz' earth Say that I am a captive in some place,

I shan't go to sleep as without the belovéd I can't lie comfortably even on a silk bed.

O intimate of Sa'di's age and day, You left, but never from my heart you went away. سرمست درآمد از خرابات

Drunken he came out of the tavern With his ruined mind in prayer.

He has thrown down on earth his robe of piety; He has set fire on his garment of austerity.

Gaily and merrily the Butterfly fell In love with his gathering's Candle.

Following him, Soul desperately asked, "O Lord of the miracles' field,"

"What comes out of a pawn's blood?"

"Ah! While facing your rook, a thousand"

"Kings will be instantly checkmated."

If I had but a thousand lives
I'd have met you, that's true
I swear, each time I'd've been rivived.

If only my heart's eye could be patient enough

I couldn't have found anything important but love.

Let's see what will happen to the rest of my life; Alas! It is all gone with the wind What happened before in my life.



آمدی وه که چه مشتاق و پریشان بودم

You arrived and I was so passionate, so agitated; No sooner had you left than I became a lifeless visage.

Lacking consciousness didn't make me not to mention you; As I was perplexed, thinking about the qualities of you.

I went not to sleep one single night amidst the rose garden, no I didn't, As away from you, the only place I can go is the heath desert.

The hope that I would join you kept reviving me incessantly

Otherwise, away from you, separation would make a martyr of me, undoubtedly.

While in a blaze of agony, relying upon your affection like Abraham, I was as though amongst bunches of tulip and chrysanthemum.

Hoping that the breeze of the dawn would bring the scent of you Every night I was waiting for the cock to crow.

"You broke your word and I kept my promise,"
Sa'di kept saying this because of the separation's distress.

من خود ای ساقی از این شوق که دارم مستم

O Sákí, I am already drunk with this zest, One more draught and I am lost.

As for narrow - minded people, to them, pay no attention 'Cause the rivals are drunk with wine and I, with reflection.

I swear by the affection and devotion that there is between us,

I neither forsook the love I have for you nor was I fond of someone else.

Before my clay was moulded, in my heart I had your affection, I didn't attach it to myself, I brought it with me from heaven.

I am truly your servant, your slave, yet In your presence I can't even say that I exist.

I was constantly in the habit of secluding, As soon as you rose, I didn't stop seeking.

You are bored and I can't stand being alone; You were cruel to me and I didn't break my word.

O Sa'dí, didn't I tell you not to go after your heart?

I won't, but only if I find it next time I'll go out.

### بخاکیای عزیزت که عهد نشکستم

By the dear earth you tread on, I didn't break my vow; You renounced me and I have never been attached to anyone, anyhow.

If I can't reach the skirt of your Fruition, Where shall I go to die on the threshold of expectation?

I am amazed at the morning of the day I bade you farewell, How come there was no tumult when without you I did settle?

Your love is such a sedition that in Persia not one man is left who is virtuous; I am one of them who doesn't even remember how he said his prayers.

I said my prayers in such an ecstasy I knew Not how I did it while I was thinking of you.

Religion doesn't accept the drunk's prayers;

I am drunk night and day, who would accept my prayers?

Now that the hand of your Fantasy has taken my skirt, What would have happened if my hands would reach your skirt?

There's no comparison between you and my longing for fruition; Although you are the water of life, with you I found my perdition.

In my whole life if I ever contradicted you It was not fine, unconsciously I wronged you.

Kill me the hardest you can 'cause Sa'di is Not the one who before you claims that he is.

امشب مگر بوقت نمیخواند این خروس

Tonight how untimely the cock is crowing! Lovers have not yet stopped kissing and hugging.

The belovéd's breasts surrounded by her wavy ringlets

Look like the ivory balls of polo surrounded by the ebony mallets.

Beware! Just tonight that the belovéd looks like a sleeping sedition Don't go to sleep so as not to regret over the life gone in vain.

Until you hear them calling from the mosque for Friday morning's prayers Or hear them beating the drum in the House of the chancellors,

It would be foolish, just because of the vain crows of the cock,

To remove your lips from her lips which look like the eyes of the cock.



A lover should take as his utmost petition Whatever the beloved desires as her inclination.

Beware of those who when love - sick, Refuge before the strangers they seek.

Bear with the beloved as he will carry a lapful of roses

Who suspects there would be thorns, who expects it not to be all roses.

The love's nest is in the tavern, What does repute have to do in this haven?

Be not a citizen of the city of desire;

A piece of bone is what the city's dog is after.

Each night being the lover of a new beauty Spoils your coming day of sobriety.

The judge of the city of lovers should inevitably Reduce the number of the sweethearts to one only.

Sa'di's head is the king's palace, There hardly ever anybody passes.

مباركتر شب و خرمترين روز

On the most cheerful day and the most blessed night Welcomed me my lucky stars, and that, at their height.

Ask the herald to give the good news two times a day 'Cause last night was the kismet's night and today is the New Year's Day.

Is this the moon, an angel or a human?

Is this a fairy or the world - illuminating sun?

You didn't know that lying in ambush were the enemies; You did well despite the evil - minded adversaries.

O foe, I have become united with the belovéd, If you don't like it have your eyes stitched.

I remember the nights I suffered so much from the pang of separation; I couldn't go to sleep because of my world - incendiary vociferation.

If it weren't for those horrendous nights
Sa'dí couldn't appreciate the value of these days.

کارم چو زلف یار پریشان و درهمست

My situation is entangled like the belovéd's tresses; My back is arched like the belovéd's eyebrows.

Sorrow drank a sherbet out of my heart's blood and said: "To the happiness of the one who is cheerful in this world."

Am I the only one with a sore heart or times are such That a light - hearted person is rarely seen?

My Heart is grieving in such a way that, to be fair, It certainly deserves to be called a lord of a lover.

Do you know what your Face told me before my very eyes? In my fantasy it said, "How come they're always wet, your eyes?"

Do you wish to know how I am doing during the day - time? Ask the dark Night which is also a confidant, an intimate.

I wish there was between my belovéd and I Such a strong connection as there is between sorrow and I.

دلی که عاشق و صابر بود مگر سنگ است

Only a Heart made of rock can be both: lover and patient; There is a thousand acres distance between love and patience.

Don't advise me, O comrades, since repentance for love Is like hitting a piece of glass against the rock.

I shall sing and drink in secrecy no more For having repute is but a disgrace to the lovers' faith.

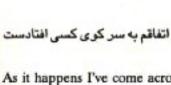
With my eyes on the Sákí and my ears on the lyre How could I get trained or follow advice?

I have clutched at the skirt of the Zephyr's Breeze In the memory of somebody, alas! It was only a breeze.

Who will take my message to my wrathfully departed one, To let her know that I have dropped the shield if it is a combat?

Kill me in whatever way you can as without you The world is already too crowded a lieu.

Reproaching Sa'dí will not cleanse his heart from love, beware, From the Black you can't take the colour away as thay are but the colour.



As it happens I've come across some maiden's quarter Wherein have been slain many a martyr.

Let the meadow's birds know if they are sage. That their fellow singer is captured in a cage.

Tell my belovéd, O dawn's breath of the Breeze, My life is bound to a breath like the breeze.

What can a captive do but be patient and cry; It is like honey in which has fallen a fly.

Nobody will blame me for indulging myself in desires Except the one who has once got ensnared in desires.

O Sa'di, he knows the condition of the one with a memory badly distorted Who, in his whole life like the ball in the polo game, has been hit by the mallet.

دردی است درد عشق که هیچش طبیب نیست

Love's agony is such for that there's no physician; Wonder I not at the lovesick person's lamentation.

Those crazy with love, the learned man knows, Shan't care about the advisers' words.

He who has neither drunk the lees of agony nor the wine of love, Has got no portion out of the terrestrial life.

Amongst all sweet odours including aloeswood, musk, and the like, None is as sweet as my belovéd's scent which I most like.

Odd it is not for the prey to die in the lasso

But odd it is for the prey to leap out of the lasso.

If the beloved is aware of my anxiety and affliction

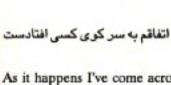
I shan't be afraid of the rival's cruelty and the foe's persecution.

The foe shedded tears over my story; favours me A stranger while the belovéd turns her back to me.

The buds are so busy with themselves to open They take no notice of the nightingale's concern.

Sa'dí, to whom do you want to take your complaint about the belovéd?

Rather than to expect her to be patient, better to be patient with the belovéd.



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### گفتم مگر به خواب بینم خیال دوست

Thought I that I may not see the beloved save in a dream; Here is the morning and here is my beautiful beloved.

People won't believe in new year until they see the crescent moon and to me It is the new year and here is the crescent - shaped eyebrows of the belovéd.

The tall cypress draws my attention to itself no more As I am fond of the balanced stature of the belovéd.

I am unaware of myself because the sincere lover Has no concern about himself as he is busy with the belovéd.

O Sleep! Wander not around Sa'di's eyes as they are Either for sleep or for the thought of the belovéd.

دوش بی روی تو آتش بسرم بر میشد

Last night, with your face away from me, I had fire in my head, My eyes rained so much that the ground became wet.

For the dear life not to end up regretfully, Every night I praised you repeatedly.

With the arrival of night everybody rested

And me, as if the root of my hair was being lanced.

Away from you that wasn't wine I was drinking, it was not; Pouring off my eyes into the cup, it was my heart's blood.

Obsessed by your fantasy, wherever I looked, hither and thither, In front of me, on the doors and walls, your image I would see everywhere.

No sooner had Majnoon gone to sleep than his eyes would see Leili only; A pretender he was if he would go to sleep and see anything but Leili.

Conscious or unconscious, you neither came into my sight Nor did your fantasy went out of my sight.

Sometimes like aloeswood on fire burnt my sore heart, Sometimes like a censer was I, with the smoke coming out.

O Lord! Where are those mornings whose nights lasted But a breath and soon the horizon lightened?

O Sa'dí, is the Pleiades' neclace torn tonight? Otherwise it'd hung from the horizon every night.



#### امشب سبکتر می زنند این طبل بی هنگام را

Tonight, more quickly than ever they beat this untimely drum Or else the cock has made a mistake about the reveille time.

Was it but a night or an instant robbed out of our life?

We are still lip to lip, not enjoying fruition of love.

I feel fresh, I feel shy, I feel happy, I feel sad,

As for this boon I feel unable to show my gratitude.

Honour me with your intimacy, put your foot on top of my head, For this favour I have nothing to offer but my head.

Now that I have my lucky star on my side Let the ill - fated, malevolent slanderer die.

Sa'di's become notorious, let them know, the commoner,

And the Súfi, of such idols as these, I am going to be a devoted idolater.

بنا هلاک شود دوست در محبت دوست

Let the lover die of the belovéd's affection As his life depends on his destruction.

It is the same to me if you are cruel or not; Whatever you choose to do with me is just.

Your love and I, we are born to the world by the same womb, Like two souls in one body we are, or two kernels in one shell.

Whatever happens to the freemen is but lovely, especially
When it comes from the sweetheart who is lovely, O God how lovely!

She robbed me of my heart, that cypress - slendered beauty, with her elegant looks, As opposed to the cypresses standing at the edge of the brooks.

Last night I had a dream in which her locks I had clutched at; my hands still smell of musk,

Around the world I rolled most heartily like a croquet For her love; still, her love is after me like a mallet.

Some folk see only the tears outside; They are unaware of the the fire inside.

Everyone wishes the belovéd to grant their desire; Sa'di's wish is but to please her desire.

#### بعمر خویش ندیدم شبی که مرغ دلم

In my whole life a night didn't pass without my heart's bird chanting For the rose of your face; who needs the nightingale of the garden, then?

I know not if you think about me or not But with you at my side, about the world I think not.

From the pang of love one shan't be relieved; As for the scarred slaves, they too, can't be released.

With so many nightingales singing amorous tunes around you, How could you pay attention to the ugly mimicry of the crow?

As the lantern can't be seen unless by the light of the lantern

To Sa'dí his maiden's beauty can't be proved unless by the face of his maiden.

باز از شراب دوشین، در سر خمار دارم

Once again I have a hangover from the last night's wine; From the garden of union with the belovéd I have a rose at my side.

While drunk with passion if I reverse the order of heaven, Blame me not as in my mind I have a passion about my maiden.

Sákí bring me wine as I repented abstinence; Minstrel play something for me as I scorn repentace.

Set the source of the torrent of nonexistence in my existence.

As dust is settled on my heart out of the dustbin of existence.

By the water of zealotry, of all images I cleansed my appearance 'Cause the image of my belovéd is engraved in my heart's residence.

I am the Moses of Mount Sinai's love in the desert of desires,

Wounded by negative replies I am, and like me there are a thousand others.

You went away and took my heart, patience and knowledge away with you; Come back as I have still left half a life to sacrifice to you.

Till when shall you make me wander like compasses around you? I am puzzled, bewildered, but I have a steady foot.

One needs to have a full reason for his heart to settle; I have left neither the reason nor the heart to settle.

Until the morning of the Last Day Sa'di's a hangover From the wine your love poured into his psyche. نه دسترسی بیار دارم

I can neither reach the belovéd Nor am I patient enough to wait.

However cruel you be to me I will reproach this fickle wheel.

I stock my lovesickness at heart Whether I have a thousand or one hearts.

This thread of a heart, my sore heart Is a souvenir of your curls I have left.

I who have grieved over the sorrow you caused me Despise grieving over the sorrow the world caused me.

I am drowned because of you, in tears, Hoping for your hugs, lips and kisses.

Was that it? You ravaged my heart and withdrew? Nay, nay, wait! I still have things to do with you.

You keep on swearing Sa'dí? It's only your two lips I see.

دلم دل از هوس یار برنمی گیرد

My heart shan't forsake longing for the belovéd, Neither does it follow the way of the illuminate.

O Lord! Take the affliction of love away from me, I can't do it by myself, nobody can but thee.

I keep on grinning and bearing yet patience Won't let the secret to be divulged.

I am dropping with fatigue under the burden of destiny's oppression, I can't possibly carry on as well with the belovéd's persecution.

It's only fair for the belovéd not to claim to be a friend While she takes not the burden of sorrow away from her lovéd.

If only she would relieve me for once

And that's if she abandones me not all at once.

Sa'di is inflamed in separation's inferno; Still, he does not give up the hope of your visitation, oh no. هر که دلارام دید، از دلش آرام رفت

Whoever saw the sweetheart, lost his tranquility; Whoever was caught in this net couldn't retake his serenity.

Your name was mentioned and I was enamoured of you, mesmerized; You dropped the veil and that was it, I was thoroughly finished.

The moon shines not during the day thus what's that light under the roof? Cypress grows not on the roof thus who is that standing on the roof?

The rays of the sun of love lit a fire, Burned the noble along with the commoner.

Behind the wall of patience, lost patience the mystic, Then lost his name and became a disgrace to the ascetic.

If during my whole life I spend but a moment with you,

That single moment is what I've got out of my life, the rest in bubbles blew.

He who indulges not in desires or burns not with a parting, On the day of departure from the world he will die but green.

To get to the belovéd I will run on my head; They shall get to nowhere, those who walked and paced.

Sa'di intended really not to be enamoured; No sooner had he swallowed the wine than his reason doffed.

چنان به موی تو آشفتهام به بوی تو مست

I am so disturbed by your hair, so intoxicated by your scent Who am unaware of anything happened in this world or the next.

No more can I look at the others, My Abraham broke all other idols.

There is no chance for me to go to sleep because of whimsies Yet it is impossible to shut the door to the acquaintances.

A captive always looks for a get - away; Never shall I jump out of your snare.

I am a slave to he who is bound to one,

Who has freed himself from a thousand and tends to one.

I am at your command, break my heart if you wish, I am your captive, hurt me if you wish.

35

He who drank wine on the Creation day Shouldn't regain consciousness till the Doomsday.

My eyes are on you and others are busy with themselves; The Súfí is drunk with the Sákí and with wine are drunk the friends.

If you, the graceful Cypress, don't repose

So many temptations will rise amongst those in repose.

O brethren and men of respect, advise me not As I am out of control, and the arrow, out of thumb.

Avoid Sa'di's eyes when they rain

As little drops make a flood when they join.

It's good to mention your name but it's a shame For you to become the talk of the town.

شب دراز به امید صبح بیدارم

The night is long and the hope to see the morning keeps me vigilant.

May it be that the breeze of the morning brings me your scent!

I wonder why the love's root doesn't bear fruit Though with a rain of enthusiasm I shower it.

I may not be admitted to the intimacy of your place;

I keep on being at the threshold of your service nevertheless.

You slew me with the sword of separation and turned back; Immortalize me once more, come back, come back!

So many a day I lasted hoping that some night, At last, I will have your precious being at my side.

You stopped talking to me, what did I do wrong? You parted company with me, what have I done?

Still with all your unfaithfulness I praise you; Still with all your unkindliness I have a claim on you.

Me, stop talking about the love I have for you? Come, come, Far from it; that's for death to strike me dumb.

My tale of separation has not yet ended But the scroll of my life soon did.

I won't tell the story of the belovéd save to Her excellencey the belovéd; She is the one and only who will be fully aware of my secret. شب عاشقان بیدل، چه شبی دراز باشد

The night of the restless lovers is such a prolonged night;

Come to me for the morning's gate to be open in the prime of the night.

It is a wonder if from you I can go away; where shall he go, The dove who is a captive in the hawk's claw.

I don't want to look at your face, I love you so, As a sincere lover is the one who risketh all.

As a gesture of care and kindness take a glance at me, For the sufferer's prayers are but out of necessity.

A word I am not patient enough to conceal from me, To whom shall I impart? who is that confidant? Where is he?

How can I say the prayers while your image is constantly in my mind? See, you won't even let me say my prayers, O mistress mine!

I had never suspect I would take such a belovéd, surely!

That I would praise and laud, she would act cruelly and coyly.

Next time when you see her, O Sa'di, talk not about your heart's grief.

As the night of fruition is short and the talk is everything but brief.

The step you have taken, relying upon your friends' words and vows Would be a false step, would it not, if you fear your unlucky stars?

بار فراق دوستان، بس که نشست بر دلم

The burden of separation from companions lies so heavy on my heart That, on its back, the camel shall not bear the litter, with me sitting inside.

Camels throw their load down when they reach a destination; My burden still lies on my heart even if I reach many a destination.

O you who tug the bridle, wait, don't go so fast as on the one hand You pull hard, on the other hand the shackles I am fastened with.

Cruelty stricken, succumbed to the desires, with a route ahead And a heart behind, what a complicated event!

For those acquainted from the past, remoteness isn't an obstacle ever; In the eyes of mind you are present though in person you are not there.

You are my utmost destination, the extreme of my desire and effort; To the day I reach the edge of your garment I shall never forsake hope. How could I forget thinking about you, stop mentioning your name? The thought of you has sunk into my joints and my veins.

I am so busy with you that I am being neglectful to all; I think so much about you that I have forgotten all.

If you glance at me, my patience's fruit will bear; If not, what could the root of my vain hope bear?

You won't quit, O Sa'dí, falling in love; How could I? It's a habit I have been born with.

With all my knowledge I am unable to cure the pain of verve; With all my wisdom I am ignorant of the remedy of a problem called love.

دست بجان نمی رسد، تا بتو برفشانمش

I can't reach my life to sacrifice it to you, to bestow it on you, To whom can I give my heart so as to take it back from you?

It is beyond the power of my pen's tongue to express how much I love you;

Till when can I make my pen run on its head

'Round the gate of the hope of reaching you?

You shall be safe from my roars even if over the two worlds they extend; You shall be free from my lamentation even if they reach heaven.

Though the sigh of sorrow and the water from the eyes agree with me, The blaze of my love is not such that I can blow it out.

Whenever they ask me "O you, what happened to your heart?" my soul utters "It became a mass of blood, incessantly dripping down my eyelashes."

Your hair is my life, may it grow long; Your ruby of lips is my soul, may it reach my lips.

I didn't appreciate the value of good times; From now on I will if I ever find such good times.

It is not within my power to hold the reins of my heart's desire; I will give free rein to my heart if my end is not to come yet.

Your love had said, "Behold, I am Sa'di's object of desire," aye, so she told; "He won't give up loving me till I cause him to leap out of the world."

The foes' claws of intention wouldn't reach my blood;
As for she who kills me courteously, to forbid her I shan't.

#### سلسلة موى دوست، حلقة دام بلاست

Tresses of the belovéd's hair are the ringlets of the affliction's snare; He who is not caught in these ringlets is free from the worries of this danger.

If in front of her, they stab me and a hundred others like me It is worth it as to take a glance at her, this is the blood money.

If in order to get joined with my beloved I lose my life I shan't regret as the belovéd is worth more than my life.

A lover's claim is not to be explained for religion, His pale cheek is a witness, so is his bitter lamentation.

The virtuous' source of survival is the power of patience and reason; Reason is ensnared by love, patience despised by desire.

Bound with fascination, my soul is entrapped With no spirit to ask about the cause of this and that.

Lord of the kingdom of existence, Judge of approval and disapproval, Oppression it is not, is it, if He does it? Yet it is infidelity if you complain.

Put poison in the cup, unsheathe the dagger, You have got my approval, to me it is an honour.

Caress me gracefully or melt me wrathfully, I am at your command to suffer it but blissfully.

He who because of the rival's cruelty or the sweetheart's infidelity Tends to forget his promise is but the unfaithful hypocrite.

Sa'dí, whatever comes of the belovéd's behaviour is becoming, Ask her to curse as out of her sweet lips it all turns to a blessing.

هر شب اندیشهٔ دیگر کنم و رای دگر

Each night I think to myself that tomorrow I will turn away from you and to another place I'll go.

In the morning, when out of the house I step, The intention to keep my promise keeps me from taking another step.

Every one is yearning for something or somebody; I don't think of anything and anybody but thee

'Cause never in the mirror of illusion, a stature And a visage as gracious as yours one shall picture.

Once upon a time there was a Vámegh who was crazy about Azrá; Now, here we are, the man called Vámegh, the woman called Azrá.

It is time now for the plains to get covered with the vervains; Folk have come out, different people go to different plains.

In the morning, come out to watch the meadows

So that you shan't be left spare time for other views.

Every morning I am doomed to grieve over yet another grief; I think to myself: "This, too, I will put on top of other grieves."

Once again I will say, "It is true that the days of life won't drag for ever,"
"Sa'di, it is only today and tomorrow, put up with it and it will soon be over."
برخیز تا یکسو نهیم این دلق ازرق فام را

Arise! Let us put aside this hypocrisy, Get rid of this polytheism, namely piety.

With every idolater that arrives, at every given hour, another kablah dies; Present us with monotheism so as to break all the idols.

I wish to drink wine with the youngsters, anyhow; Let it be that the children run after this old drunkard.

The eyesight becomes dim out of destitution; Balam turns into an inferior creature out of arrogation.

From this secluded corner, my mind is drawn to the fields

As from the orchards the message comes sweetly to me by dawn's breeze.

Be not heedless if you are wise, percieve the fact if you are erudite, That you may not find times such as this twice.

Now that the cypress struts with wooden feet, why not

I make my belovéd dance, that silver-bodied Cypress of a sweetheart.

My sweetheart, my favourite, my comfort, that reneger, Nay, nay, not comfort but discomfort as out of me she made a sufferer.

When lovesick, I think not of religion, patience, of reason and the world; Where the king pitches a tent, there is no place for the commoner to flaunt.

Tears rain down my cheeks, blazes of fire flare from my clouds, Yet reveal this to those who are ripe as it shan't burn the raw ones.

Sa'dí won't listen to the reproaches even if it costs him his life; Súfí stop enjoining me, Sákí bring me the cup of wine.

#### از هرچه مهرود سخن دوست خوشترست

Amongst anything else it is the best to talk about the belovéd; A familiar message is the exhilarating breath.

Have you ever heard of the present, absent existence?

I am in the company of people but my heart is somewhere else.

In the absence of the beloved tell the candle die, In her presence it is illuminated even if there's no light.

The whole world goes to the fields and gardens; The belovéd's quarter is the gay folk's fields and gardens.

To throw my life under her steps, so passionately I am willing, Still I feel helpless as this is a worthless offering.

Wrathfully though my belovéd left, I wish she would return Peacefully, for my eager eyes are fixed on the door.

O darling, you burnt my heart like aloeswood on fire,

And this breathing of mine is but the smoke coming out of the censer.

Each night I spend without you in my dream looks like the tomb's night, And if I make it to the morning without you, it would be the Doomsday.

My beautiful belovéd, you are needless of ornaments

As your locks have fully embraced your neck like a necklace.

Sa'dí, your hope to get united with the belovéd is a vain illusion; The distress of separation killed you and union is still your intention.

Beware of this prolonged hope in your heart; Alas! What an absurd thought there is in your mind.

ما را همه شب نعی برد خواب

Not a single night can I fall asleep, Ah! Wake up, you who are always asleep!

Died in the desert those who craved for water; Still, from Hellah to Kufah they carry water.

O you with your firm bows and feeble vows, Is this how the companions keep their vows?

Without you by my side, even on a bed made of the skin of the squirrels I feel as though I am lying on a bed made of thorns.

Ah! The lovers' eyes fixed on your hair Like those of the believers fixed on the altar.

I have yielded to the destiny of love; In old age I've begun to take lessons of love.

Poison out of the hand of a dear I shall swallow like rose - water.

He who through fair women's neighbourhood frenziedly wanders Will not complain over the harassment of the gate keepers.

Sa'dí shan't ever be slain Unless he is separated from his maiden.

اگر تو فارغی از حال دوستان بارا

You care not about your friends' condition; that's true

O belovéd, but for us it is impossible not to care about you,

Seeing your own beautiful face in the mirror would be sufficient For you to know what has made the impatient lover so impatient.

It is springtime, let us, you and I, leave the gardens With the others, the gardens and the plains.

Instead of the tall cypress standing at the verdge of the brook, Why don't, at your cypress - slender belovéd, you take a look?

An icon, on the description of her beauteous shape along
With her face, there's no chance of speech for the speaking tongue.

Who said it was a sin to look at a beautiful face? Truly a sin it is, not to see the beautiful face.

By friendship that if it is poison, out of your hand I will eat .

With such enthusiasm and devotion as though it is sweetmeat.

He will blame Vámegh out of ignorance My friend, who has not seen Azrá's face.

Supposing you are unawares Of my heart's hidden fires, See you not the visible tears?

Did I not tell you, Sa'dí, that your heart will be ravaged

When you fall in love with those sweethearts your heart they wish to pillage?

Despite so much pain, there's still hope for me to recover

As there would be an end, at last, to the longest night of winter.

## آن نه عشقست که از دل به زبان می آید

That is not love that from the heart to the tongue can be translated Nor is that the lover who is at his wit's end because of the belovéd.

Tell him who wails because of the reproaches Of the beloved, to play for safety always.

Of all ships caught in this bloodthirsty gulf
I've never heard of one to go back coastways.

And of the traveller wandering in this desert either I have not ever heard any news, his name or particular.

Once you opened your longing eyes and saw the dears Don't ever close them even if there comes a rain of spears.

The true lover, in an ecstasy and out of enthusiasm for dancing Walks towards the sword of love's misfortune while he is dancing.

Heaven forbids that I ever turn away from an arrow If I know that it comes from those arms and that bow.

They see the slain one without seeing the slayer

As this arrow can not be seen by the eyes of the commoner.

Deep down I am so much accustomed to thee

That the world with its inhabitants sounds a bore to me.

It is a must for the lover not to complain of the belovéd yet I am so enthusiastic to talk that I can not be silent.

O Sa'dí, your crying so much is not without a cause; There should be a blaze from which the smoke does arise.

هزار جهد بکردم که سرّ عشق بپوشم

I made a thousand efforts to conceal the love's secret

Yet while over fire, it was impossible for me not to boil, to evaporate.

First I was alert to fall in love with no one;

You appeared and I was left neither patience, nor reason.

Your mouth murmured to my Soul's ear such a tale, From then on, people's advice sounds no more than a tale.

Unless you cover your face and quiet the sedition

Or else to turn away my eyes from you isn't my intention.

With my sinking heart it is better for me not to go singing; is it a wonder?

Cause if I go in on foot they ought to carry me out on their shoulder.

Why don't you stay and make it up with me tonight?

As waiting for you, I didn't have a wink of sleep last night.

You gave me away for nothing and still I am determined Not to give away a single hair of yours for the world.

Of my wounds I will confide only to the wounded As the healthy one would blame me had I lamented.

Don't tell me, "The way of love, O Sa'di, you should abandon,"
What's the use of talking while I am not to listen?

I'd rather go across the deserts than idling about I shall do my best and if I attain not my end, so what?

یار با ما بی وفایی می کند

My sweetheart is being unfaithful to me; Despite my innocence she keeps her distance from me.

That coy mistress blew out the candle of my life; Now she is illuminating another place, another love.

Towards her intimate friend she acts as if he is a stranger; Towards the strangers she acts as if to her they're familiar.

Towards me she acts like the double - dealer, Selling off oats for wheats, my cruel dear.

My belovéd is a sly, a rouge, a rascal, not at all virtuous; Towards me she acts as if she is godly, pious, devotedly religious.

O Mohammedans! Come to my rescue, be helpful As to me, that person is being unfaithful.

The ship of my life is wrecked of lovesickness; Poor me, as from me she keeps her distance.

What she does to me in the world is identical with The bad fortune striking me from the celestial wheel.

The mellifluous Sa'di begs a kiss, For love's sake, from her lips.

## بگذشت و بازم آتش، در خرمن سکون زد

Once again she passed me and made a blaze in the still of me; Filled my eyes with a surge of passion, the fiery sea inside me.

The ravages of her love had already affected hither and thither around my heart, With yet another raid I was robbed of the innermost parts of my heart.

Seeing her was so mirthful as to be showered with the flowers of the Judas tree; Listening to her was so exhilarating as to listen to an organ's melody.

Those crazy about her, she put them under her locks; Those who remained sane, here they verbalized insane talks.

While, O Lord, of itself it takes no heed, not a dot, Could the heart be a spot wherein affection made a hut?

My soul did hurl a roar in to the garden of angels Wherever it struck the azure arch with a sigh's rock.

Sa'dí, step out of yourself if you are a wayfarer of the way of love.
'Cause only he who stepped out of himself could get to the meaning of love.

## غم زمانه خورم یا فراق یار کشم

Should I suffer separation from the belovéd or grieve over my fortune? With the patience I have not, carry I should which burden?

I neither have the strength to keep away from her Nor have I the courage to playfully embrace her.

I have neither left the patience's arms to sink into the reason's sleeves Nor have I left the reason's feet to draw under the screnity's skirt.

It is against manliness to become fed up with friends because of their oppression; I am but a woman if I don't tolerate the beloved's cruelty as a man.

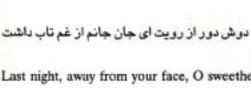
While I can patiently suffer the foe's oppression, Why shouldn't I be patient with the belovéd's persecution?

Now that out of Sáki's hand I have drunk the pure wine of fruition,

It is only necessary to endure the discomfort of the aftereffects of intoxication.

If there ever is to be a rose such as your face in the meadows

The least Sa'dí can do is to let his eyes touch affectionately the thorns.



Last night, away from your face, O sweetheart, I was bent with sorrow; My cloudy eyes rained down my cheeks out of the passion I have for you.

Poor Reason, deep in thought, was trampled by affection; My Heart's eyes, frenzied with love, were sleepy, full of distraction.

Beat a rapine around the land of heart separation; Your persecutor of love had made a polo field out of my house of reflection.

My heart has turned your name - print to an altar, Praising the existence while facing that altar.

My eyes were looking for your face but people said, "Don't, as hers"
"You shan't see." Running down my cheeks like pearl beads were tears.

At first it tasted so sweet I thought I had on my side my lucky star; How could I know affected with poison was the nectar.

Sa'dí, the sea of love seems difficult in passing; Alack! You were not patient enough from the beginning.

While I am dying, to my last breath, I will be longing for you; I shall die hoping that I will be the dust of the neighbourhood of you.

The morning of Doomsday when I have risen from the tomb I shall rise to talk to you, I will be seeking you.

In an assembly, wherein appear the beauties of this world and the next I shall be looking at you, I will be your servant.

A thousand years after I have been laid to rest in the land of the dead, By the scent of your hair I shall be aware of that thousand year old death.

I shan't talk about heaven, nor shall I smell heavenly flowers;
I shan't be seeking houris of paradise, I will be running after my mistress.

I won't be drinking heavenly wine out of the hand of heaven's Sákí; What do I need wine for as I am already drunk with your beauty?

It is easy to travel across a thousand deserts when one has you by his side; And if I do otherwise, O Sa'di, I will still be coming towards my sweetheart.

#### پیش رویت دگران صورت بر دیوارند

Others are but a painting on the wall, compared to you, None has such a face and nature as you.

As soon as I saw your face of a rose, all roses became but thorns; As soon as I took you as my belovéd, all others became but strangers.

What they call the night of a lifetime. Is none but the night spent with the chum.

What a shame it is to get hold of the skirt of eternal Pleasure And the collar of Hope and to let go of them both, ever.

Wounded by your beautiful arm I am but it is not only me, Slain like me with the sword of your grief are many.

I am surprised at your eyes which fall asleep Livelong night while a whole city is awake Because of their lovesickness for your sake.

This is a strange event and a complicated pain; It can neither be covered nor can it be mentioned.

God knows I am only a shadow of me; That, too, is rather an illusion they fancy.

O Sa'di, there is no limit to the sweetness of your words; The garden of your gift is full of mellifluous birds.

Once in the garden of your heart the rose of spirit opens The nightingales sound like bitterns; at you they are amazed.

## شورش بلبلان سحر باشد

The nightingales' outburst of warble is at dawn Yet a sleeping person is aware of none.

The shower of arrows of love by the charming sweetheart Is shielded with the frenzied lover's heart.

A martyr to the beloved is the lover; Whoever is alive is in danger.

The whole world mirrors her grace; Whether anyone sees it, it depends. Anybody I know is fond of my mistress Except the ones who are sightless.

A man who has never had a thorn in his feet Is not a man but a rare beast.

Tell her to be bad - tempered, sharp - tongued,

'Cause poison turns to sugar when it comes to the sweet - lipped belovéd.

Wise men avoid disaster; The lovers' religion is yet another.

Sa'dí has no feet to separate; The lovebird is clipped - winged.

تا حال منت خبر نباشد

You may only take notice of me When you hear about my misery.

I was patient to the last drop, What can I do now that I've fallen flop?

Has not anybody heard of such manners As loyalty and kindness in your place?

They say, "Why didn't you watch out?"
"See if there is danger around?"

Come, come, O master! Don't you know that however one tries, A man can not shield himself from the stars' darts?

The passion in my head will only be off When my head is but cut off.

Where can he go, your poor prisoner? There is no way out of your snare.

A face such as yours, so pleasant And charming, has no likes on the earth.

Never in Persia have I tasted salt as salty as this, Nor in Egypt have I tasted sugar as sweet as this.

If you wish to sentence Sa'di to death

My life is not dearer than your breath.

مراخود باتو چیزی در میان هست

There should be something between us, you and me, or else Beautiful face is not a rare thing in the universe.

My whole existence is burning with your love; I am gone now and what remains of me is your love.

So long as my bones are left on the terrain.

The passion I have for you will remain.

If you wish to stay with me, my heart will be your residence Yet there shall be traces of you left on my heart in case I am to suffer your absence.

I have no words to express your beauty and yet So long as there is a tongue in my mouth I won't keep silent.

That balanced stature of yours I can only compare with a cypress; Still, I wonder if anybody has come across Such a thing as a walking cypress.

This much I can tell that you are moony

Yet I wonder if the moon can be so sweet as honey.

I wish not to rest my head save beside yours

And if there is no bed, there still is that threshold of yours.

Come, come, Sa'dí! The avenue to the union with the belovéd Is not a bazaar wherein the value of life they appreciate.

سرمست زكاشانه بكلزار برآمد

Drunken from her haven she stepped into the gardens, At once there was an uproar amidst the eglantines.

Howling and talking the Nightingales I saw, Watching such a Blossom springing up in the meadow.

Of the rose of her face water was pictured, Turned to a flame the blossoms of pomegranate.

The prostrator who loved her to distortion Was heard of , later, in the house of tavern. The hermit, when he saw the miracles of the idol of her face, From Mohammedanism he changed into Christian faith.

She made them crazy, drove them to extremities, To whomever she appeared like bewitching fairies.

I fell destitute from the day out of heavens Your beauty's brocade appeared in places.

My wish was to sacrifice my life to you;

That wish came true and I offered my life to you.

Sa'di's grass of youth was ravaged by autumn when Smelt of the sweetheart his heart's garden.

از در درآمدی و من از خود بدر شدم

You walked in and I went into raptures As if from this world I went to the other,

I was conscious to hear news of my mistress; She arrived and I was once again unconscious.

I had fallen over before the sun like the dew; I died of love and to Capella stars I flew.

I thought to myself, "Let me see her and the pang of enthusiasm would settle,"

I saw her and the pang of enthusiasm became even sharper.

I didn't have the strength to go to my belovéd; I sometimes went to her on foot, sometimes on head.

So as to see her walking and to hear her talking, From top to toe I was all eyes and ears.

How can I take my eyes away from her? I first became sighted when I saw her.

The day you find me calm and hayppy I will hate your being faithful to me.

She had caught me and of that she was unaware; I myself was ensnared by the look of her.

They ask me, "What made your face look yellow after that rosy colour?"

By the alchemy of love I turned into gold from the metal of copper.

### دولت جان پرور است، صحبت آمیزگار

Life - refreshing is the friend's company, seclusion with No pretender around, the food being served with no wait.

The night comes to an end, here comes the morning!

O companion, cheer up, you have to last a second morning.

If you show up at night with your sun - like beauty, the day Won't be far when people shall mistake night for day.

Light up a torch, raise a tumult

For my head to get rid of the hangover and the sleep.

Rise and make the most of the blown breeze of the spring,

Of the melodious moans of the birds, and the sweet scent of the tulip plains.

The leaves of the green trees to the god of percipience, Each one of them is a book representing God's intelligence.

It is springtime, rise, let's go watching; Nobody knows if another spring will be coming.

Remember you gave your word to spend one night with me? Was it not a promise?

Many a day passed and many a night but you never kept your promise.

Passed are the sweet days of youth, aye, they are; turned to grey is my hair;
The Yemeni's lightning was but an instant, nothing but dust remained of the rider.

Cleanse your mind of all other thoughts, repeat what Sa'di says, Bring forward a lapful of pearls, shower them down on the friends.

## بر من که صبوحی زدهام خرقه حرام است

I am forbidden to get into the dervish's robe now that I have taken
The morning draught; O companions, which way does go to the tavern?

Every one has their own way to become happy; as for me O fairy - faced moon, suffering from your love is sufficient.

Arise, come and sit beside me in the shade of a cypress as where you sit, For the Cypress to stand in respect, it is an obligation.

The connoisseurs are ensnared in your curls, tell me, The mole behind your ear, is that the snare's grain? With such a partner, in such a place and such a time, If I drink, it would be a heavenly drink, thus, not forbidden.

Inform the city's sheriff to be aware Not to throw a stone at our gathering As there are glasses wherein.

I shan't, out of excessive zeal, tell who killed me Because nobody should know the name of my lovely.

Alack! I am done of this hidden burning; He who is raw is unaware of the fire I have within.

Sa'dí, afraid be not even if you are in the whale's mouth For if the belovéd cares for you, your wish has come true.

روز وصلم قرار ديدن نيست

The day I am to join my belovéd I have no rest, Nor can I go to sleep the night from her I am to separate.

For my head to be cut off I shan't complain, What is beyond my power is to cut off from my maiden.

The minstrel is at his wit's end with me For I have no patience with his melody.

Out of inability to give up his life, he who is desperate Has no choice other than to rip off his raiment.

I am already poor, already ill - fated, You need not to spread out a net.

Your hands are stained with the lovers' blood, You need not, do you, to draw a sword?

I have come across a godess
Who nourishes her slave the less.

I said, "O spiritual Garden, to watch fruit"
"Is not the same as to bite fruit."

Answered she, "Sa'dí, indulge not yourself in vain intentions,"
"The silvery apple is not for you to pick, have no such illusions."

هر که نازک بود تن بارش

Whom his mistress has a tender body, Ask him to tender her delicate beauty.

Anyone who is in love with a rose Lies if he says he can't stand the thorns.

O the benevolent one, set me alight But don't advise me to leave her alone.

I wish I had a thousand lives

To sacrifice to her each time she would rise.

Call him not a true lover he who is offended By the sensures and reproaches of the belovéd.

Unless they surrender their life, Nobody can win the hands of my sweetheart.

Here is the house of the hard - hearted belovéd; Everyone strikes the walls with their head.

Worthy of being shed Is my blood for the beloved.

O Sa'di, if she seeks for your life, To soothe her, part with your life.

زمن میرس که در دست او دلت چون است

Ask me not how my heart is doing while trapped in her hands; Ask her with her blood - stained hands.

And how could he know, if I relate the healthy one, What with the injured is going on?

The one who runs after crazy Majnoon Sees not the beautiful Leili, looking like the moon.

Every body has the vision of someone's face in their visualization, As for me, it is the vision of someone beyond imagination. His day is blessed whom to his place you step in As to see you first thing in the morning, is a good omen.

With a balanced shape and stature such as yours,

Becoming it is not of a balanced temper to abandon the love of yours.

While others, because of her reproachful remarks, may turn away from their belovéd, For whatever she tells me I shall become more devoted to my belovéd.

Come, my sweetheart, as the king declared not drinking wine to be forbidden; Come with your lips that are coloured like wine and your eyes that are drunken.

Since the day you abandoned him, Sa'di has been shedding so much tears As though his two cheeks are but the shores of two rivers.

شكست عهد مودّت نكار دلبندم

My idol, the one I love most, broke her oath of amity; Forsook my unfaithful belovéd, love, longing and loyalty.

By the earth the dear ones step upon, for the love of the belovéd, I abandoned the love I have for this world and the next.

The way you violated our friendship was such a no-no, I won't approve of that even to my blood thirstiest foe.

Although you renounced my love and broke the oath, I am destined to keep my promise, my vow, my oath.

Bring that cup of love's wine, O drunken Sákí, Give it to me despite the adviser who advises me.

I am not he who listens to the learned men, I am not the one; Let the father know that I am the undisciplined son.

By the earth you step upon and by the life of the illuminate That I yearn, oh I do, to die upon your dear feet.

Come, come, O idol that I am so destracted, To nothing but your curls I am to be attracted.

Said she, laughing, "Sa'dí, escape such a comment,"

Where do I go, I am a captive in love's confinement.

روی بیوش ای قمر خانگی

Veil your face, O homely moon, So as for Reason not to become a loon.

Closed the wonders of your fantasy The eyes of Wisdom and Sagacity.

Without thee, by what dignity should I be? Or by what manliness should I flee?

With you I wish to associate, To others I wish to be a stranger full of horror.

One night candle-like raise the veil So that like butterflies we all burn.

Either fantasy would ruin Sa'dl's house

Or the sweetheart would take him to her house.

بگذار تا بگرییم، چون ابر در بهاران

Let's weep bitter tears like the clouds in springtide

As the stone bursts into tears on the farewell day of the dears.

Whoever's once tasted the wine of separation

Knows how bitter it tastes to renounce expectation.

Let the cameleer know about my rainy eyes

As nobody ties a litter to the camel in rainy times.

They left us with our eyes brimful of the water of desire, Tearful like those of the sinful men on the Day of Judgement.

O morning of wakeful folk, like the evening of those who fast, You stayed so long that patience I lost.

Although out of the story of your love I enumerated many an event I said nought about the grief of my heart but a few out of a lot.

On your heart, O Sa'dí, the love of a lifetime has settled, You can't send it out unless you're dead.

For how long to you should I recount? This much description is sufficient, The rest I shan't say but to my confidant.



When full of melancholy I walked in to the gardens and orchards.

The scent of the flowers and of the basil set me in raptures.

Sometimes the nightingale howled, Sometimes the flower its garment ripped, I thought of you and all others I did forget.

Ah! Lips are sealed with your kiss, your affection in everybody's heart; Everybody has a passion for you and your mystery is in their heart.

As soon as I vowed to be loyal to you, I broke my vow to all others; After you it is only fair to break all vows I made to the others.

As long as I have your love's thorn hanging from my garments, I would be offending you if I ever step into the rose - gardens.

He who is collapsed with these agonies Ought to give up all remedies.

If in wanting you I am to suffer, it is only fair;
Where love is a haven, it is easy to wander across the barren.

If my sore heart is to be a target of the fate's arrows
I would be only one victim amongst all others.

Anyone who yearns for the sweetheart with two bows for her eyebrows Has no choice other than to become a shield against the arrows.

They say, "Sa'dí, don't talk so much about that love of yours," Still I do and after me thay will talk about that for years.

#### ای پیک بی خجسته که داری نشان دوست

O blessed messenger who carry news from my belovéd, Talk not to me about anything but the belovéd.

How pleasant it is to listen to the belovéd Or to listen to the one who listened to the belovéd.

O companion, where is the caravan's banner so that I can bow down.

In deference before the head of the caravan of my belovéd.

While people of the world offer gold to their belovéd

I devote my head to the one who brings a message from the belovéd.

Alas! Oh me! I have no control over myself, Nor have I any control over my belovéd.

I am in such an agony because of this love that anyone who sees me Feels pity towards me save the unkind Heart of the belovéd.

I am to surrender and she is to command

Whether I am to be killed or nourished by the belovéd.

My head belongs to her for ever and ever after If only I can get hold of the sleeves of the belovéd.

Nobody will die without having regretted something or other save for the one Who is a martyr of love, slain by the arrows from the bow of the belovéd.

After you, Sa'dí shan't be impressed by anyone, why, Who in the world can take the place of the belovéd?

#### برخيز كه ميرود زمستان

Winter's going away, rise!

Open the gate of the world of the orchards.

Set on the tray the pansies and the sour oranges, Put in the vault the braziers.

And ask this Purdah peremptorily, To spare the balcony the trouble abruptly.

Rise as the breeze of the New Year's sunrise Scatters the flowers on the flowerbeds.

The silence of the nightingales who're eager Is impossible in the season of flower.

The sound of the kettledrum shan't stay covert Under the tapestry nor shall the love that's not overt.

Frenzied by the scent of the flowers on New Year's Day And the sweet sound of the nightingale,

Many a man have sold their clothes and turban, So many stores and houses to ashes have burnt down.

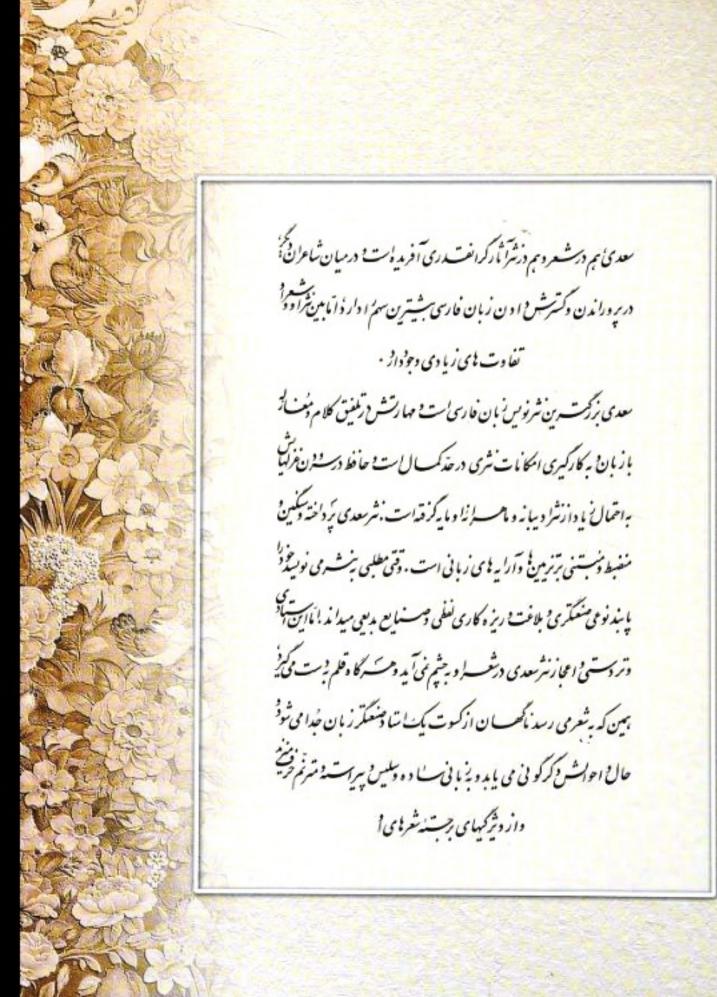
I have my dear belovéd's head beside me; Let the adversary hammer his head on the anvil.

Once to the loved gaze the eyes of the lovers They won't close even when showered with arrows.

When you can reach the fruit, O Sa'dí, To bear with the gardener's cruelty's easy. سیمن خت نید فاح در ترجهٔ این نیا در با کارکرفتن دیگا ادیباز وسکین قدی دوری جند و زبان امروزی برکارکر قدات بر زمینهٔ تیا وزن قاحب آنجاکه وزن قاخیای برطوطیبی و نود و بیشن ترجه فهوری کرهٔ در آمن بروجب تدب. در آمن بروجب تدبی بروجب توبی بروجب تدب. در آمن بروجب تدب. در آمن بروجب تدبی بروجب تدب. در آمن بروجب تدبی بروجب توبی بروجب تدب. در آمن بروجب تدبی بروجب تدبی بروجب توبی بروجب تربی بروجب تربی بروجب تربی بروجب تربی بروجب تربی بروجب تدبی بروجب تربی برو

معدی در منه این چند و نوی و موسن ند کی توفیر شری اثنه ا واژه این کداو در فرل الیشن کاری پر د طوری ک تلفظ وأ داى انحن درغرل بسارا سأن سعدی درغران مسه کلمات عربی می آور د وسهه لزز بان کوحی می از ار نوی وایمن راطوری به کاری برد که خواننده اصلاً احباس کانکی یی سین خته نقاح . شرع غرامت ی معد<sup>ی</sup> دراین کتاب مهاین کات را مذنظر و اشتیات و مثل زآغاز تر مین سال درمور د وژکی ای آثار سعدی و بوژه نزل ایش ژومش ای فراوان د وبارموز وبخت إى باريك غزل التشناشدوت المشتراز مديد بمان سا د كي ورواني وسيراسكي غرل إ توجه واشتهات ازاين ومتيم كزقةات كه این نه ل ۱ را باز بانی ساوه و پیراسته برنانسی کرد آ.

به ویژه درمنه ل ایش مین اد کی دسید اسکی زمان . ب بیاری ازا ٹارسٹ دی چہ درنٹرومیہ درنطٹ تے زبان بی ٹی نڈ ڈ نیا اُرمبار پڑ الخيسي رميث دات اما غرل لا ي ورا ما كنون زيان الخيسي رمب يكرد ا يمك توكى غرل البته من رئيس أر وشيت وبه زبان أكليس سكين ا دينارا برکر دانده شد واجهتنی کلیمین برکزیدهٔ ی ارمنسال بی یا ویانلیسی نیاما دلیل بنامرحت ان انگاریه شا پرمهین و کی پایسل دمتنع بودن بان غربسا مانع صلی کاربوده ا ثبا يحتبة برمنه خيذغرل وبرزبان دبب نه ومكنين موجب شدقه امترهماني باین کار رغبت چندانی نث ن منه بند شاید رخب ا دیبانه و هسترکنی با بالهنت وكيفيت غرل اى معدى خيدان ساز كارت ثايدنمايش كمال خريت دي دولا نقط از را ه ترهبُدت و هٔ روان ویپاشه امکان ندری<sup>م.</sup>



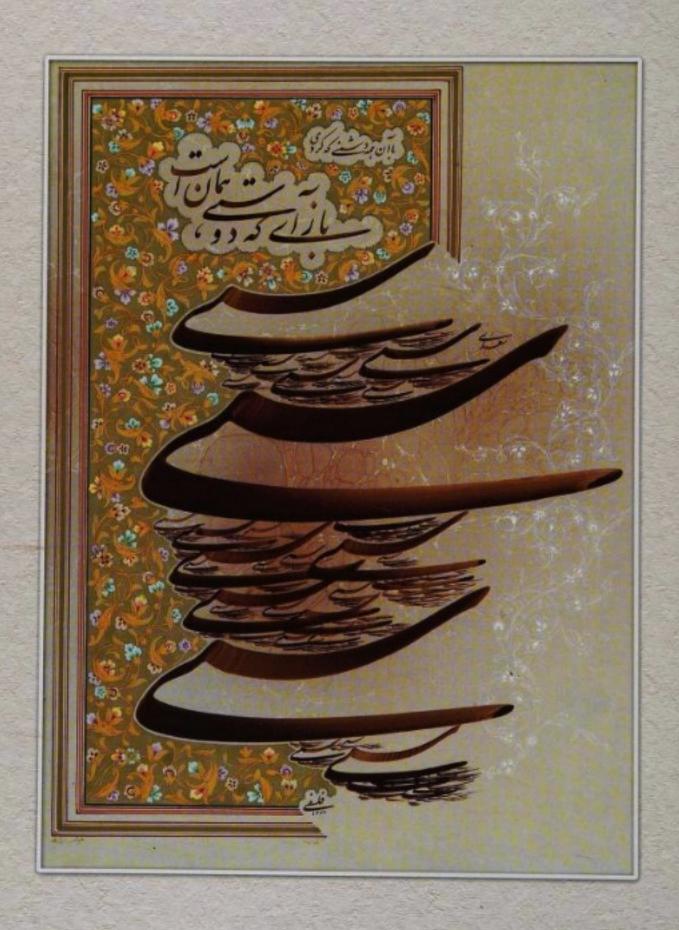
درِّ ارشام الى چون عافظ ومولوى وعسّدى عن توان خِتْ امَّا داين يـ غر مسای بعدی حال ہوای ملوسس می ا<sup>و .</sup> معدی کی ازبررکت بن ثباعران حبان ا کمی زقد مارساخ نداریم که درزمان فارسی روانی وسا د کی وشیوایی سکدی شعر گفته باشد غزل بی اوب و هٔ روان وخود ما بی است صنعتی سام نامحس<sup>ق</sup> وسخرامينه درآنها بركارز قدات عبننرل إى معدى باعواطف دميان دزیایی زندگی روز مژدرار تباطاست می توان آن را بهت نی درکردور سعدي المف ارشق إنها بي ومموس ست ماز با بي راحت روان وست نم و د<u> صن</u>ِين الابيان مي شود . آدمي ارخواندن ايمن مثل نغركشيدن موا ماك شاطى كند.اين نزل البرخيد مربوط بنت مدسال شيل مدارا في ٨ امر ورسخن مي كوسيم مطابقت ارند و نيازي ميت كسي آنها را براي معنى ا الخار درسمت رزبان ا دبیّات معاصر را ن.

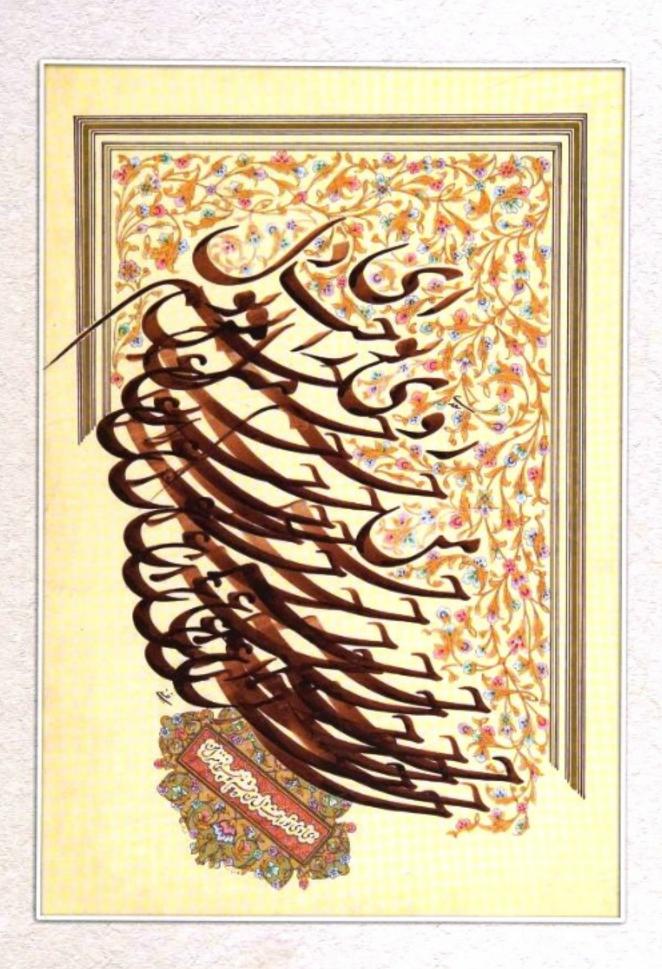
# غزل عسك يرا يُكنبي

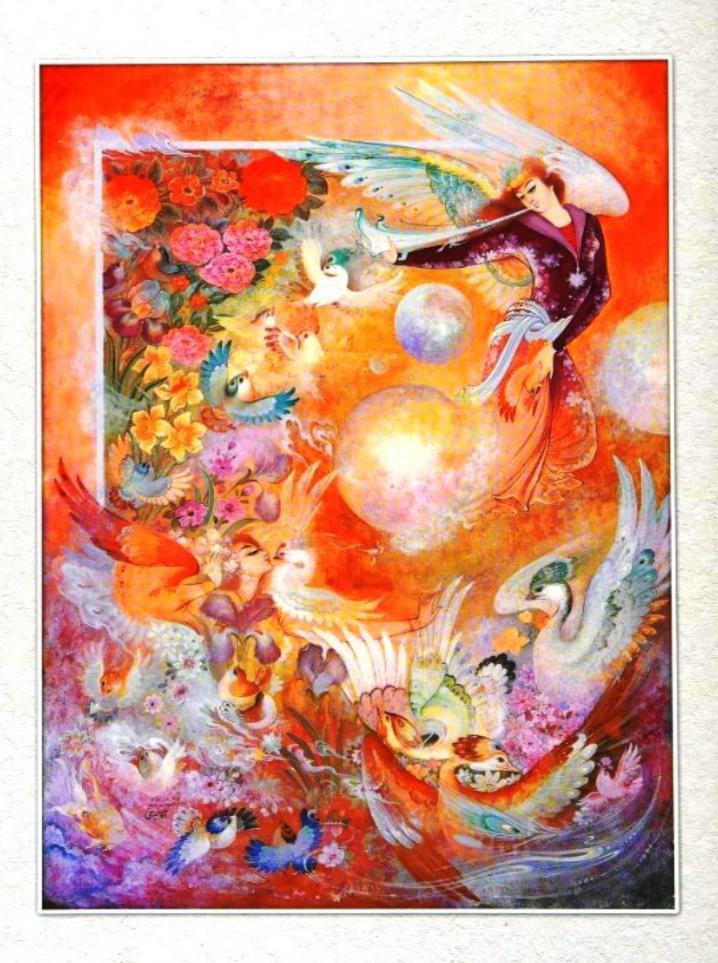
درمیان مسنه فا بقر مفرکمی ب کم هجم و گران ایای آب شامسان کلامیک بر سرز منی بمیشد فر در بهک درامتلای فربهک آن بین صفوری مؤثر و سازند و بیشتنم می از متدا ول ترین وس نطری نوع شعر در جهان شعر لیریک یا شعر خمایی آب شعر لیریک به بیتر با جواطف اسمانی از جمب له شق و حماس شورانگیرت کارداژ و نوی فعالیت معنوی باسی آزادی در و بی و مختلی و شکو فایی آب درا و بیات فارسی قالب نفرال که قدیمی سندار سالد وار و نزد کیک ترین فع بر شعر لیریک است چون فالبا حسس عاطبی و شور و شق اسیسان می کند محبوب ترین کل شعری درایران است با و چوز بیایی و شکو و نفرال فاری ا





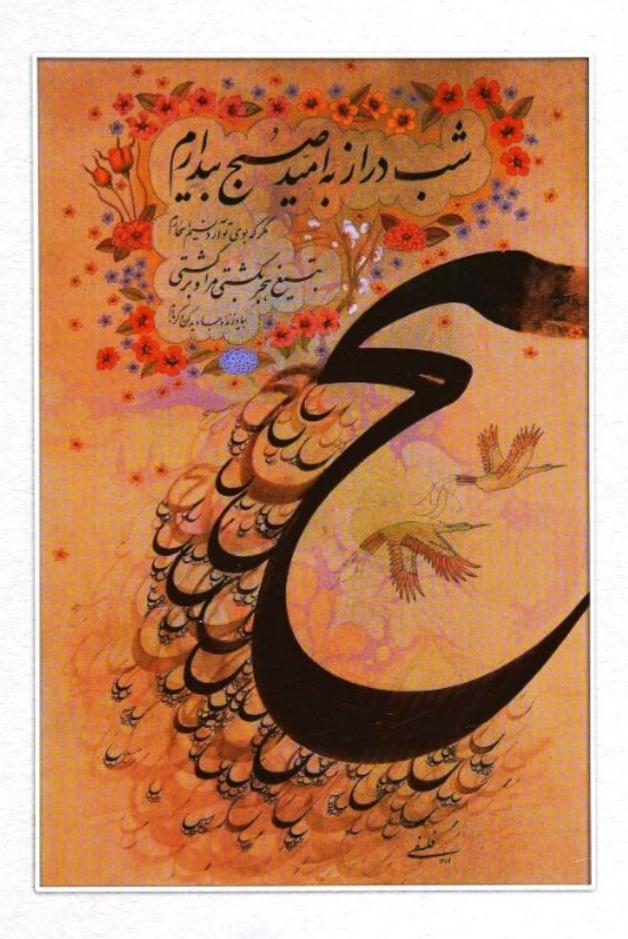






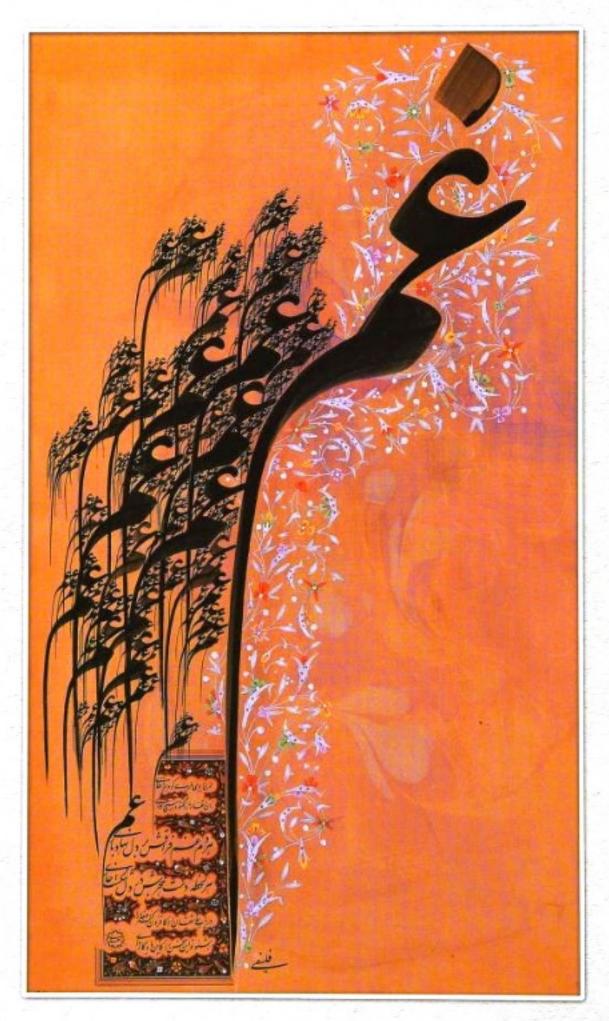
ثورش بلبان سن فران الله خدار المرابع بخيرات التراباران مشق فوبان الله ول ثوريد كان بلر ثبه ماشت ن فوبان الله فقة المركز زدوست فرطر ثبه مدها لم جدها لم طلعت آت الكرد وهم الم جال طلعت آت الكرد وهم المرابع ال

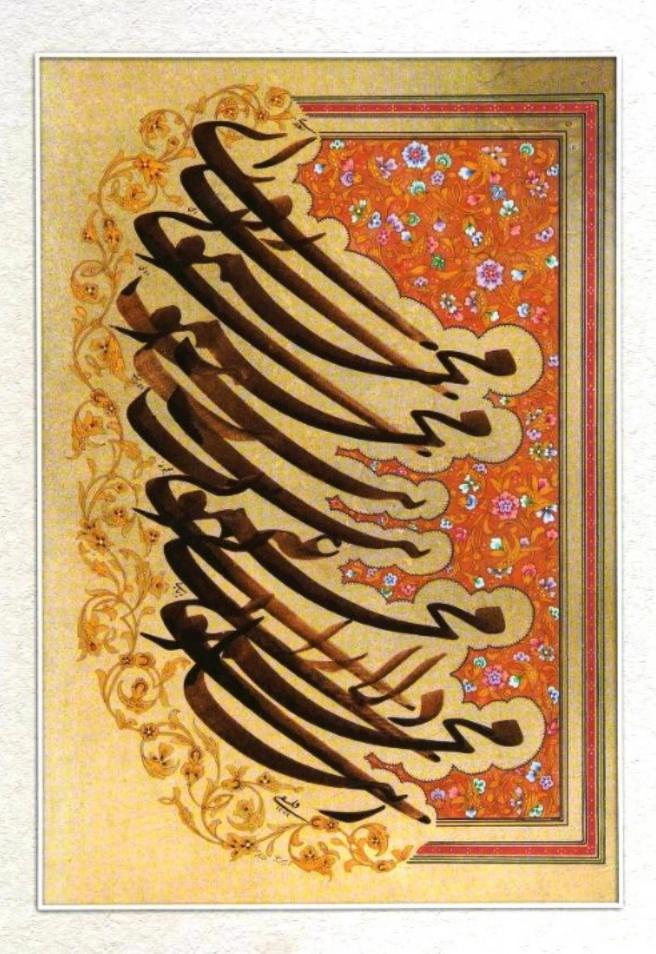
ث دراز السع بان کرک وی و آرد سیمایان عب کریخ مخت نی د مه باری کربروی انتیاران ثوق میادیکا ازآمتاز فدت نی وانم فت اگریمندل قرب بی دی ایم بینغ جر کمشتی مرا و برشتی بیا و زند و سا و مدکن وکر با چەروزابش وردام درن د که با وجود فرزت شبی بوزارم م جرم دفت که با انتی کولی سید کر دام که بیجوان تونزواکا بنوز بهسد مدحدت و ماکوم بنوز بهسد بی مرت طلکاری من از کایت مثن توب کم میلاً کر اجل کر سند زبان کفاری بوز قصهٔ محران واستان و ا اكرتومسردين براكني سعت صديث عنق بايان سذب ندام مدث وت كوم كر تحفرت وو كى ت م ووات ع راسارة



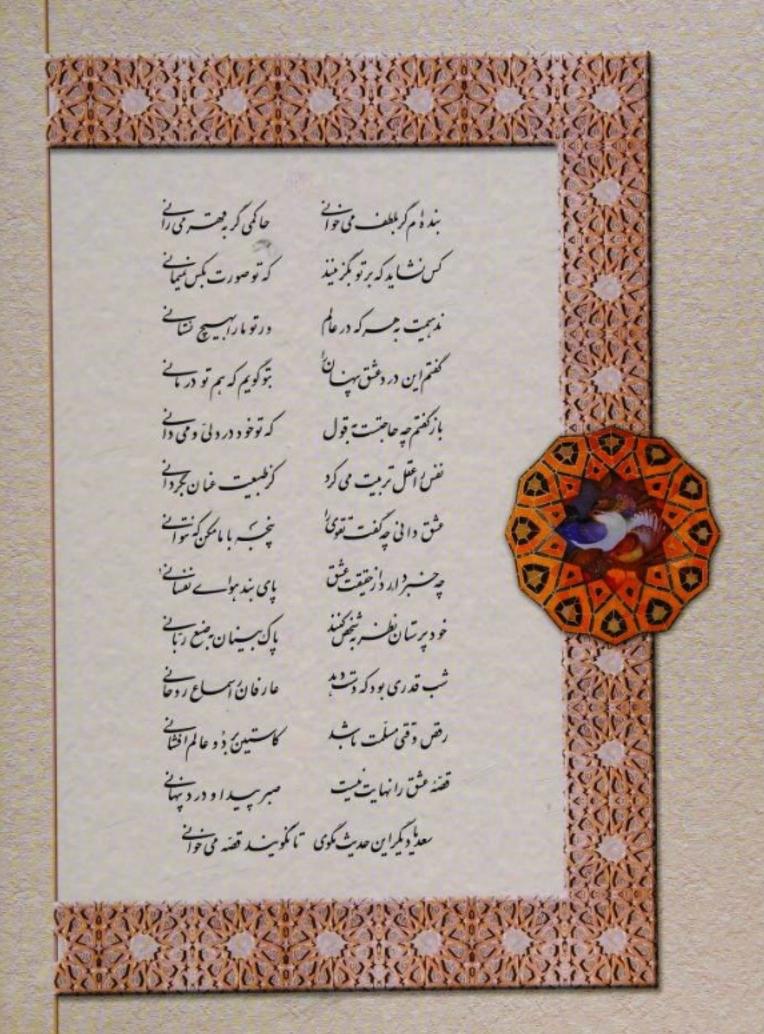


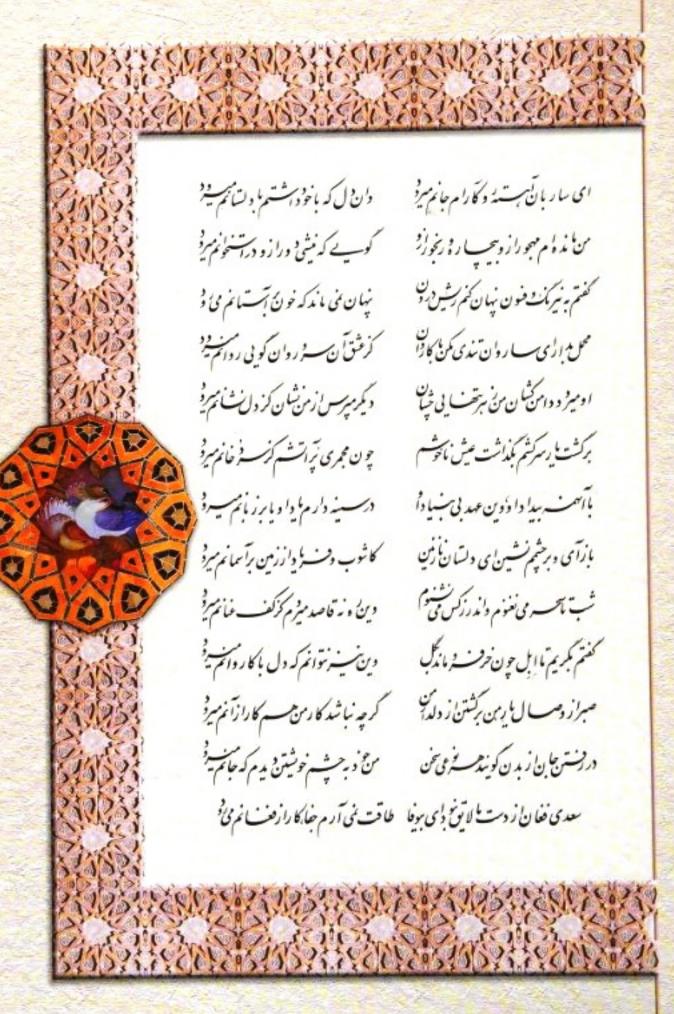
مبارکرشب فزم ترین و باستبالم آمریجت پیروز در بران کو دو نوبت نن بشات که دوشتم قدر بودامز زور و بران کو دو نوبت نن بشات که دوست مقد بودامز زور و بران نور بران کو دو نوبت نام افرون بران کو که در سے علی دخم برامون بران در دستای و من ما ما می نواز بران می می بران بران در در منبای بران در در منبای با دوست بی بود می در می بران می بران شهای با دوست بی بود می در می بران شهای با دوست بی بود می در می بران شهای با دوست بی بود می نوازی نواز می می بران شهای با دوست بی نوازی نواز می بران نواز می بران شهای با دوست بی بود می نوازی نواز می بران شهای با دوست بی نوازی نواز می بران نواز می نوازی نواز می بران نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می بران شهای با دوست بی نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز می نوازی نواز

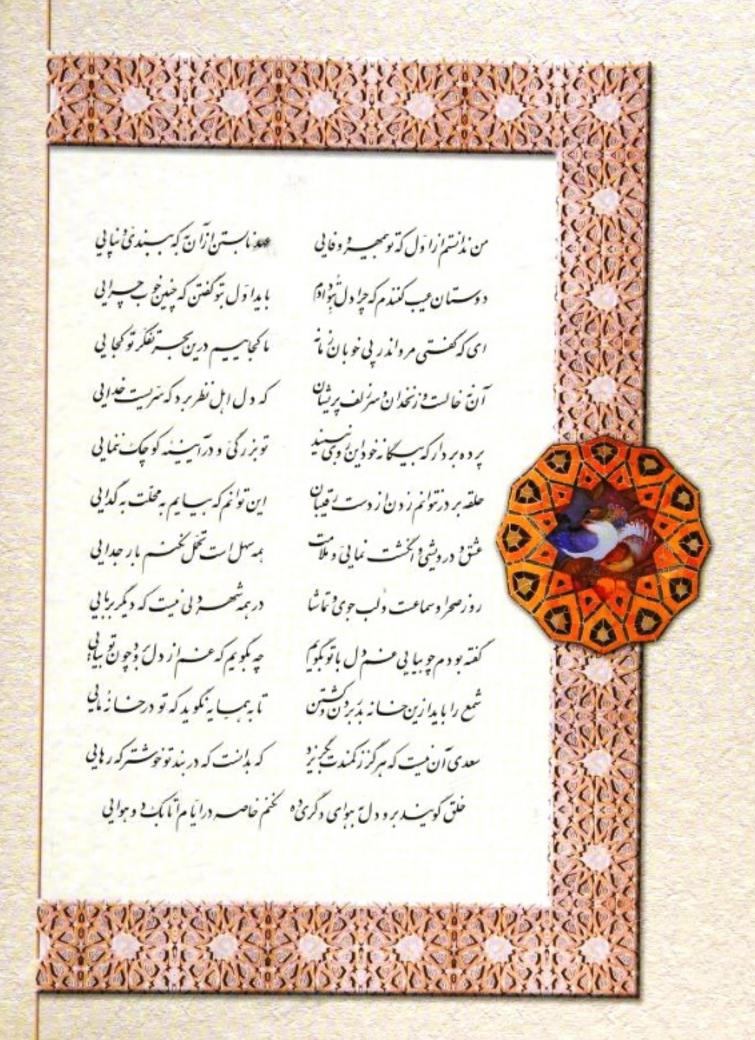


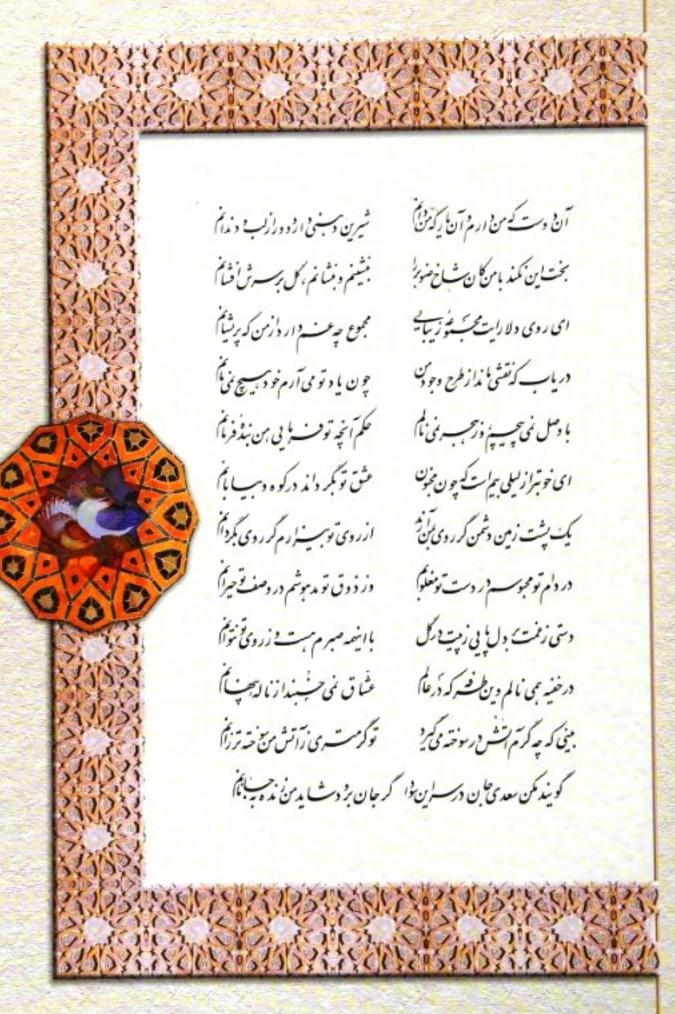


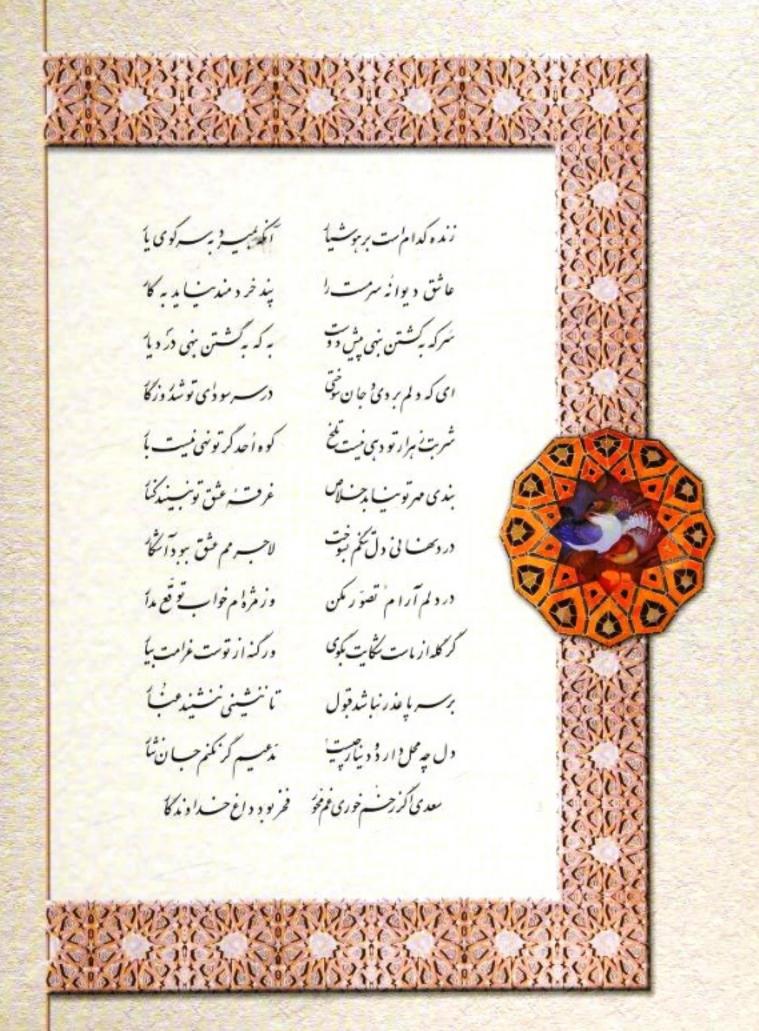


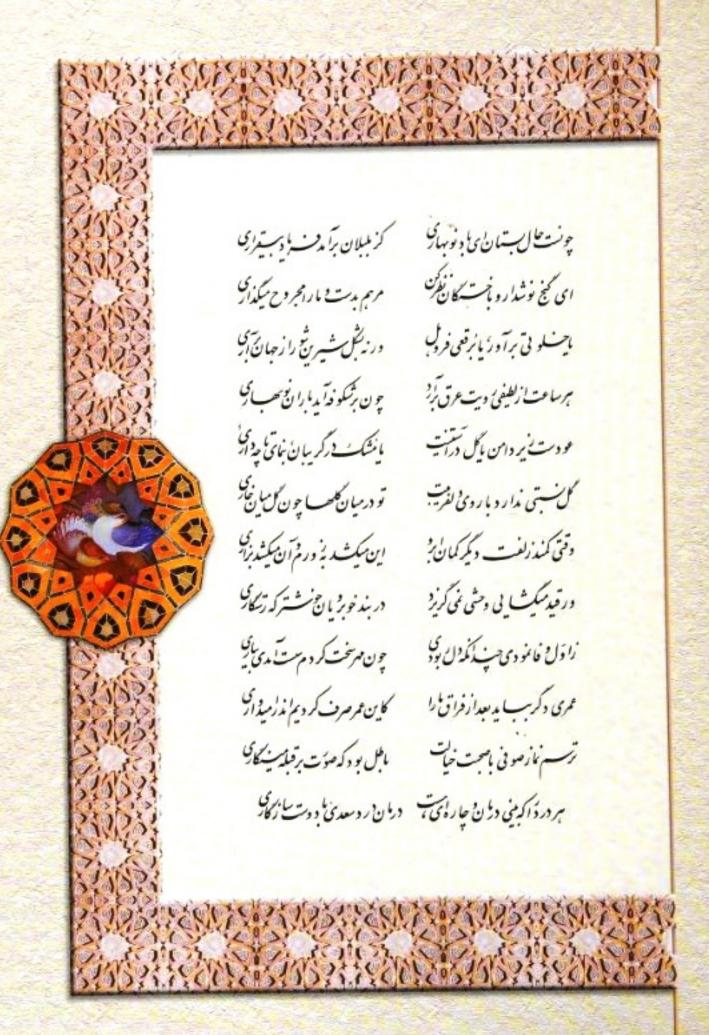


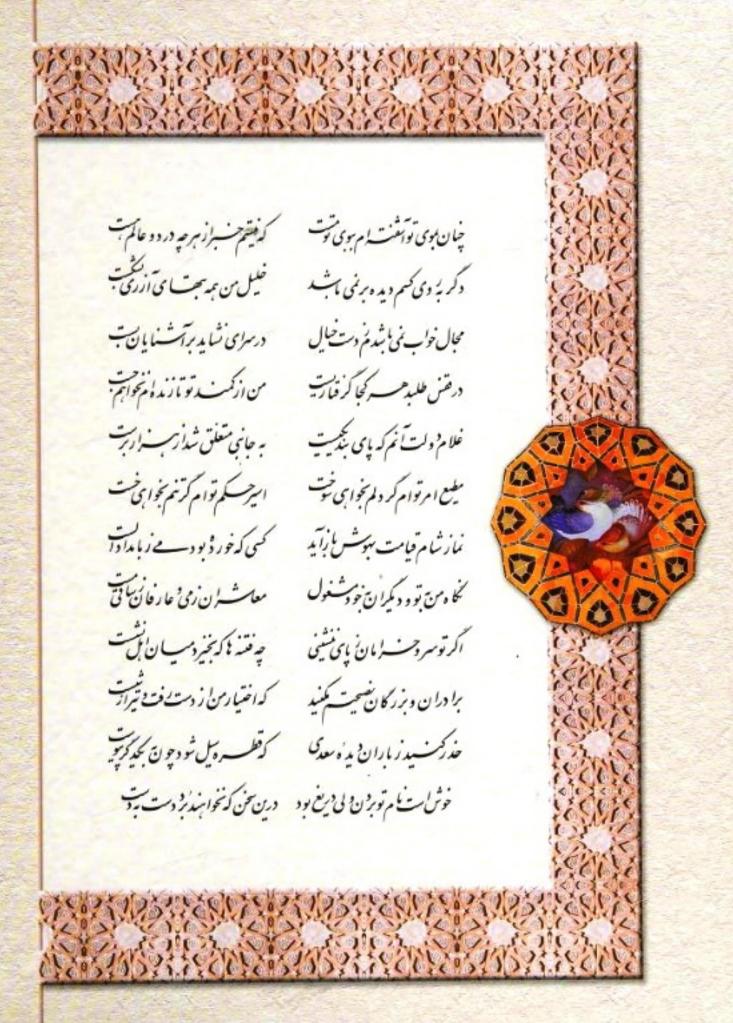


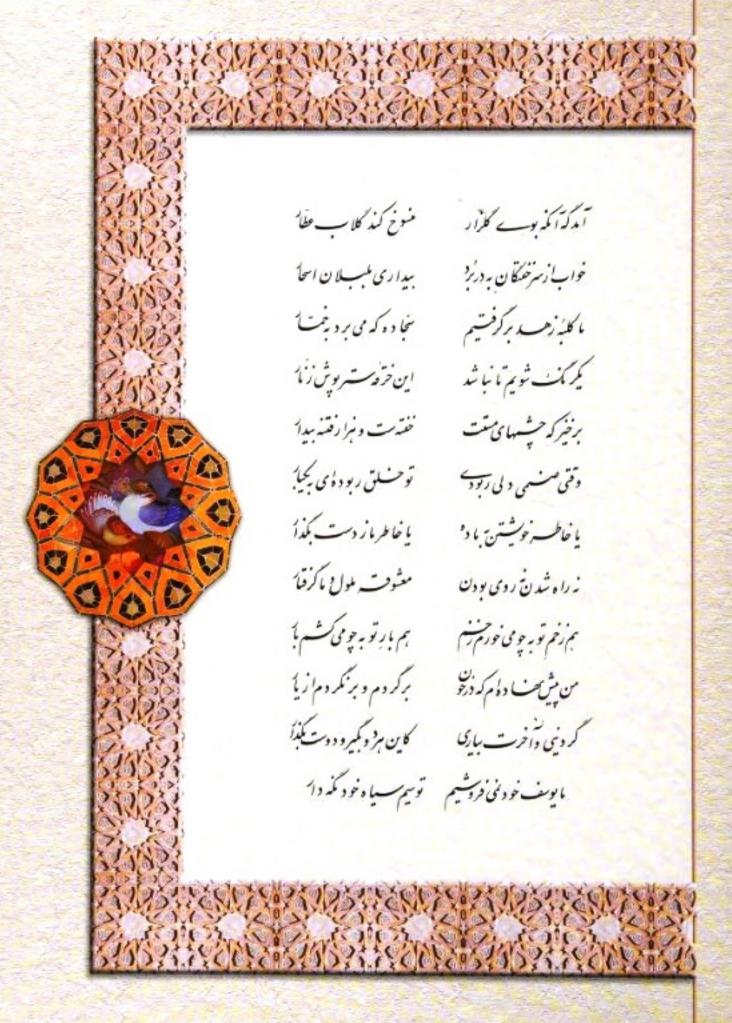


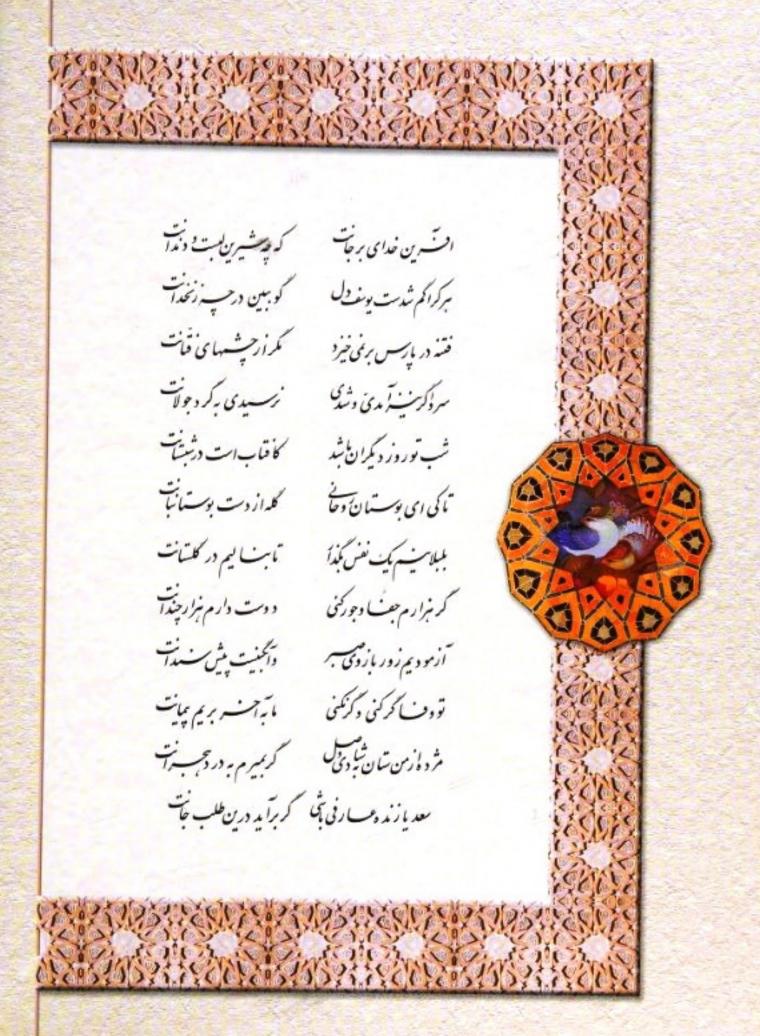


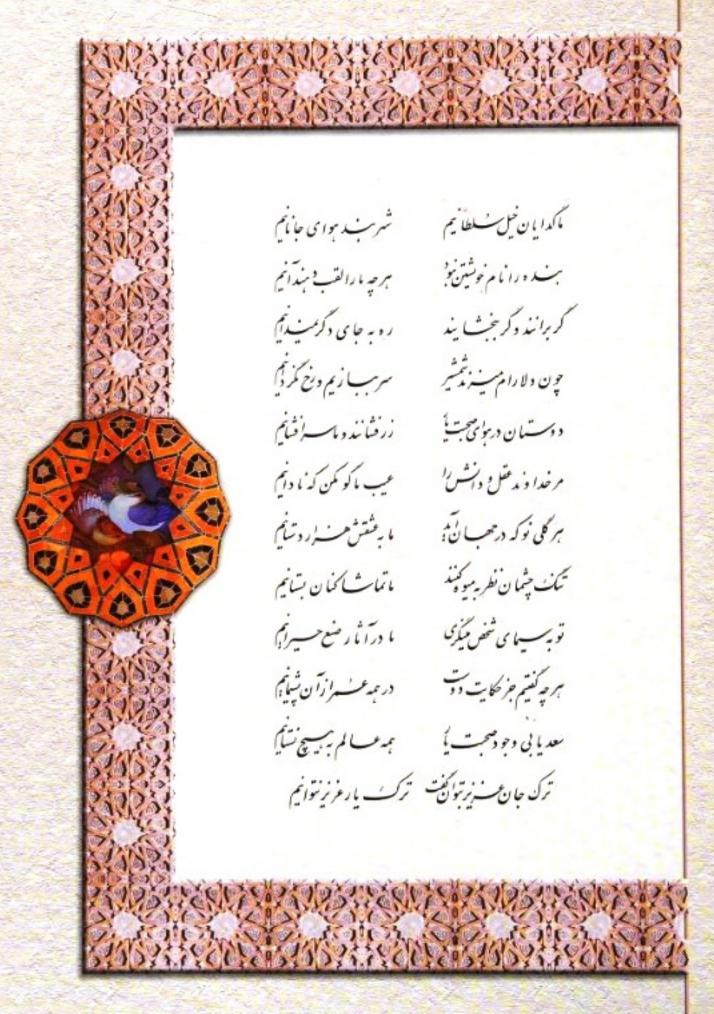


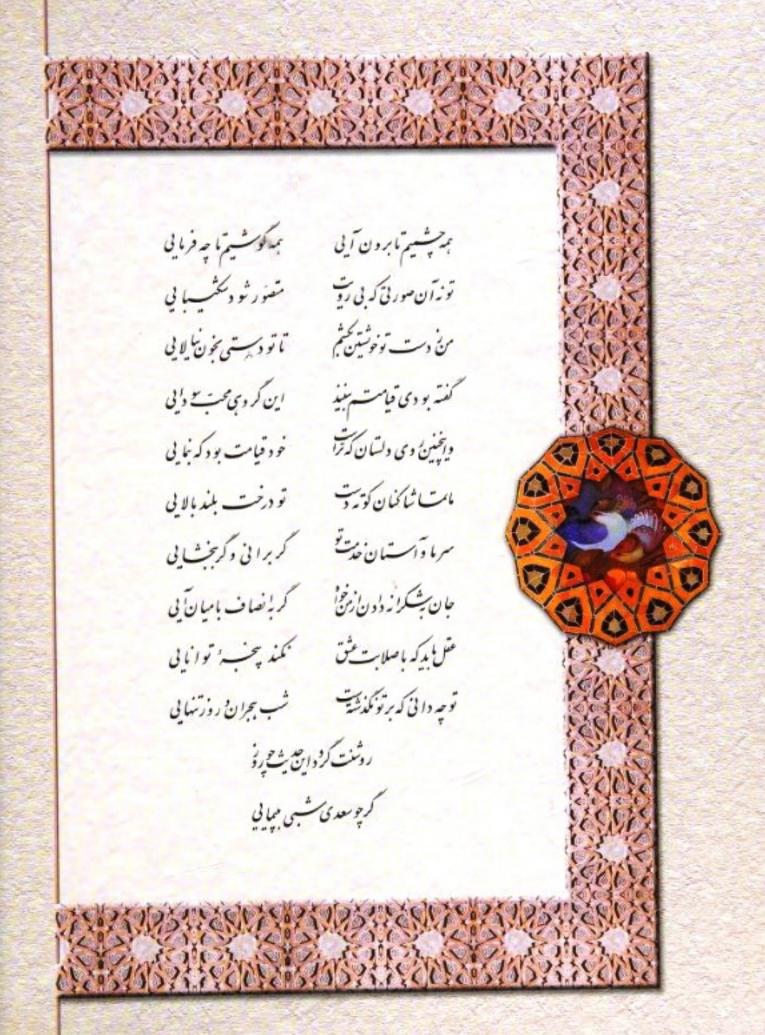


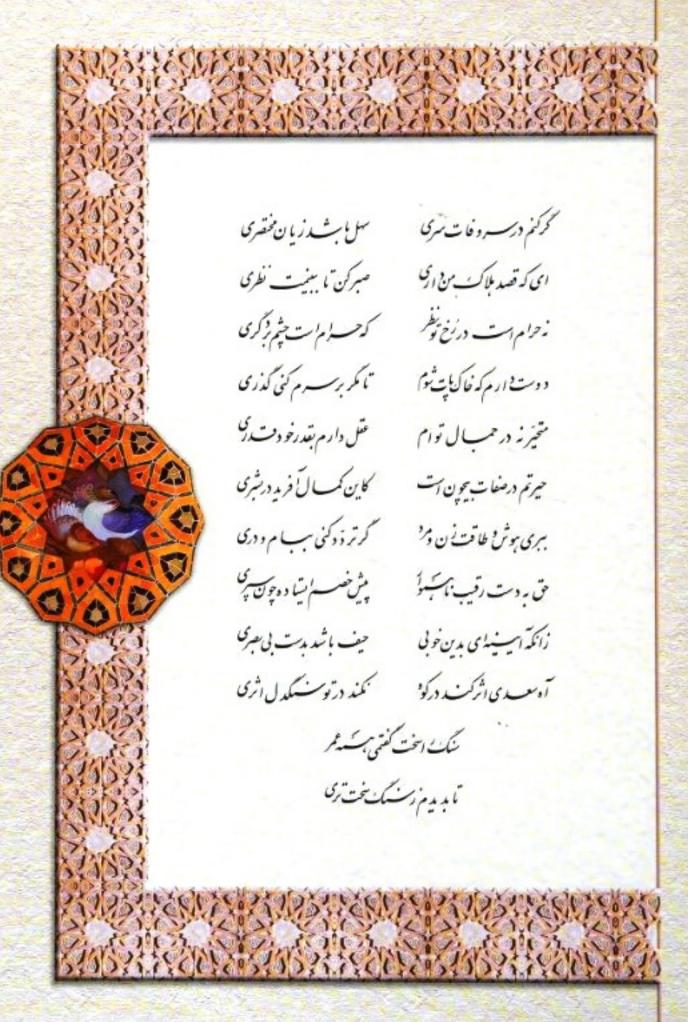


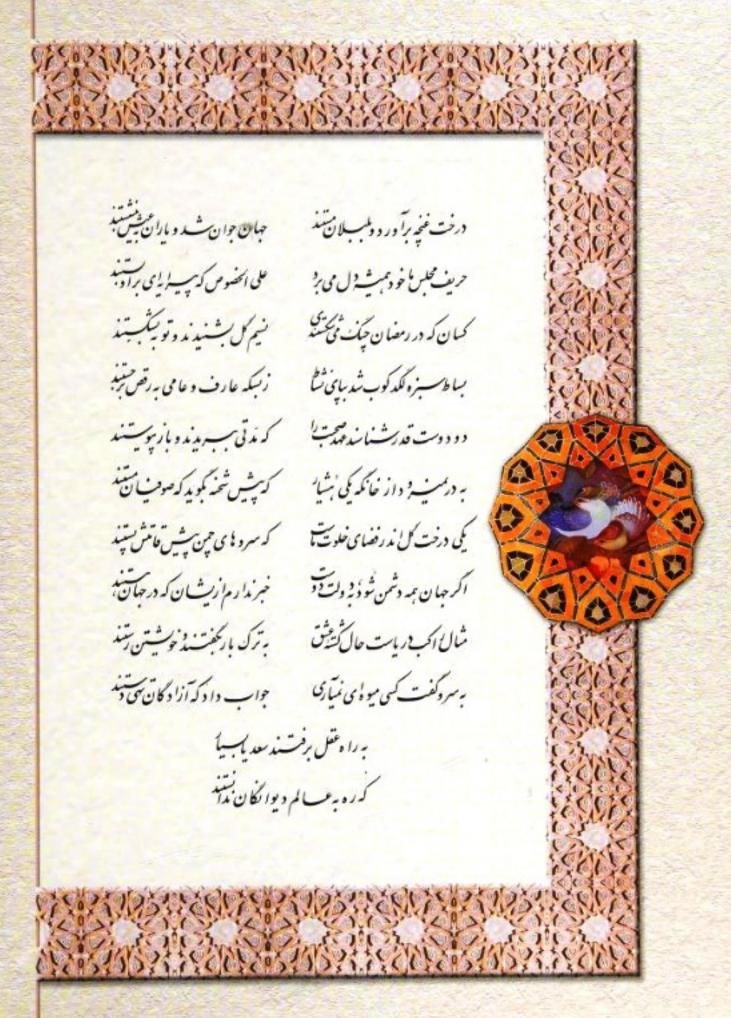


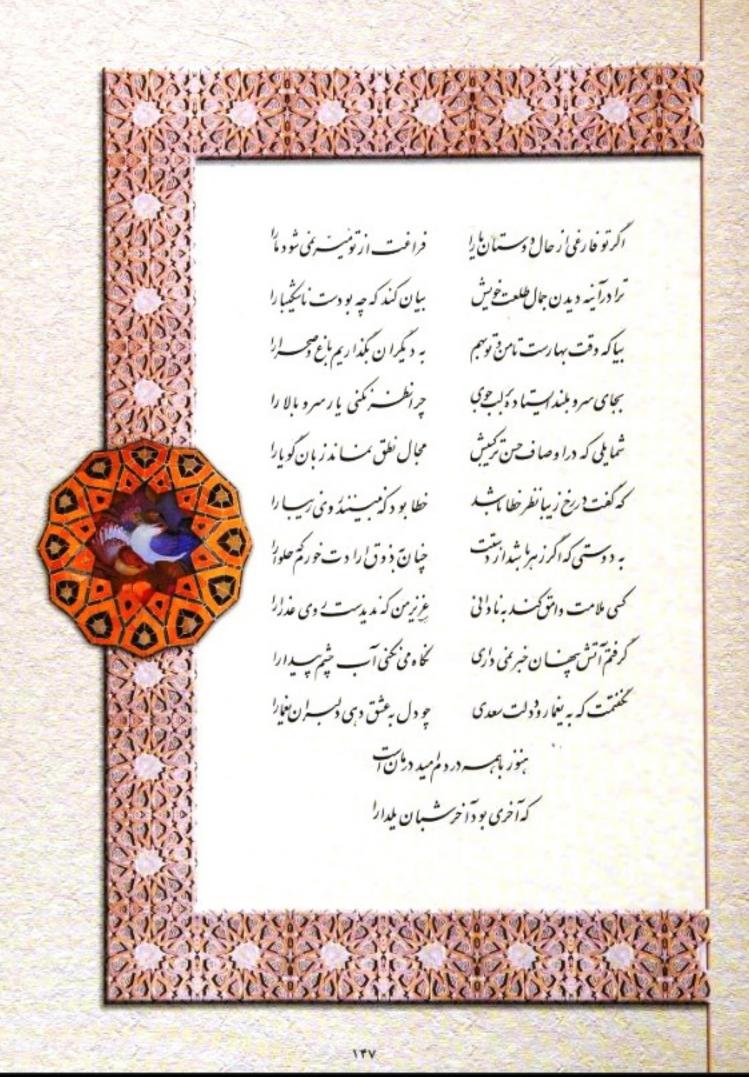


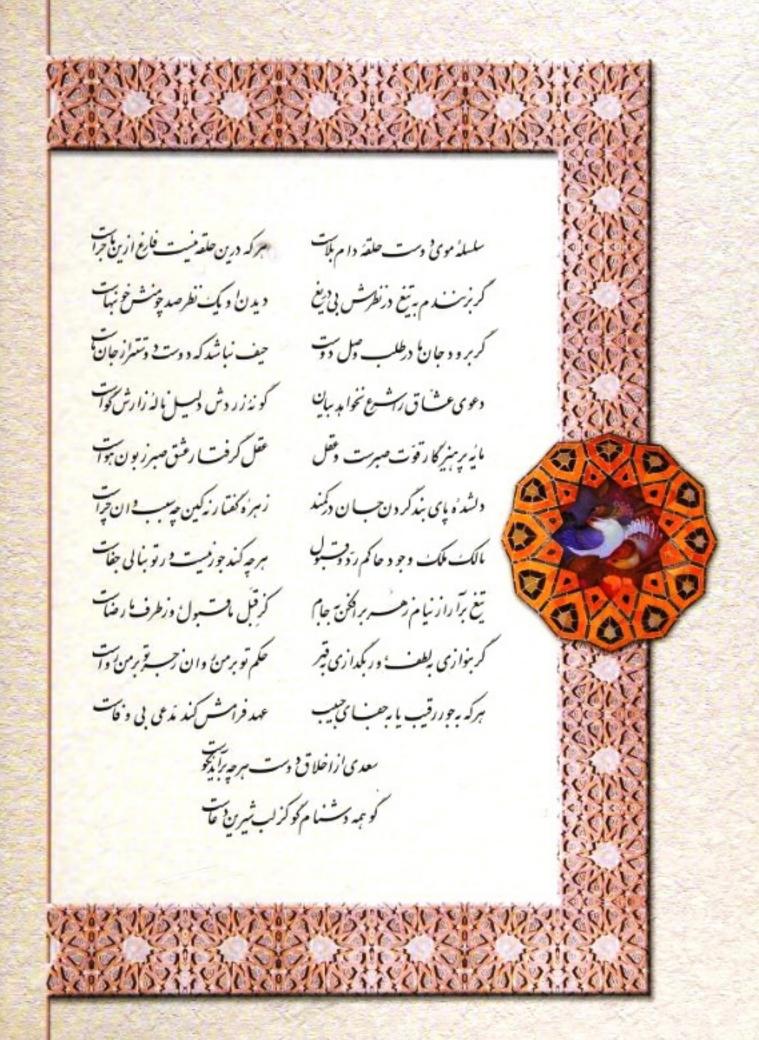


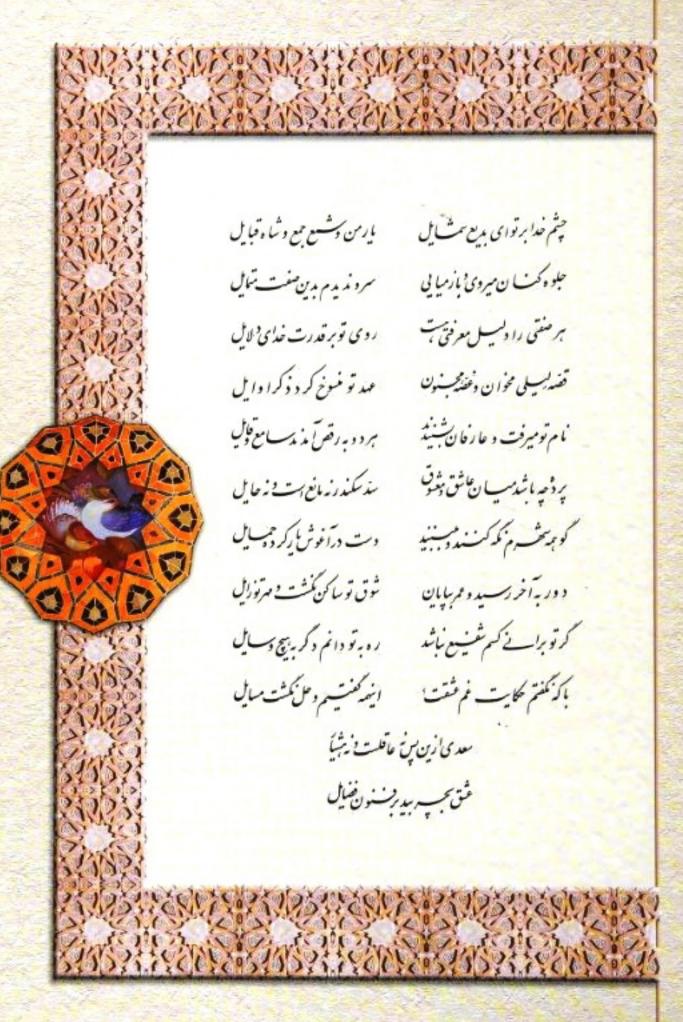


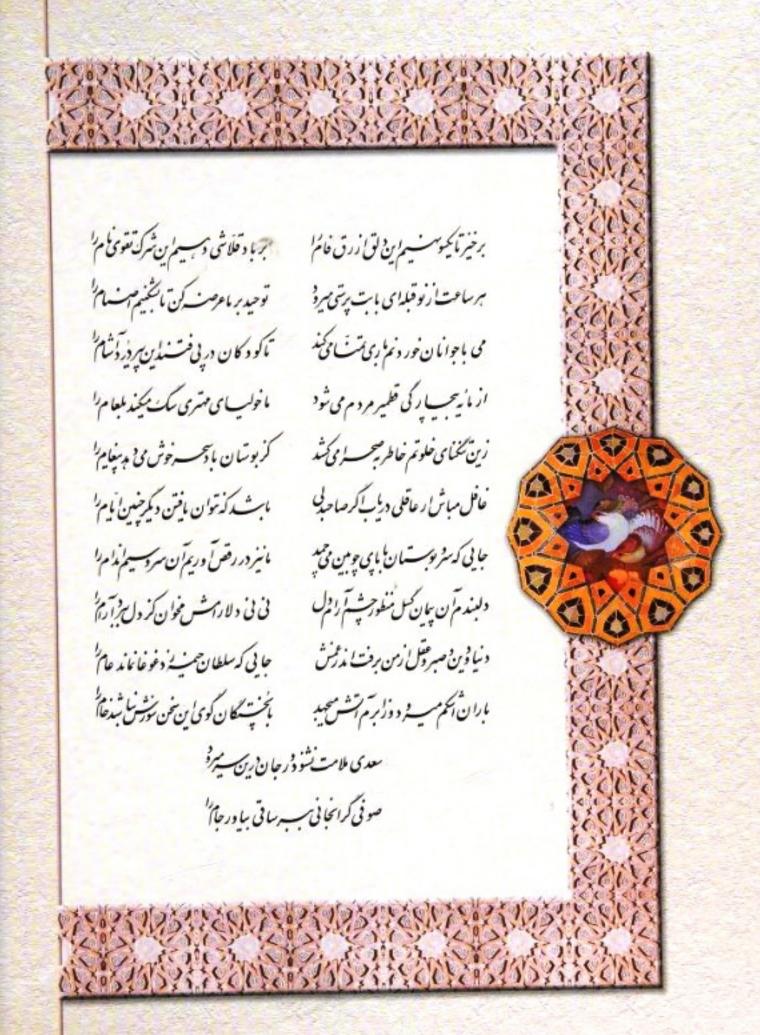


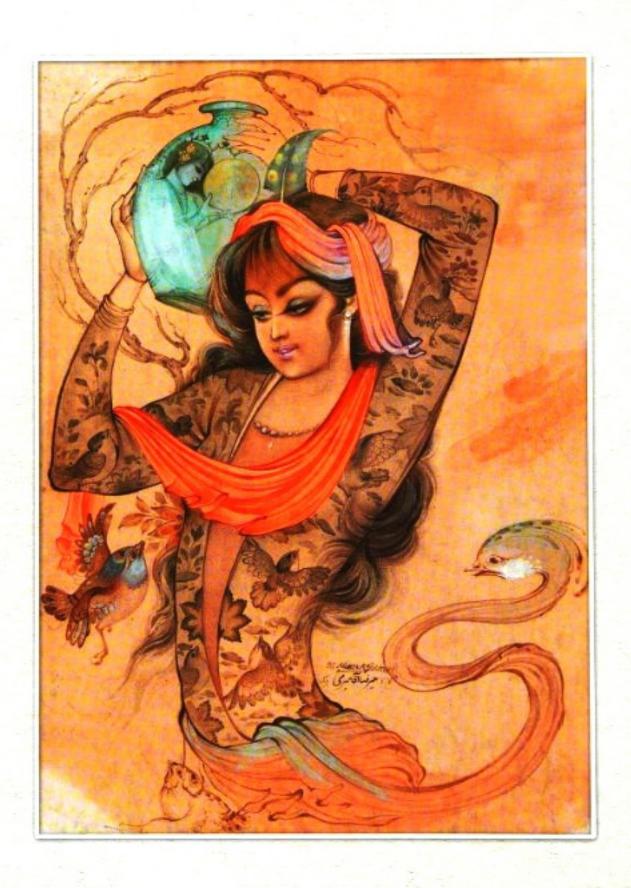






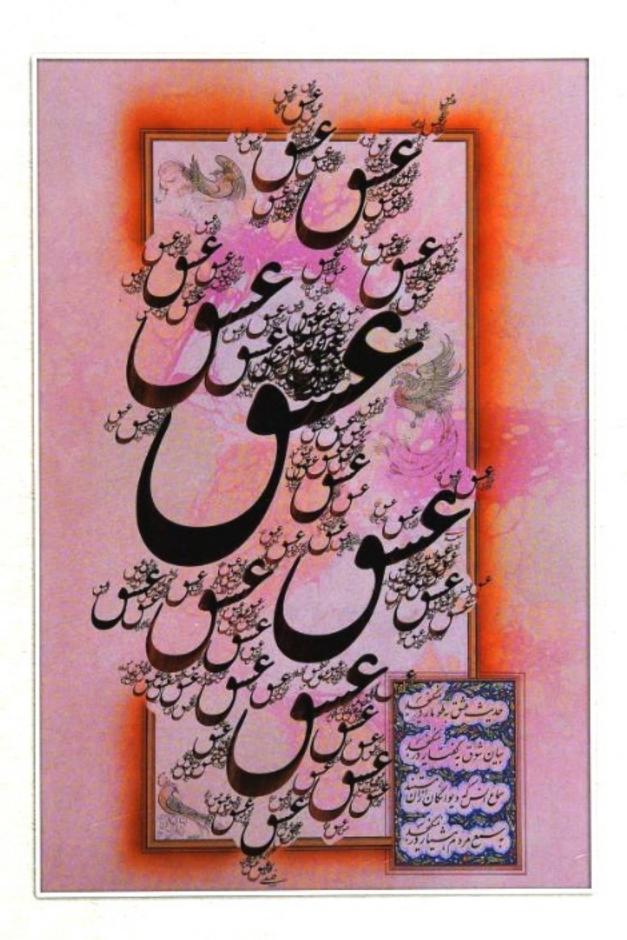


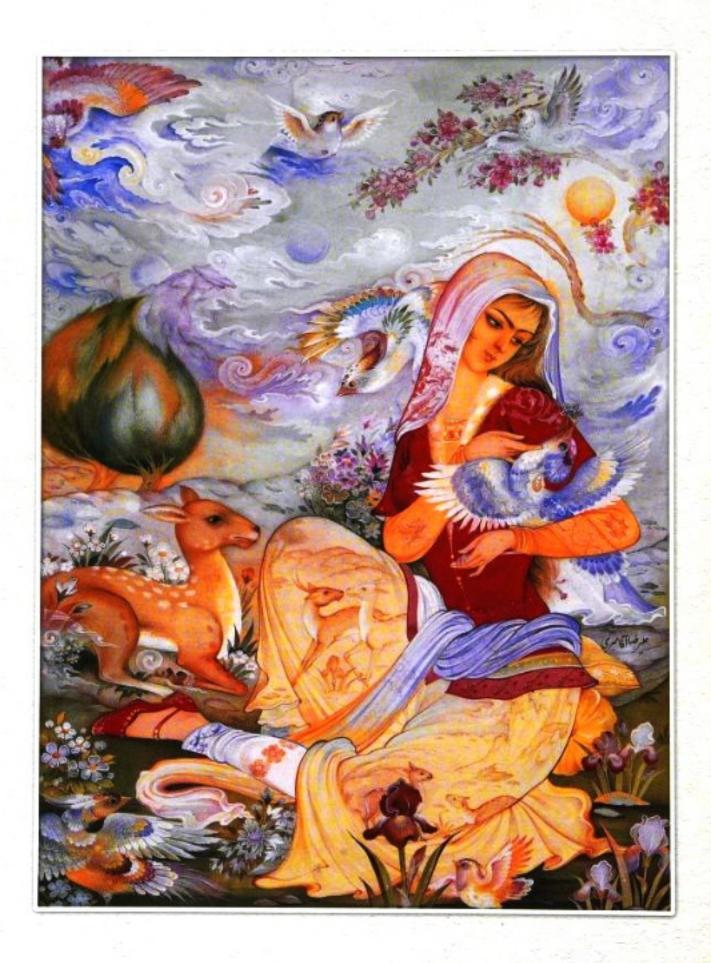




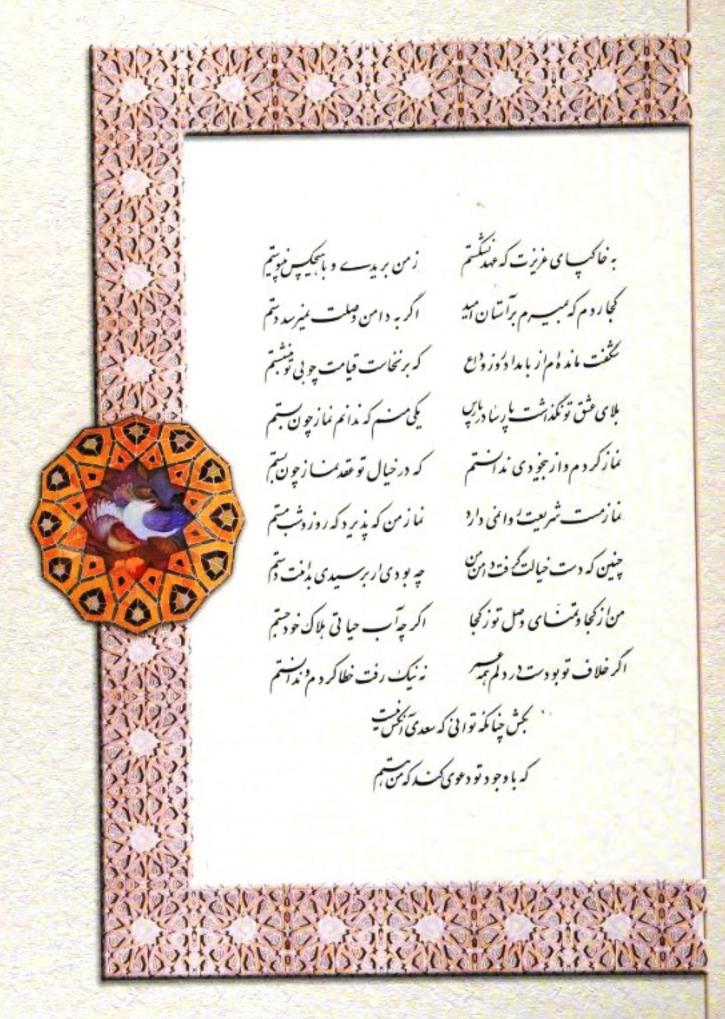
ی برزندرسترق شع کان با ای ساقی مب وی در در بی شبه مقلم برزد و نقی من دا به مقلم برزد و نقی من دا برز من نقی من برز و نقی من برزد و نقی من برزد و نقی من برزد و نقی من برزد و نقی در ترشی به معلم با در در برخم من برزد و نقی در ترشی و دو انجان نرسنداز صولت می من من برزی برزی برخی من در برزی من برخی من در برزی برخی من من برزی برخی من برزی برخیان

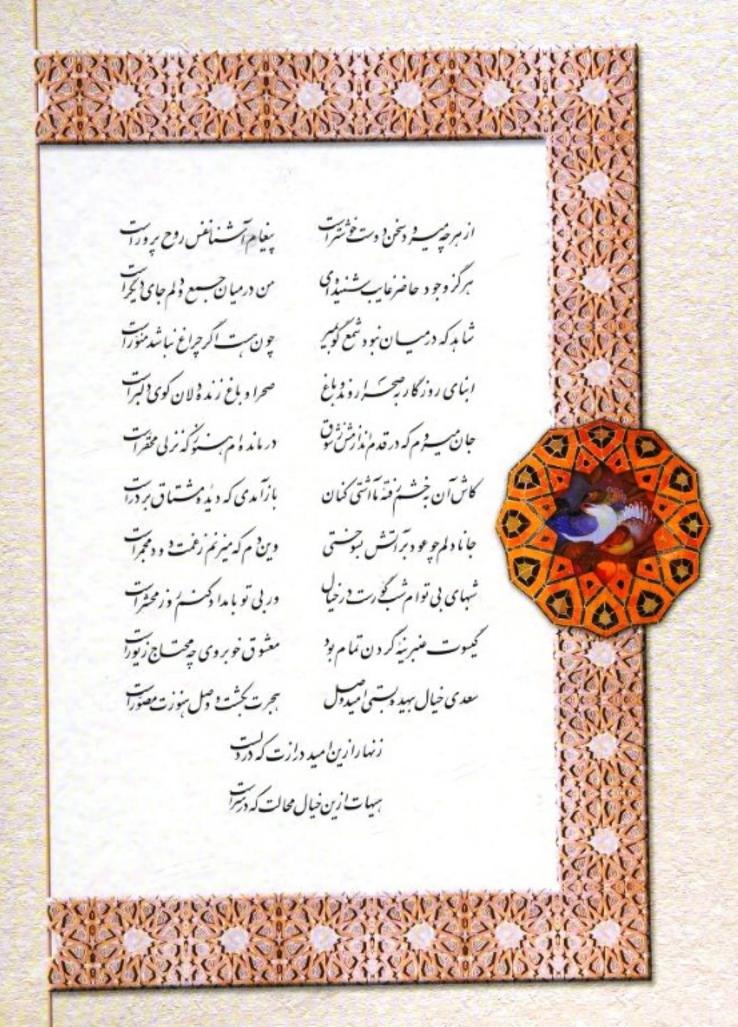


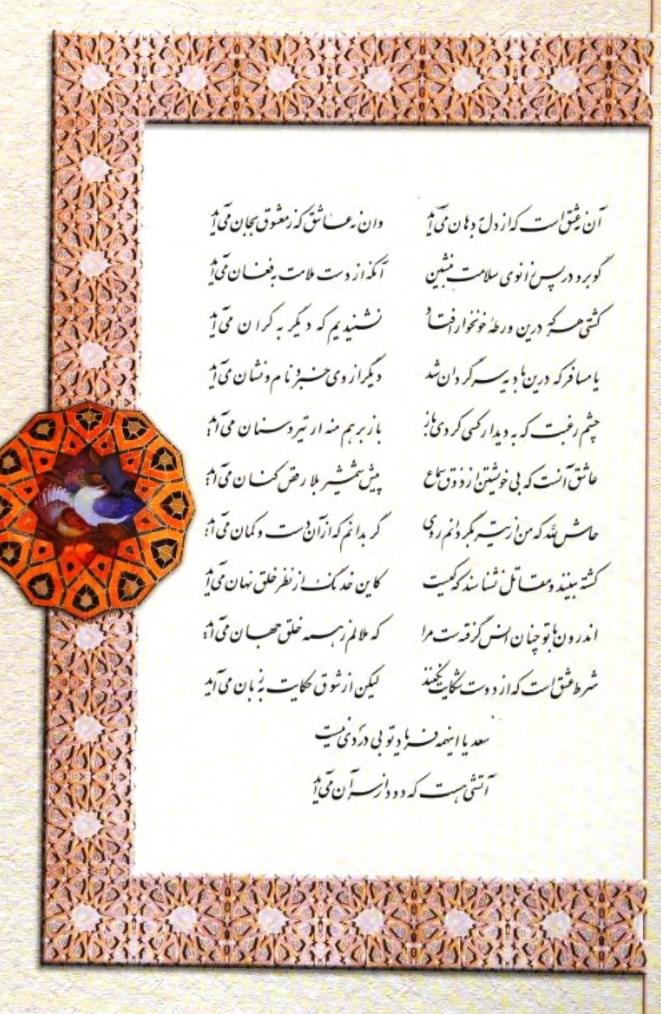


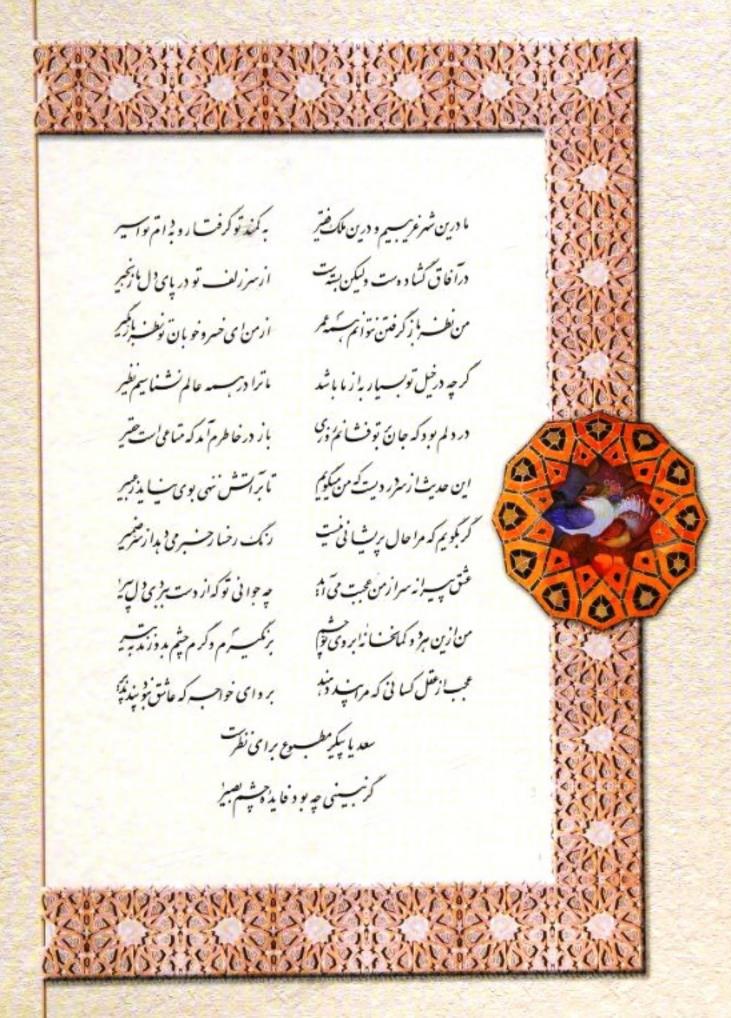


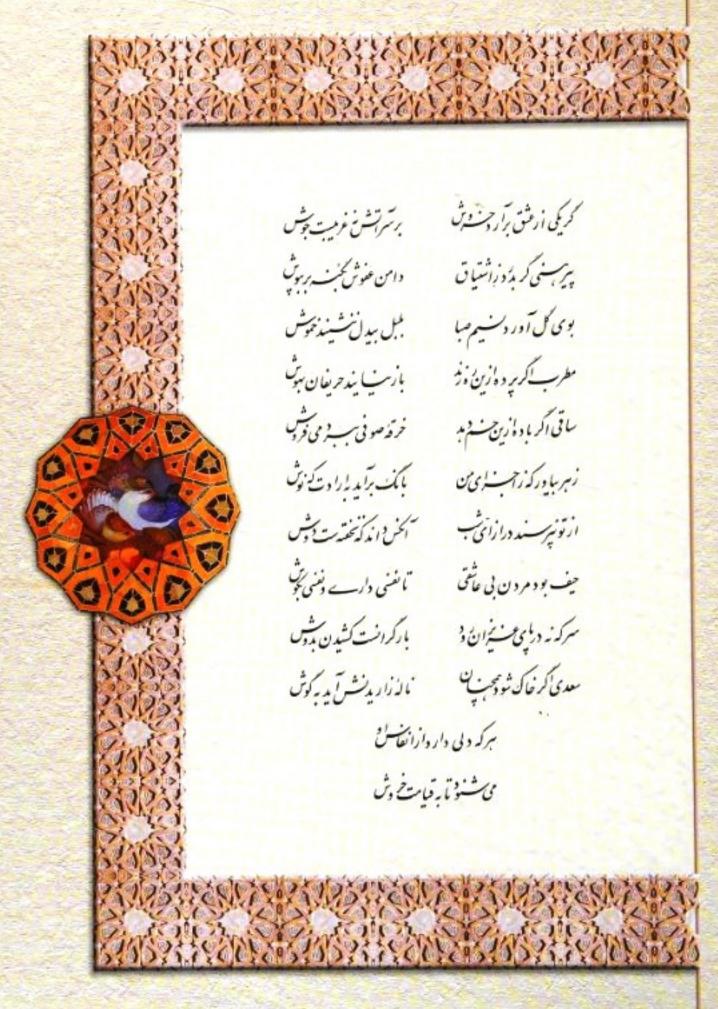
ای بیش تو و لفرید با و در شیم تو خیر و حیث آبو در شیم منی و فاید برسی از برسی در شیم منی و فاید برسی برسی کنی به برسی مده بیشد زخیم من کشاید بیش بردی بیشیم با و می بیشیم با و بیشیم و بیشیم با و بیش

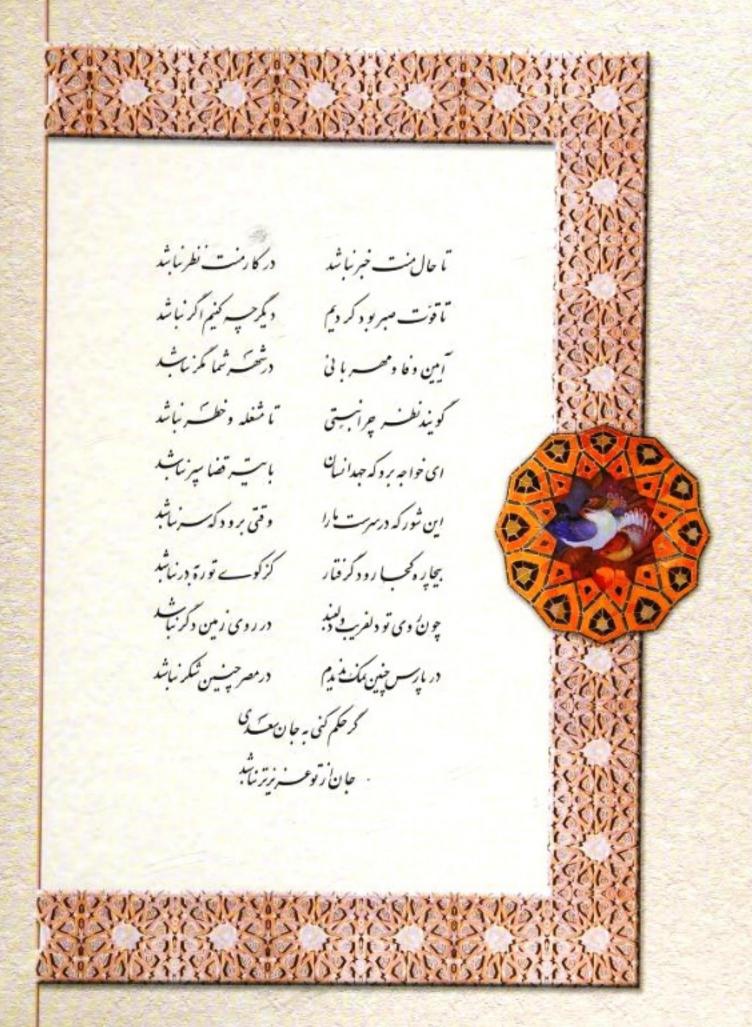


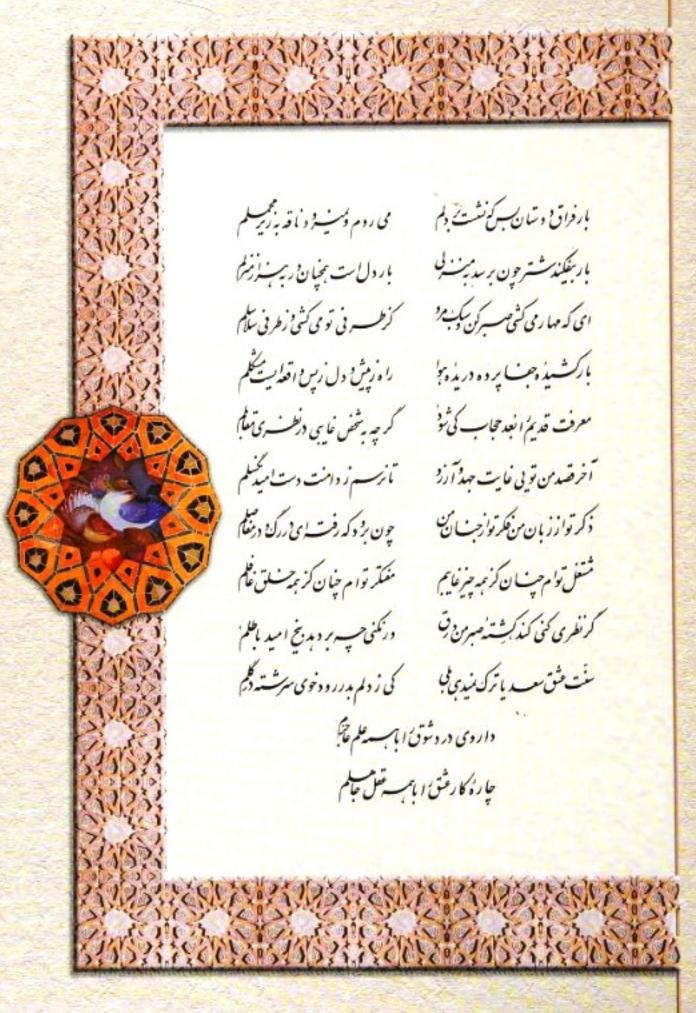


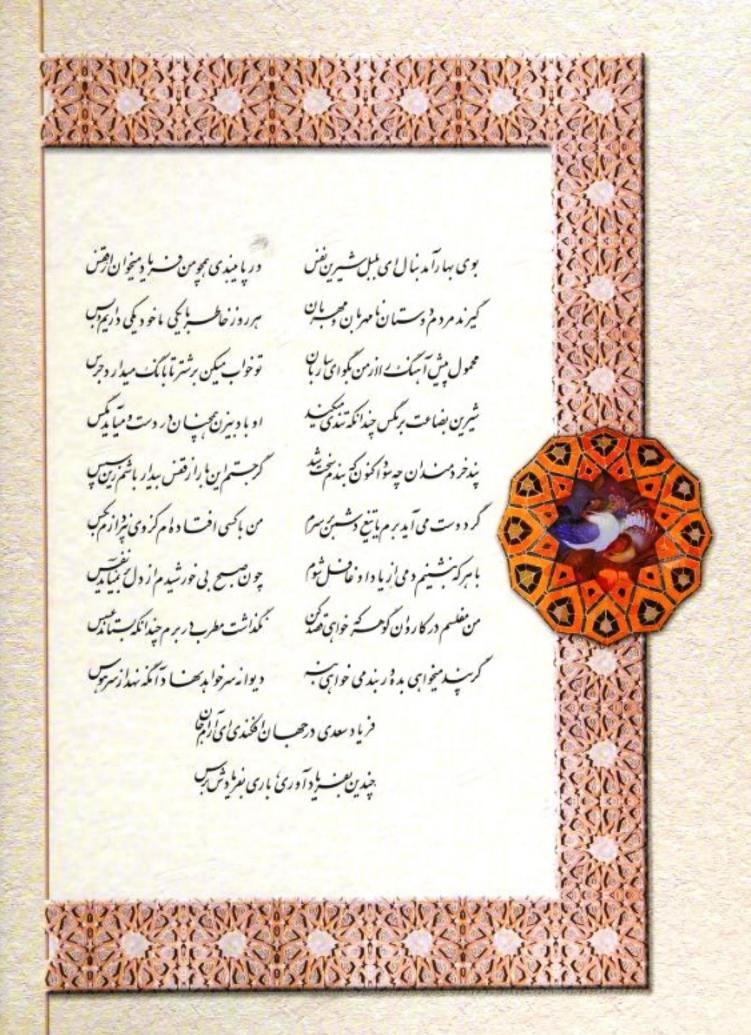


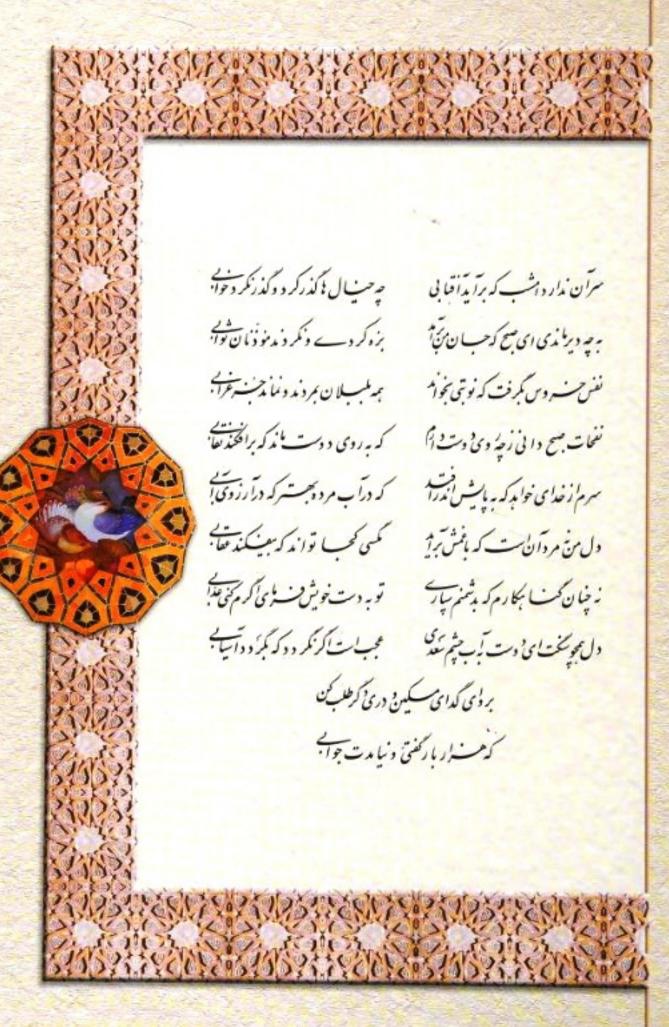


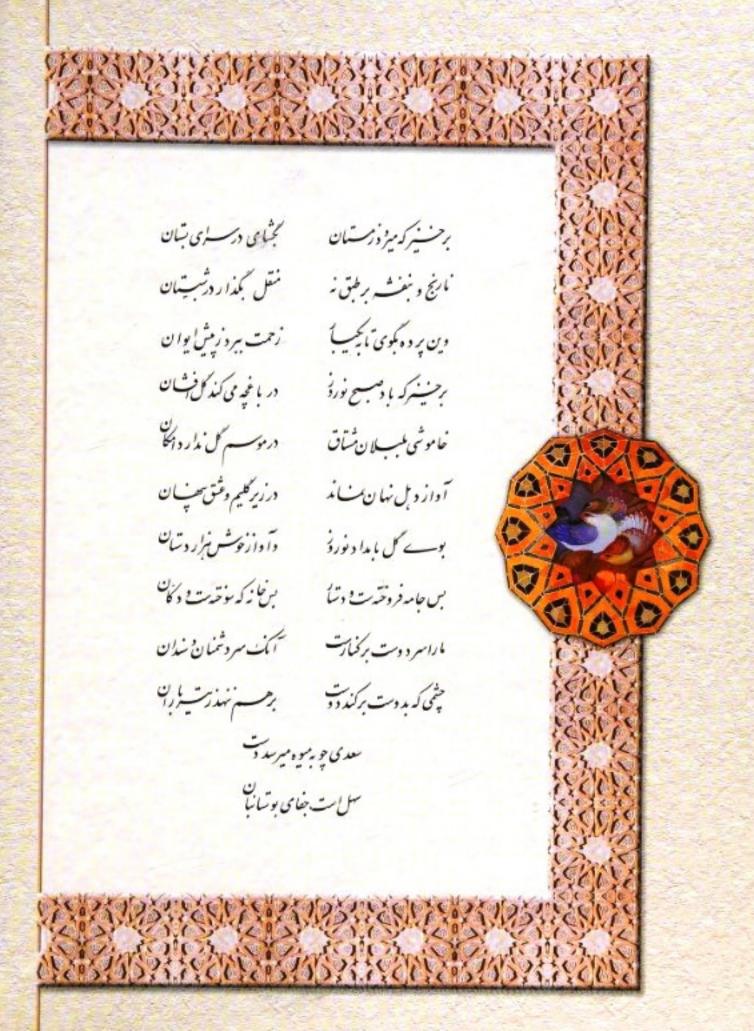


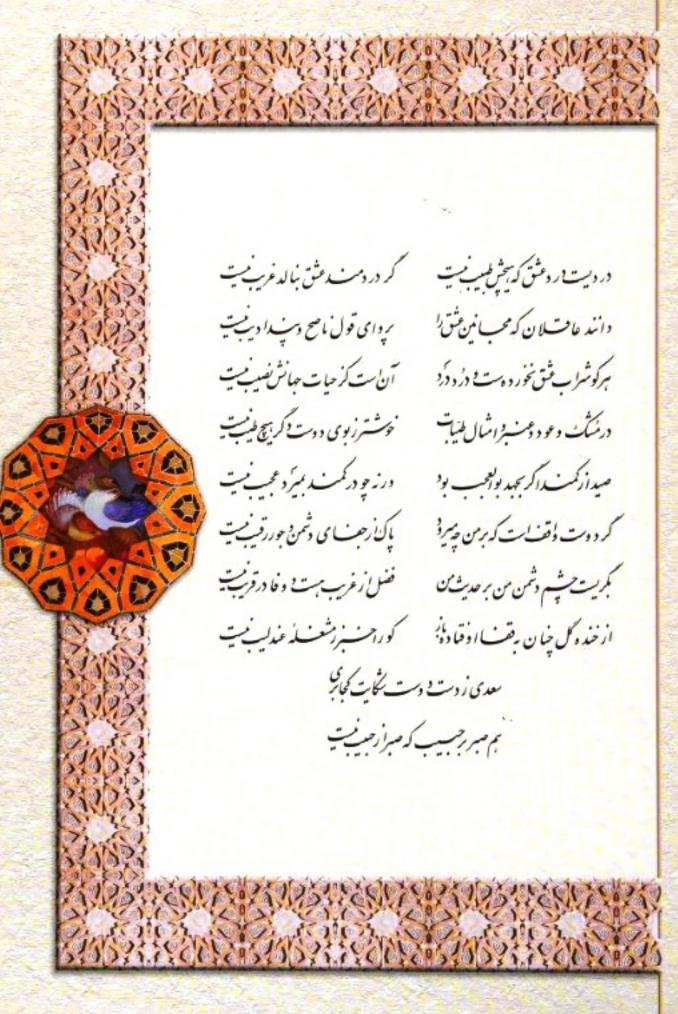


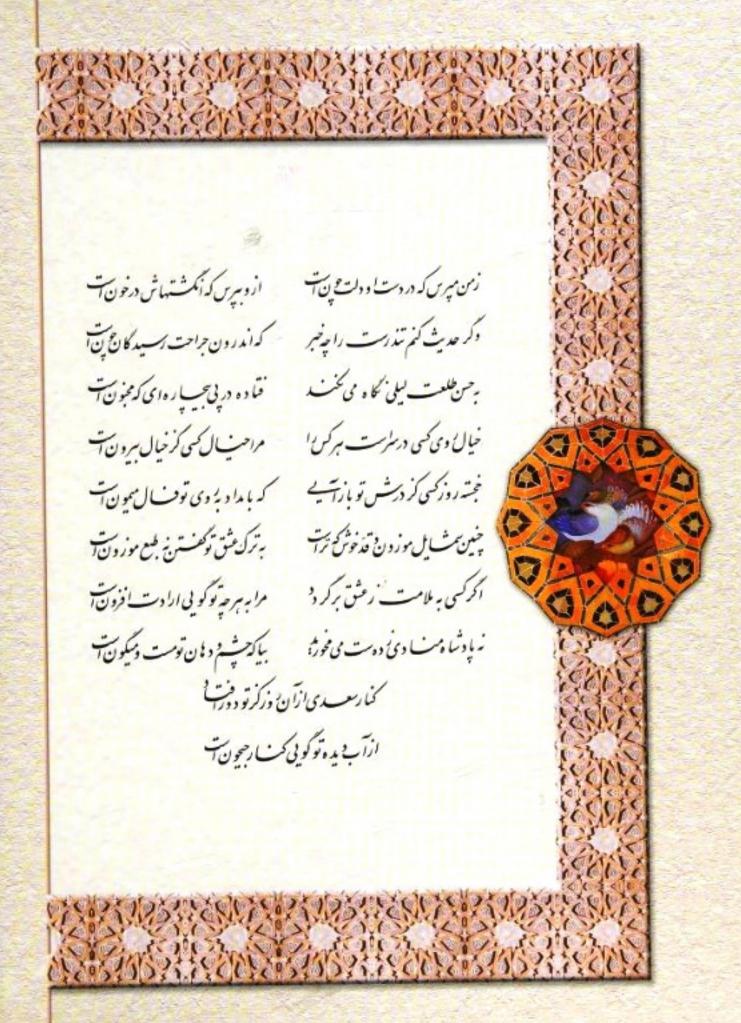


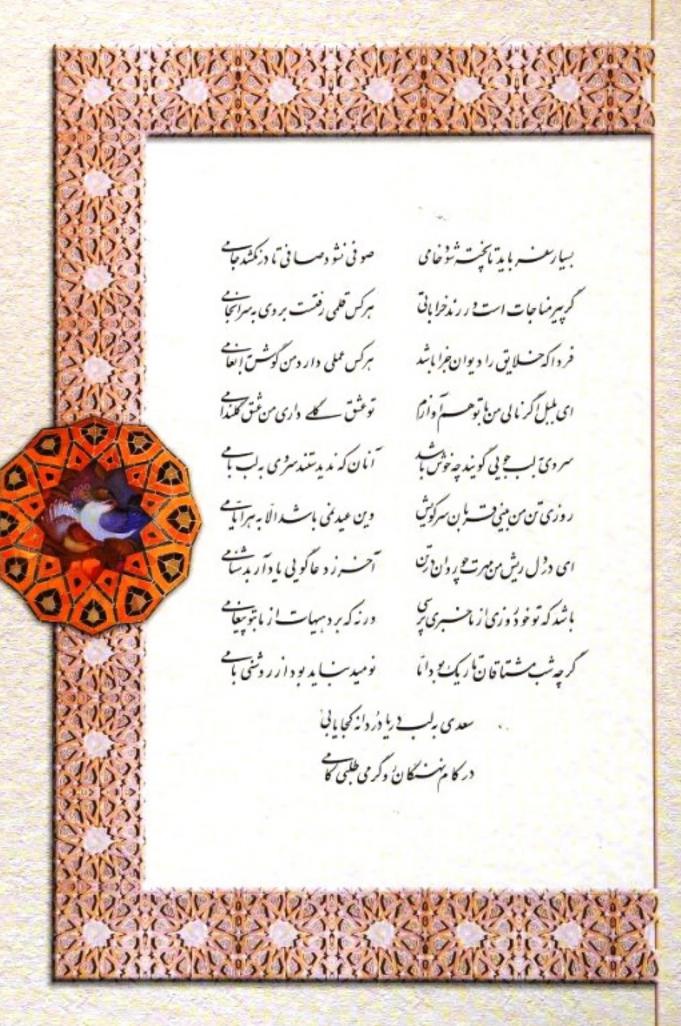


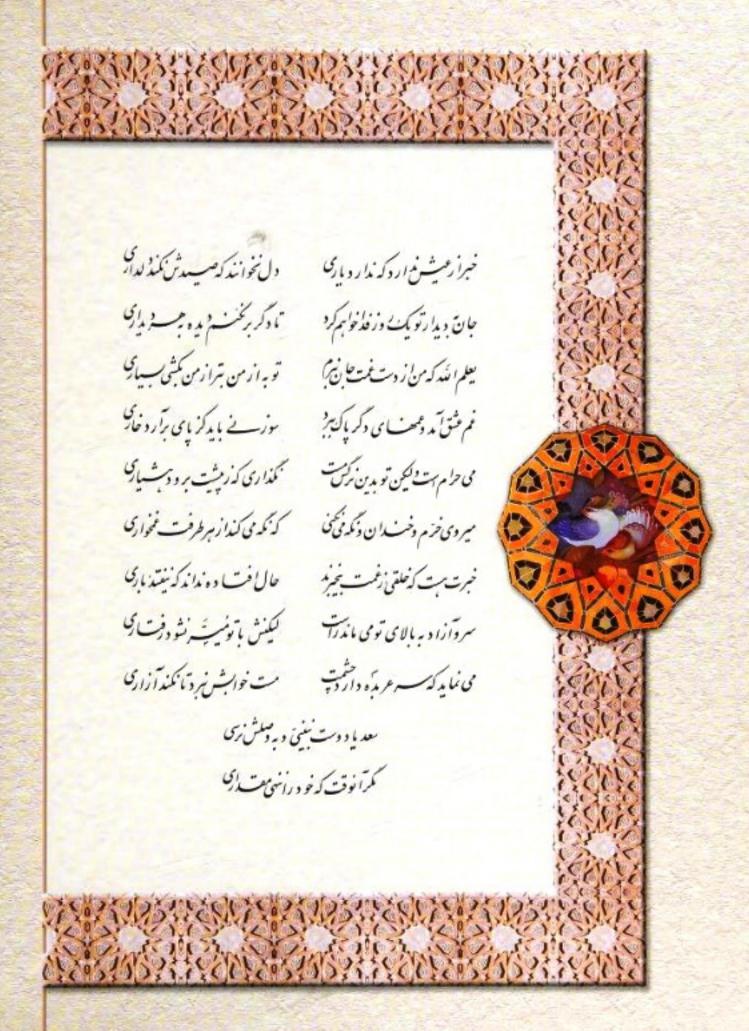




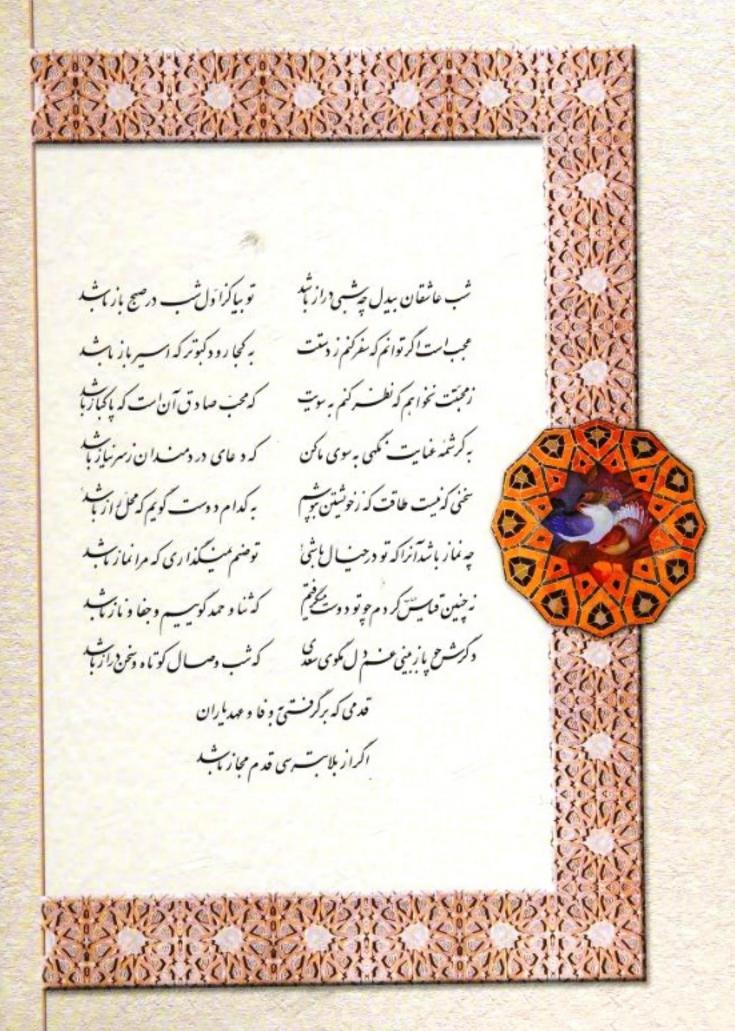


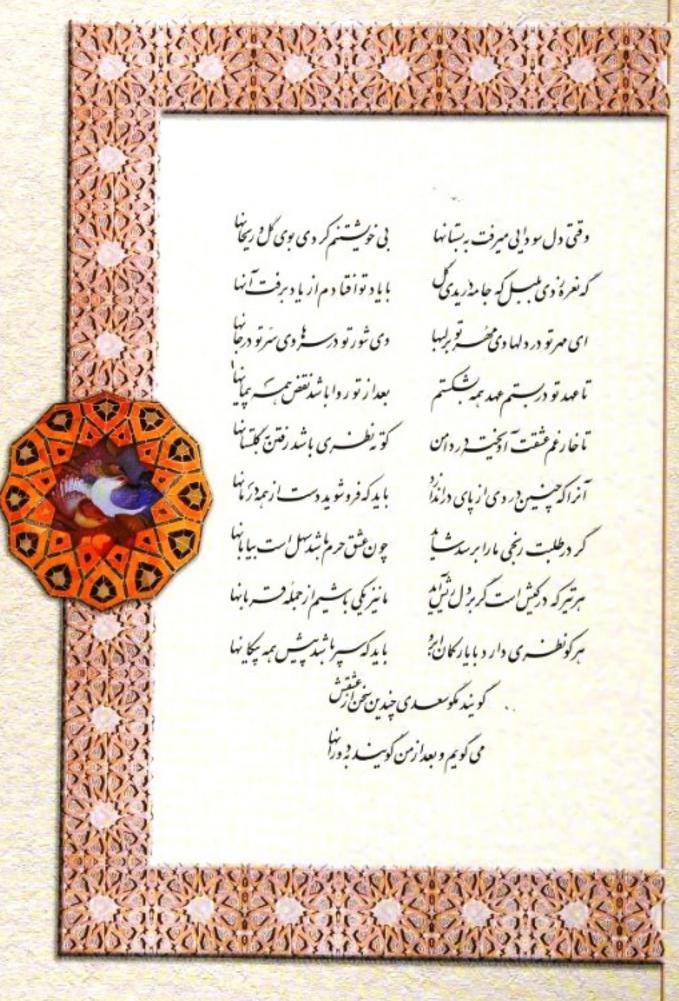


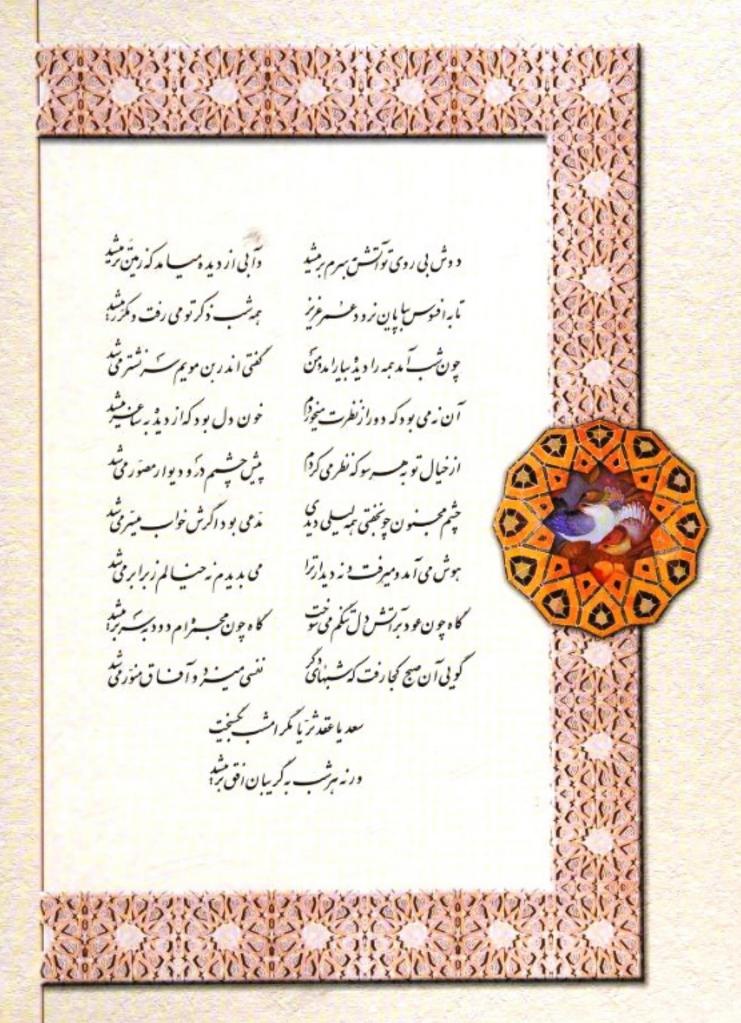




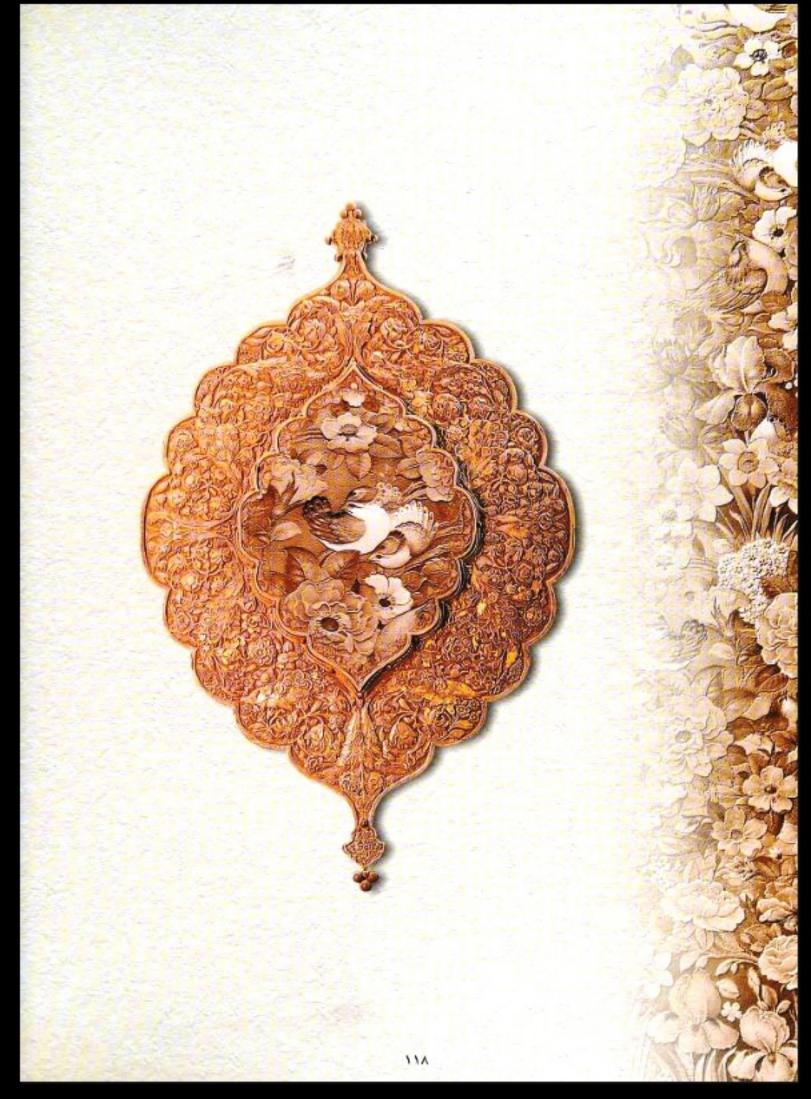


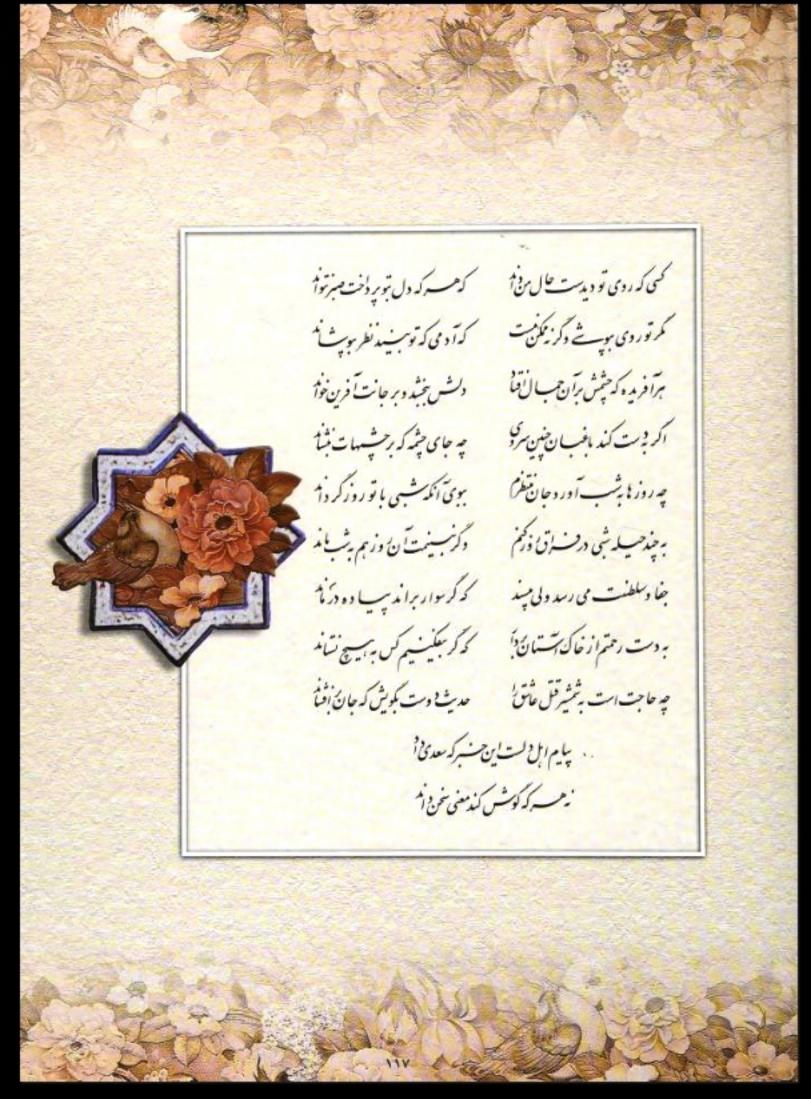


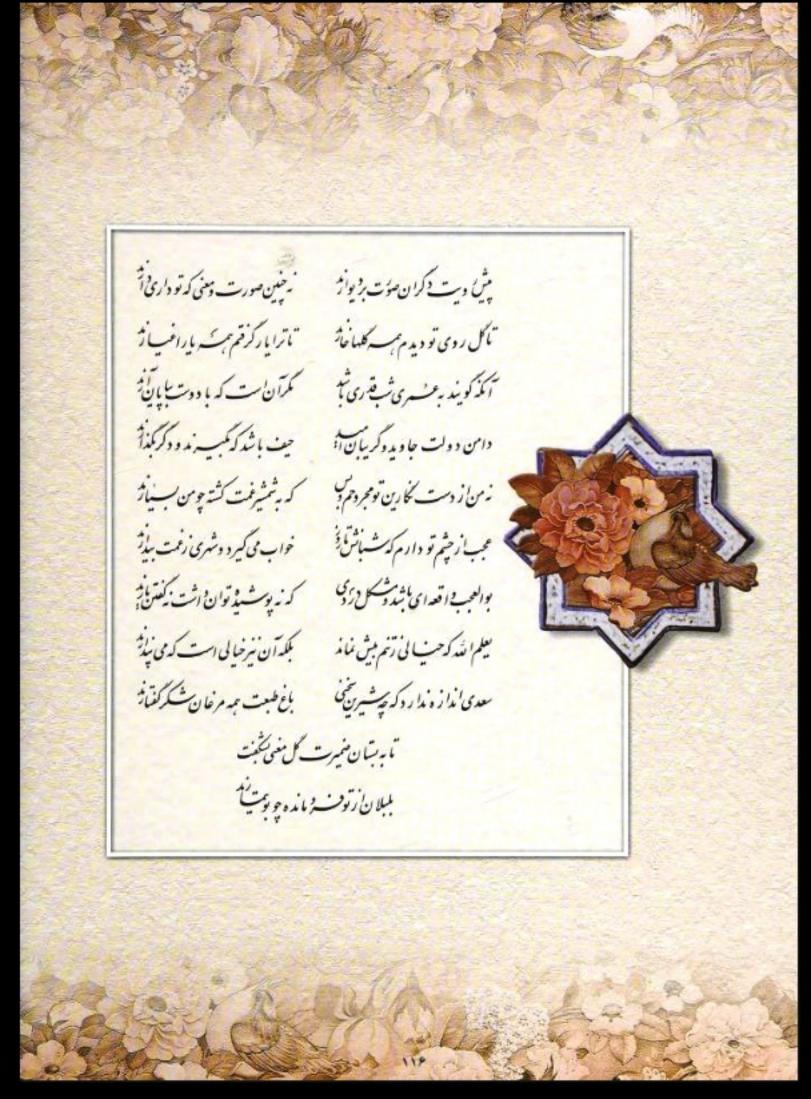


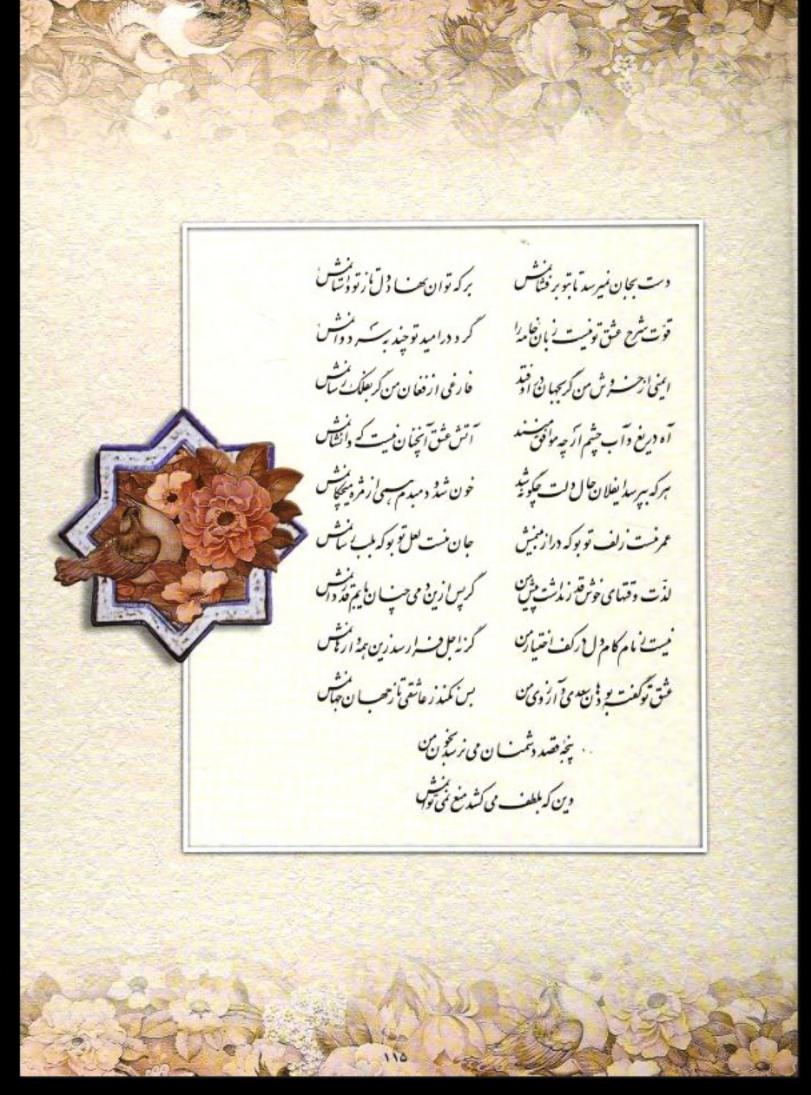




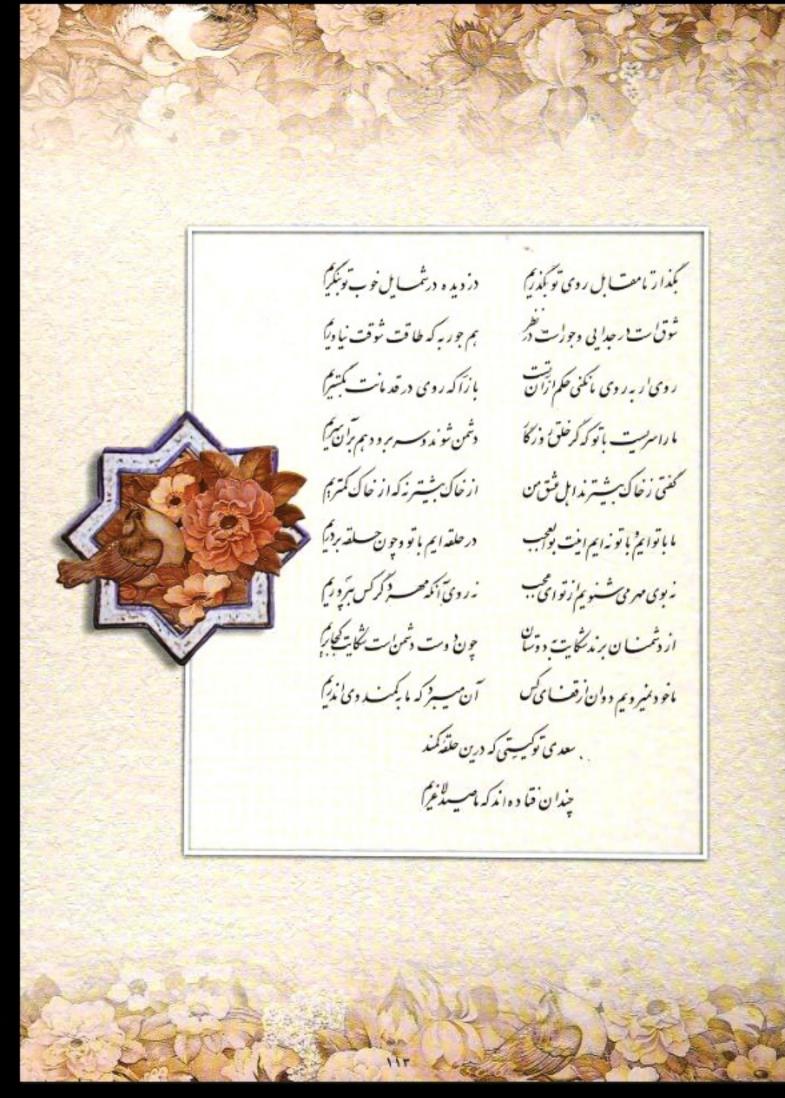


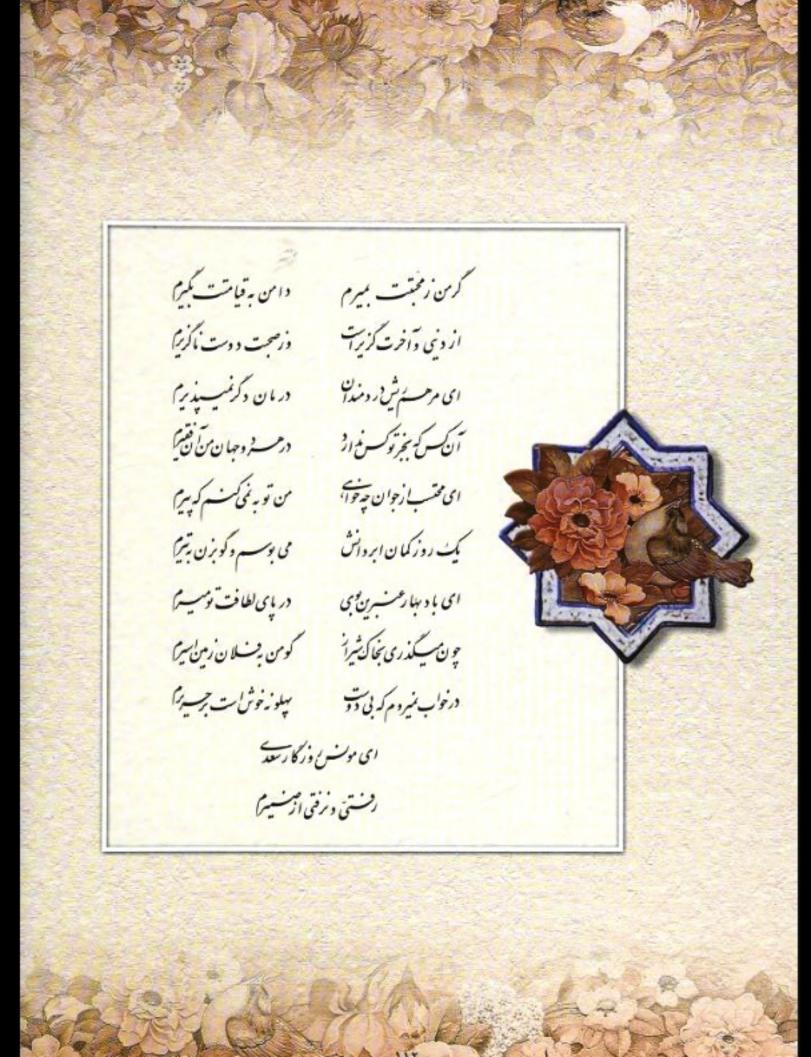


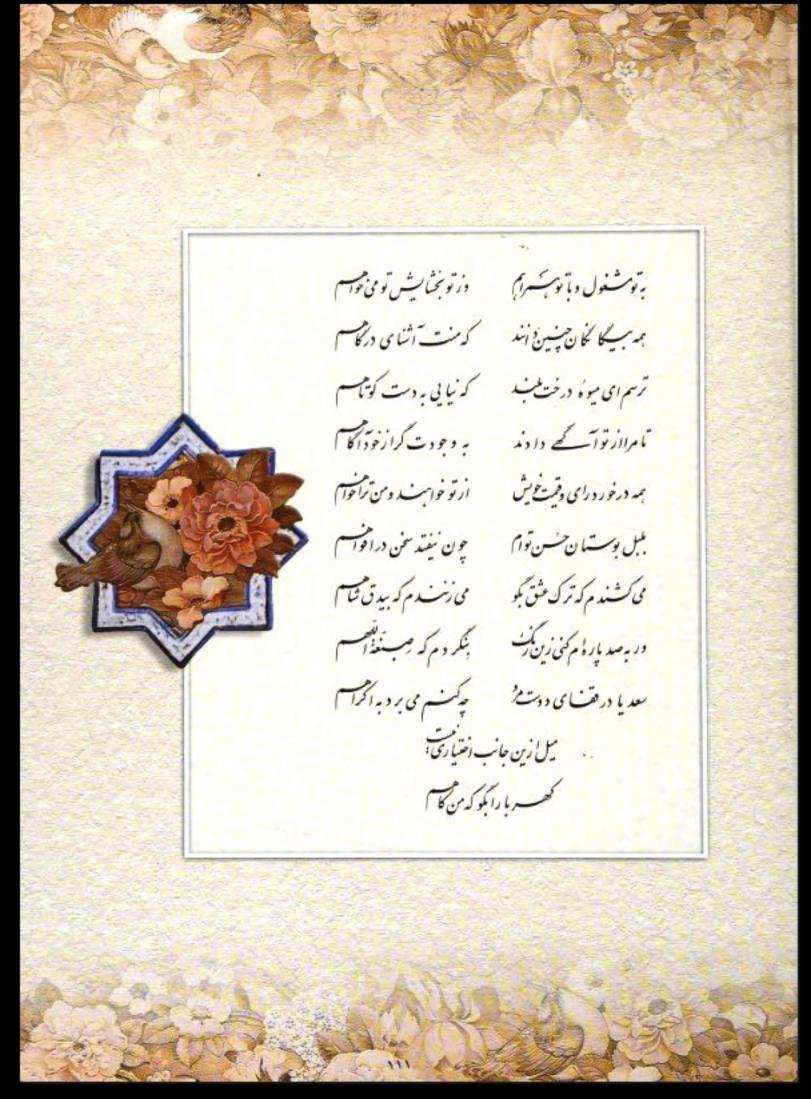


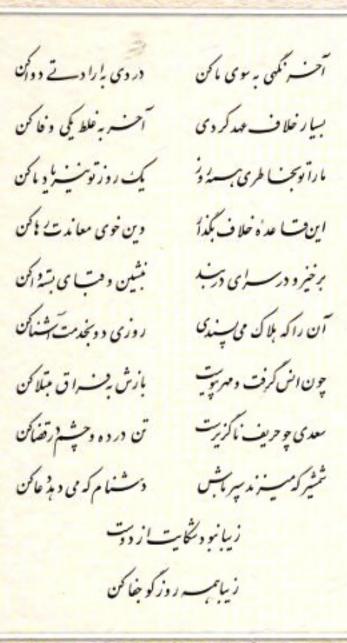




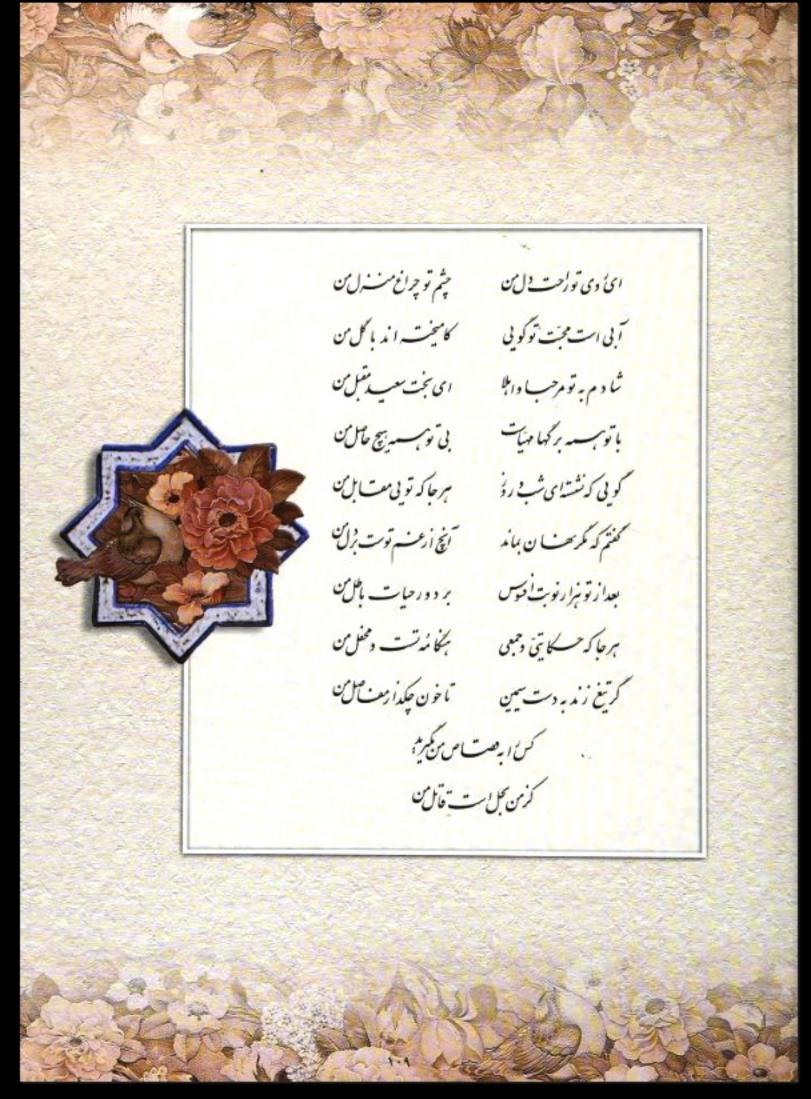


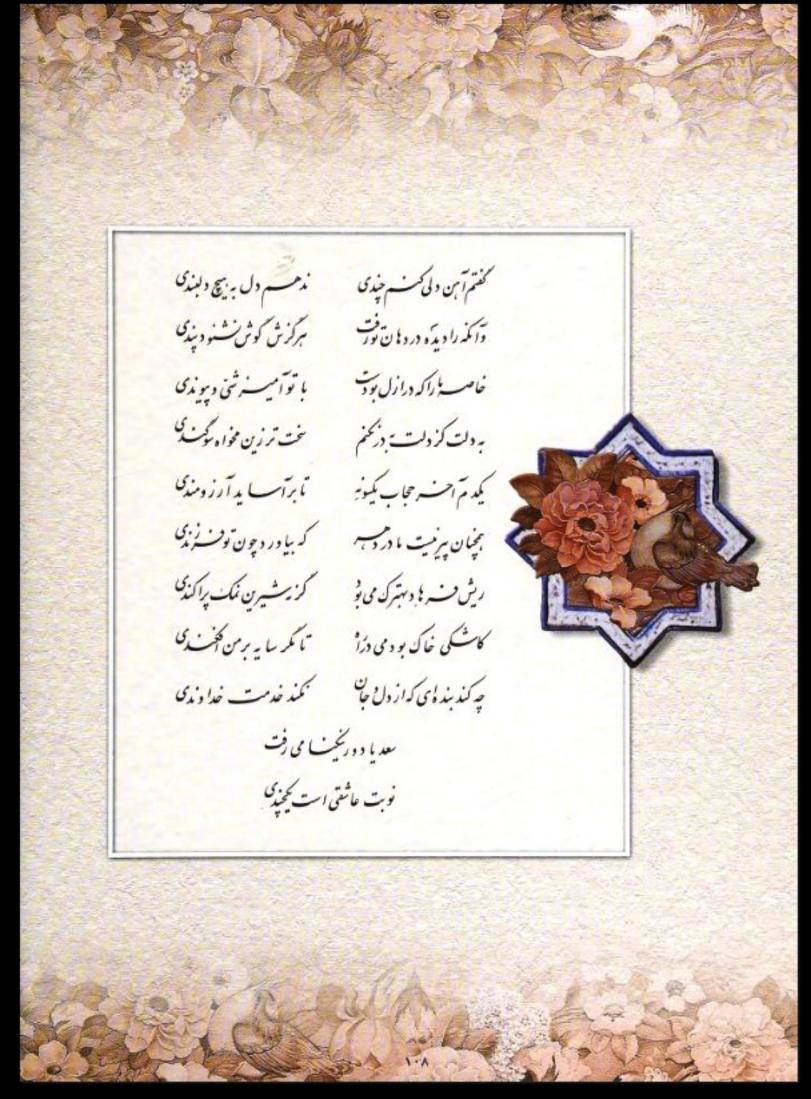


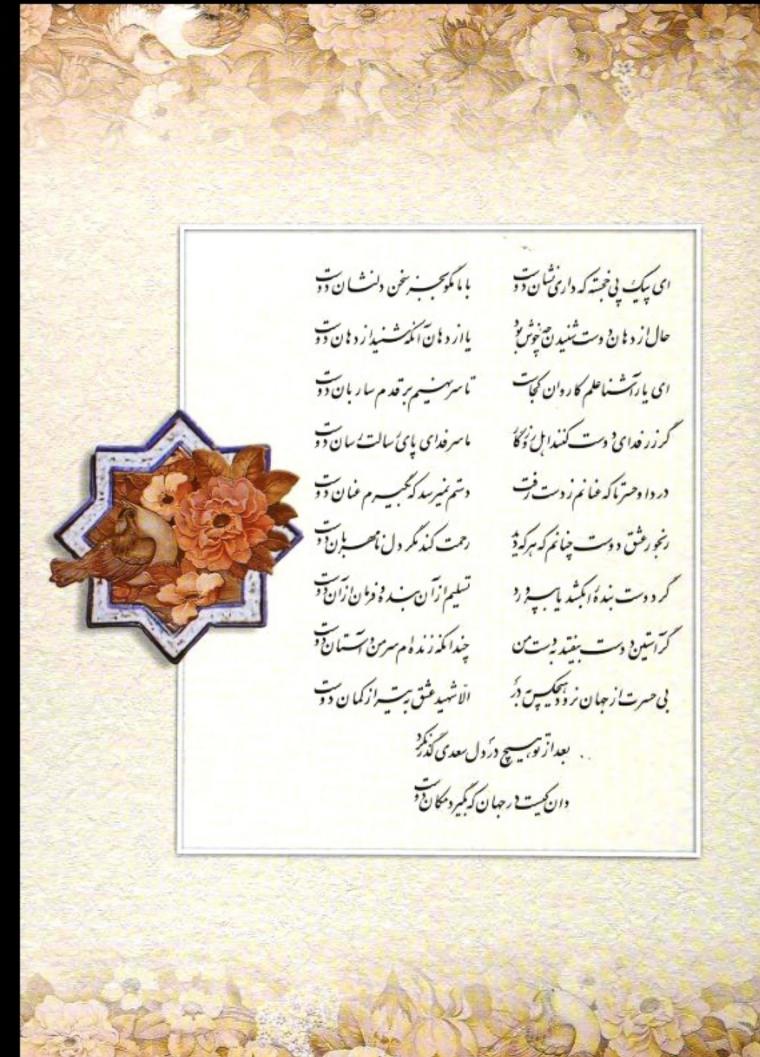


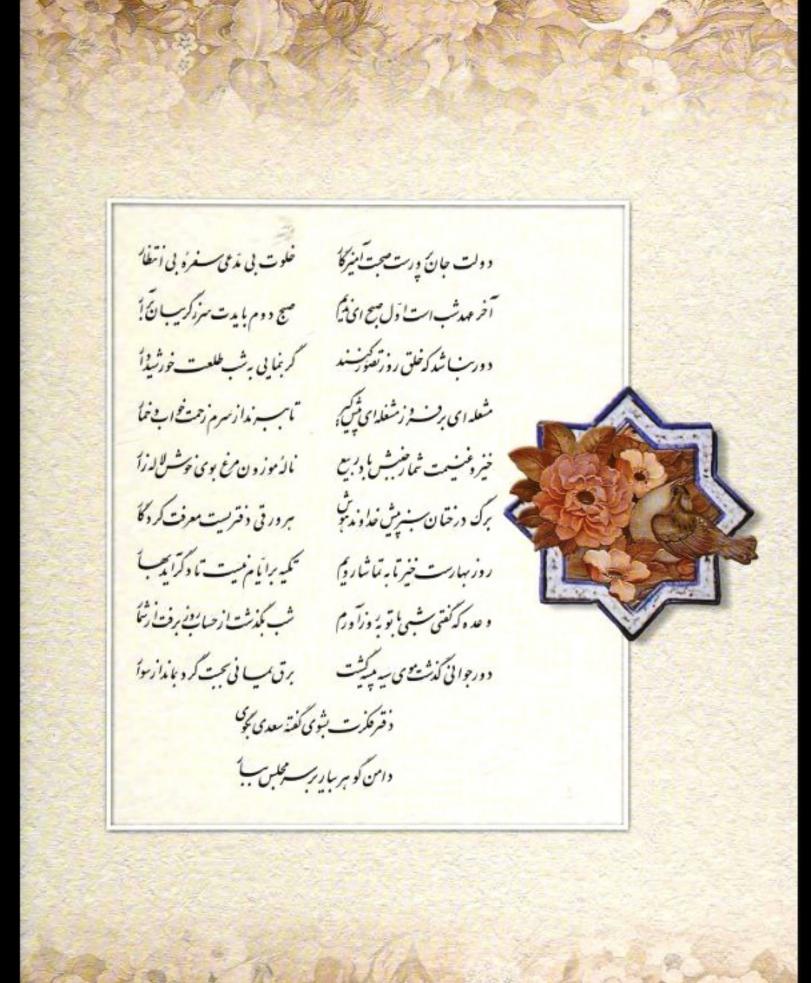


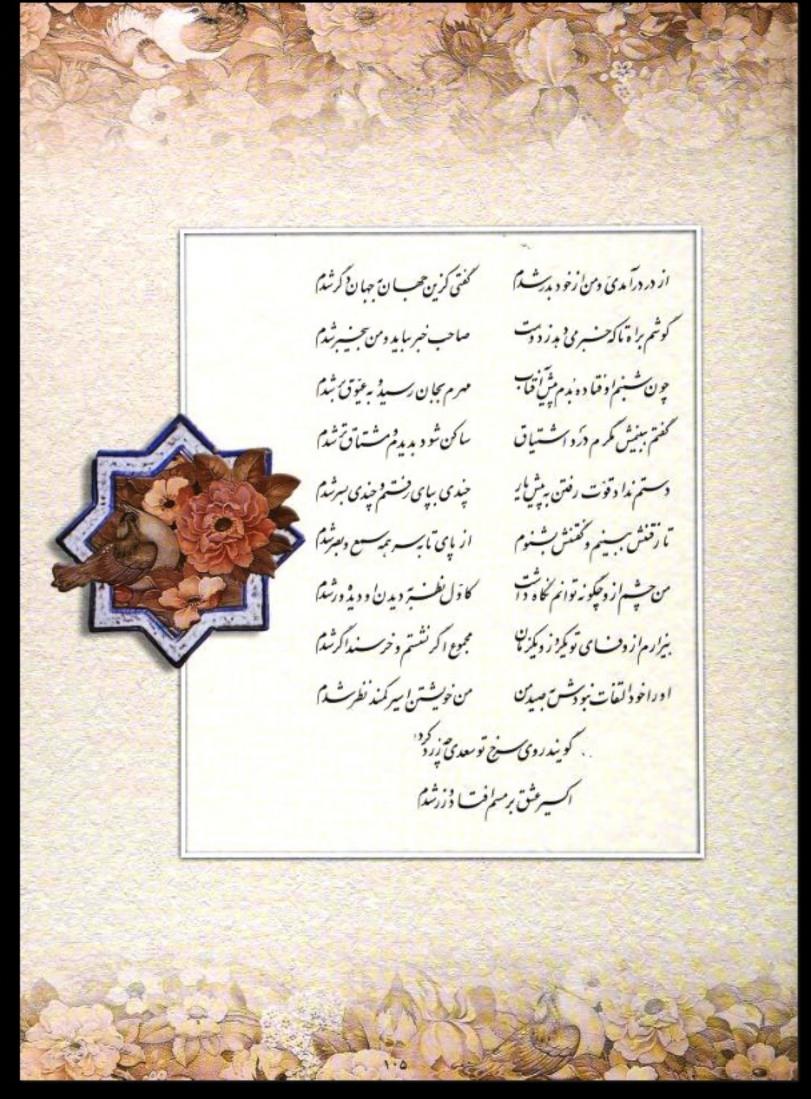


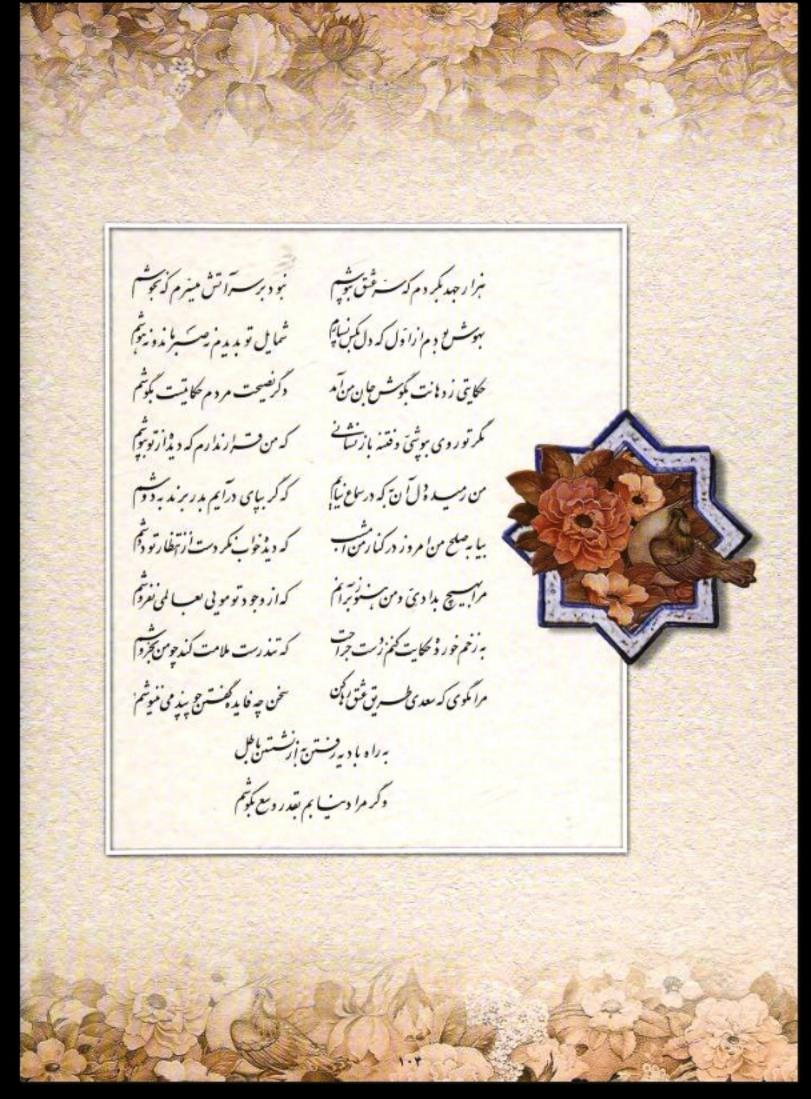


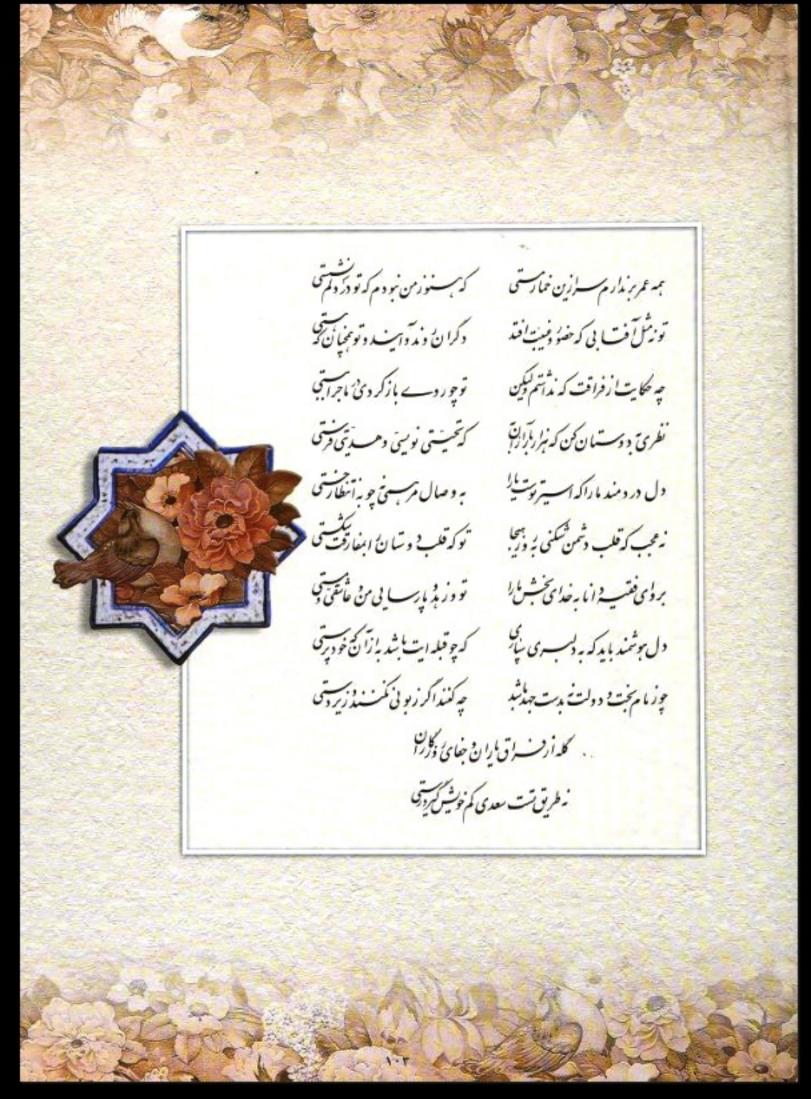


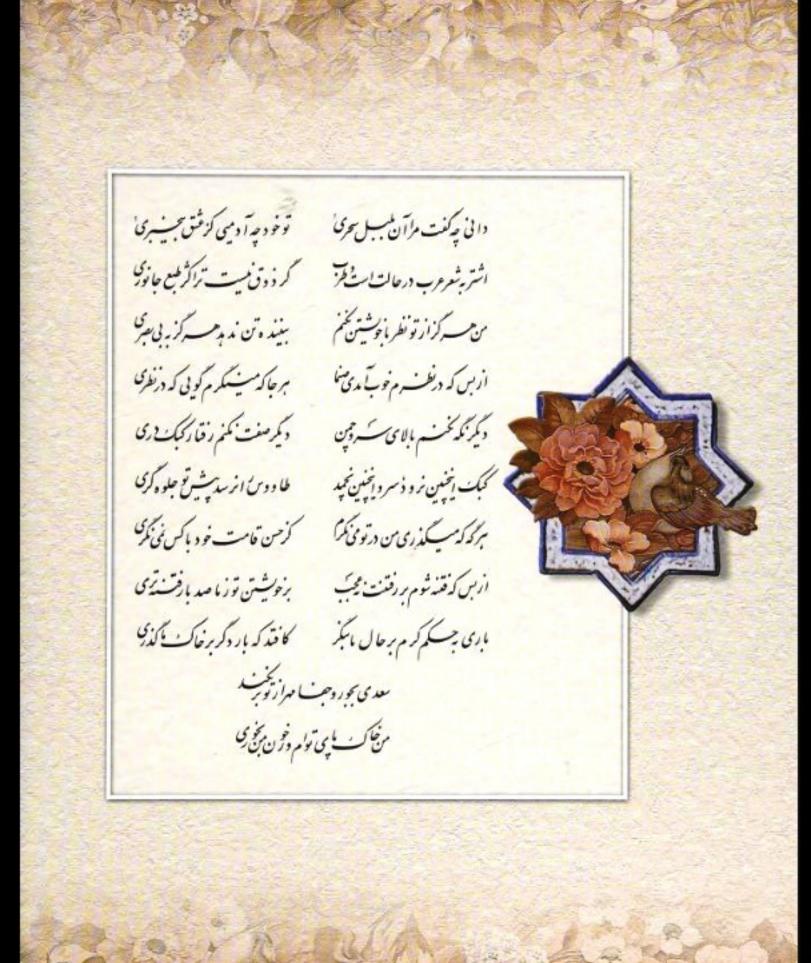


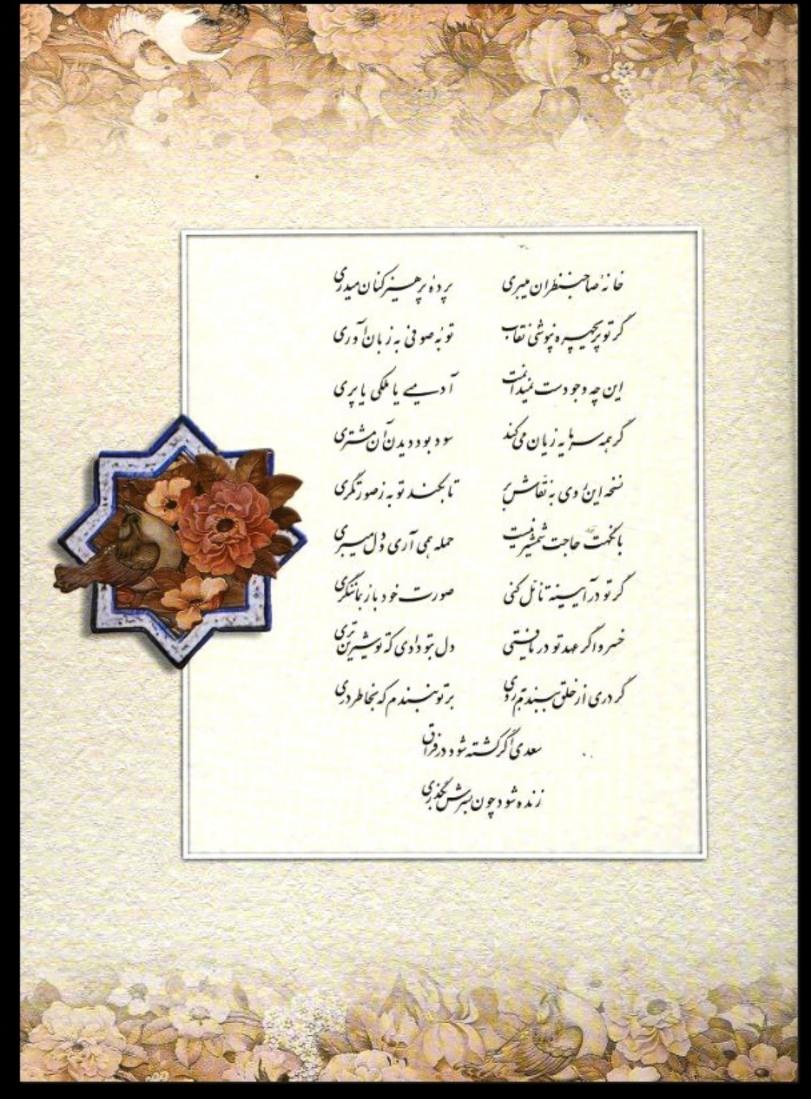


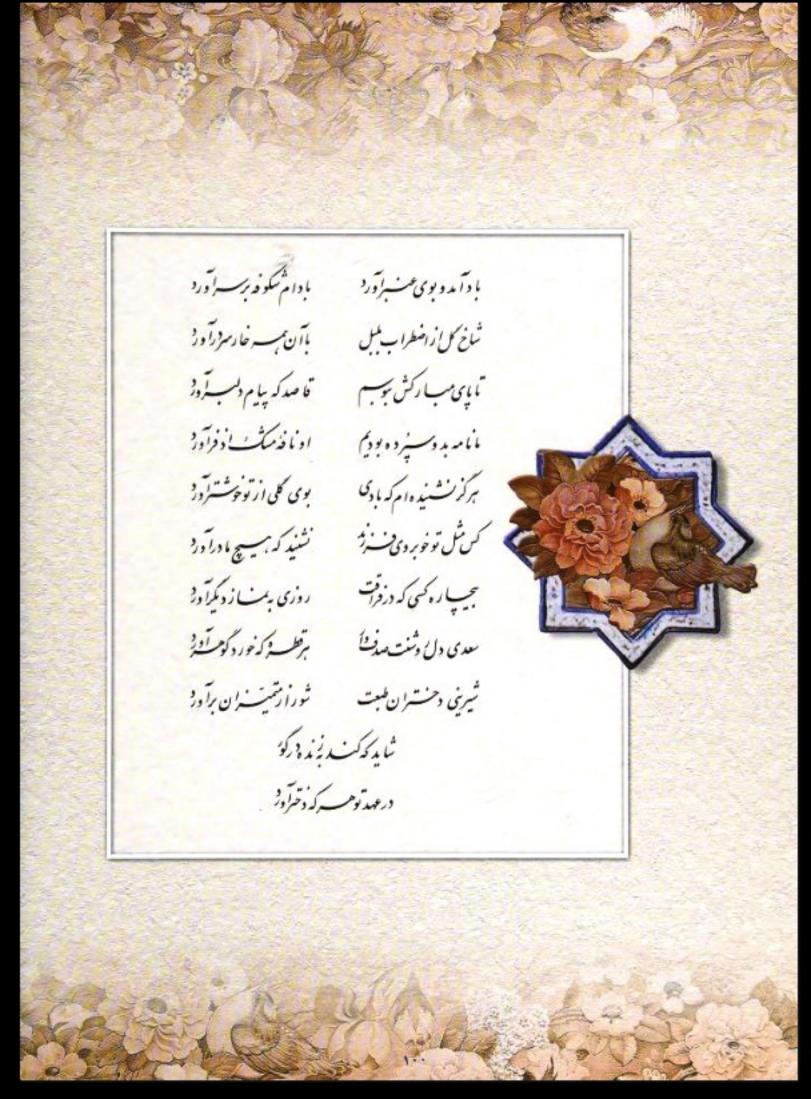


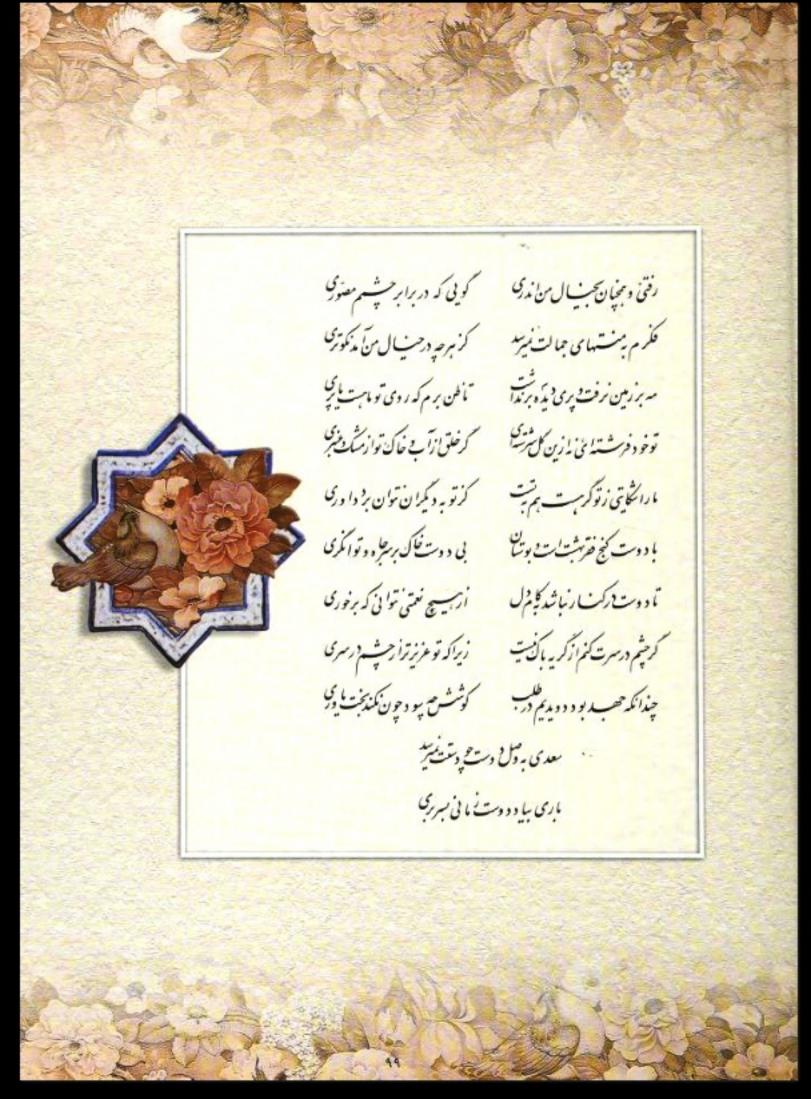


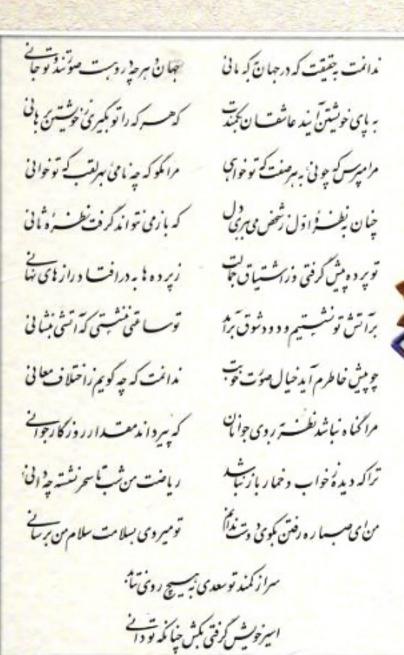




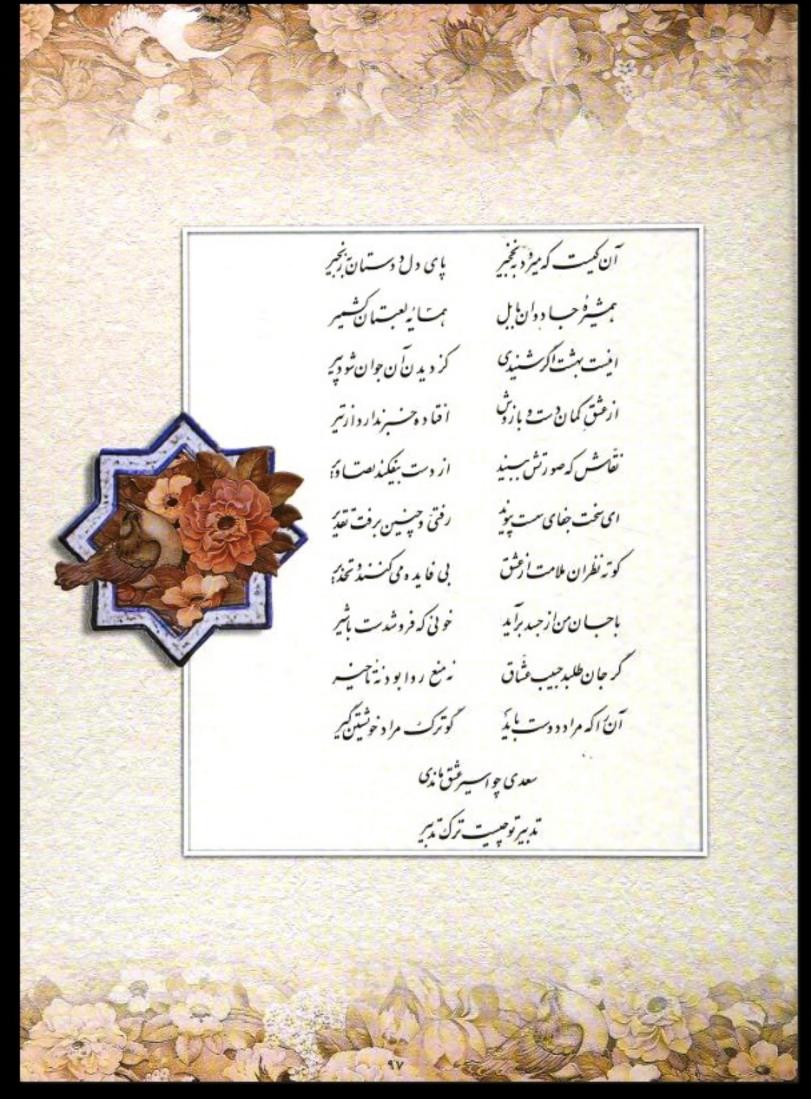


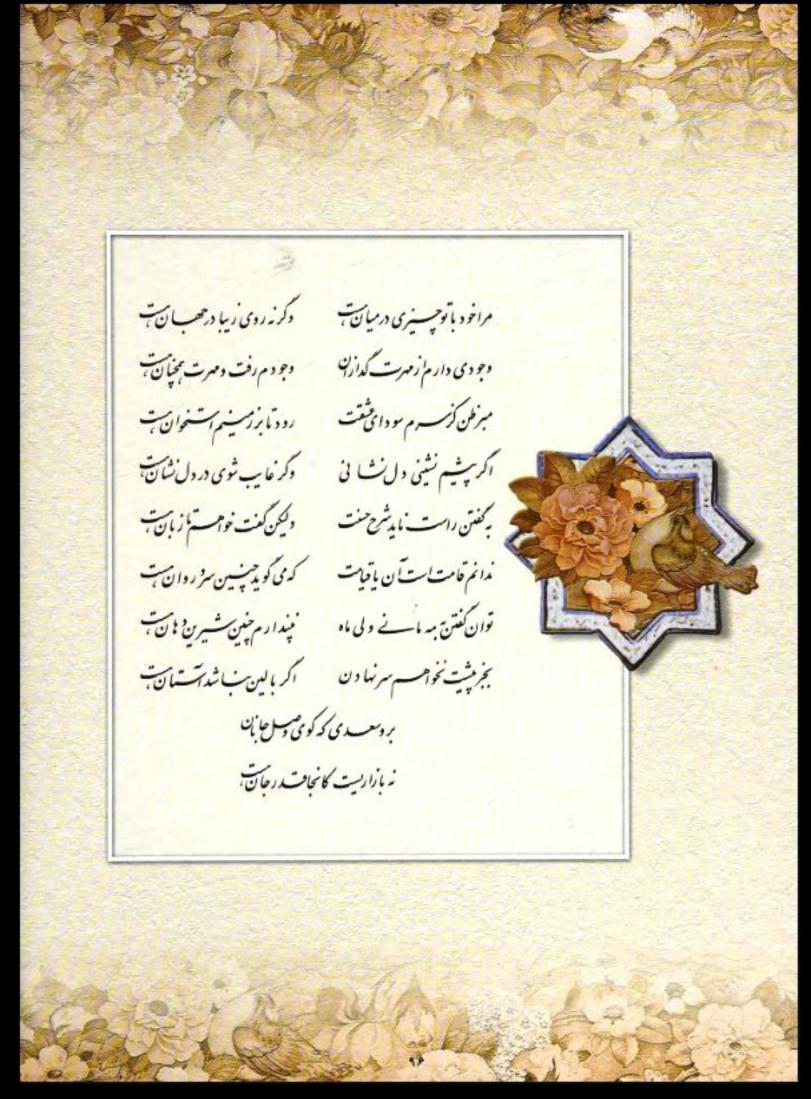


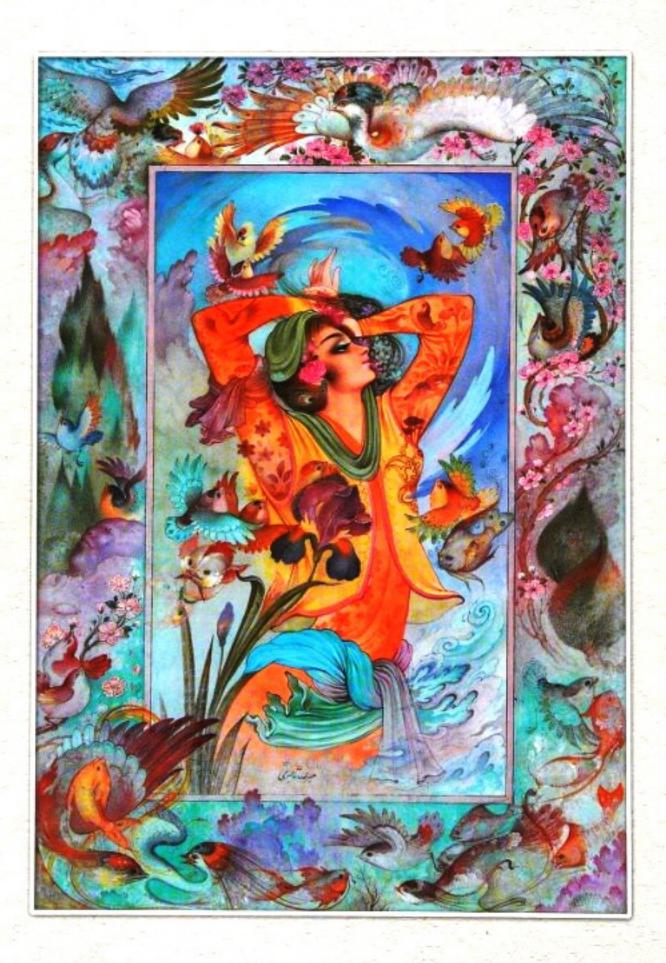




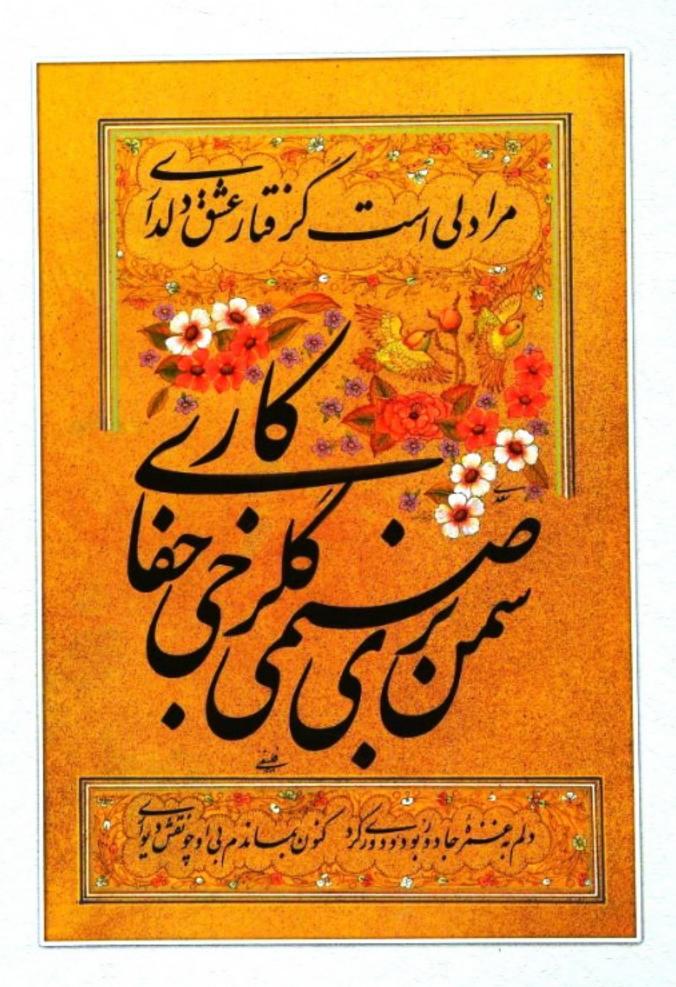




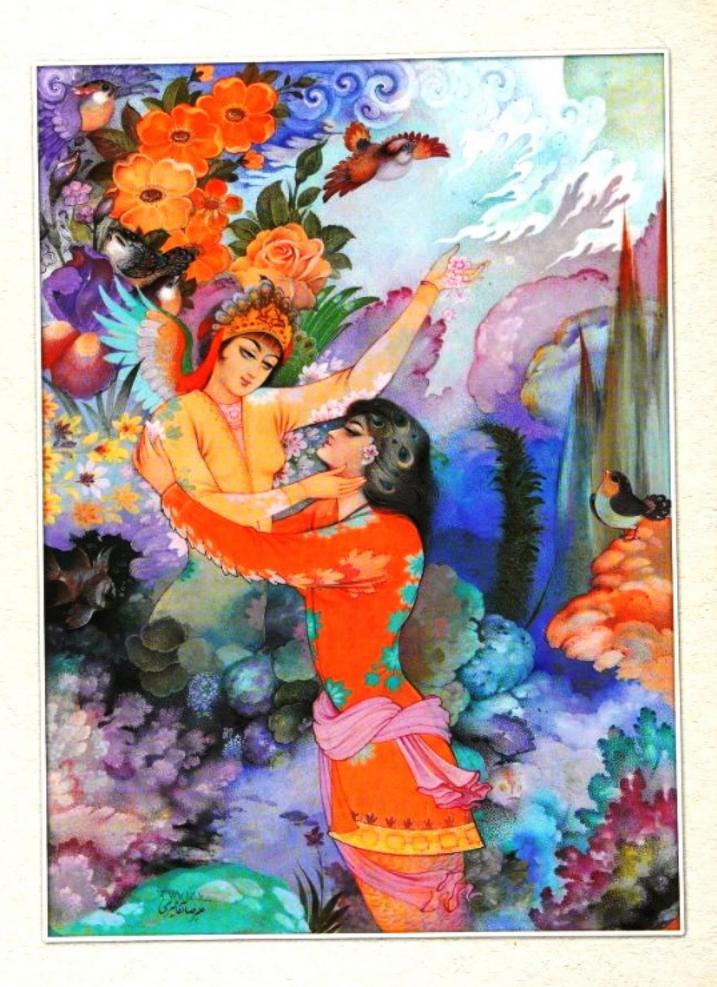




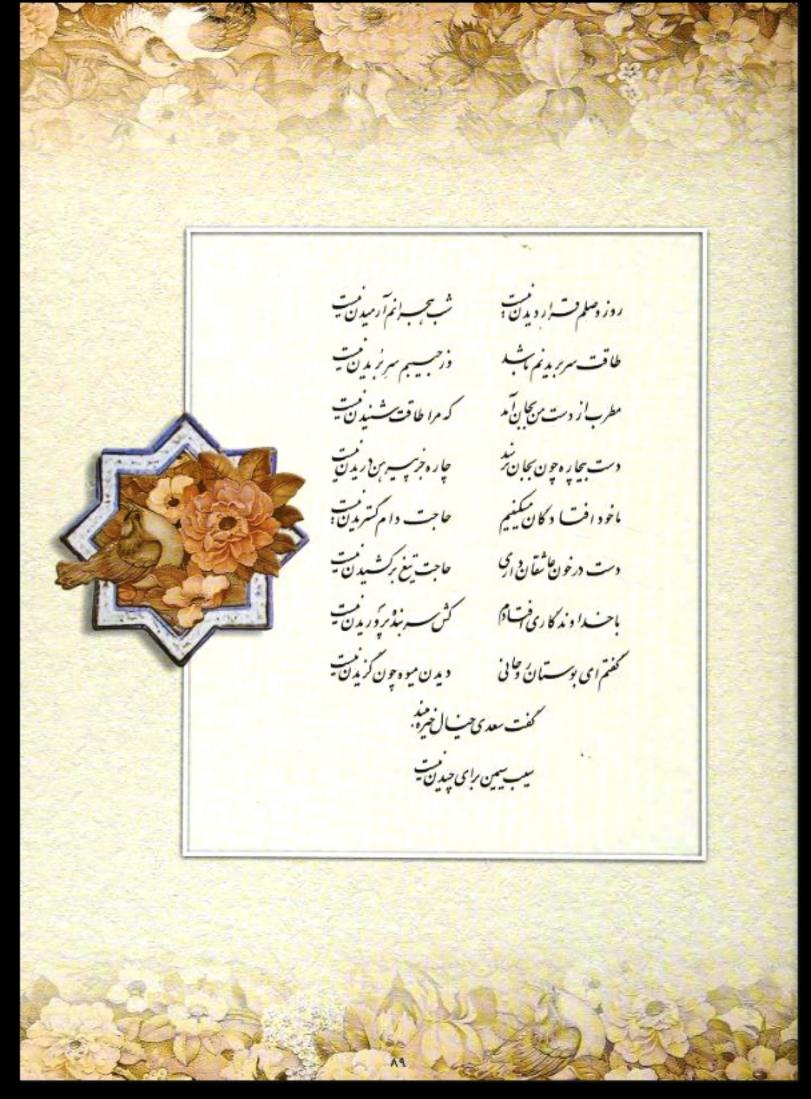
زو دت ندسیم دامن ازد ديرام اى كاربر براتش ففت آب مبر خدان که زدیم بازمنت وزروی تو درنشوان ازدوی توسرنی قوان است اریش تورا و زمنم نیت هن مای او قا د و درت سودای این بس تونیم ایمان کیب اى رونت قاتيت اي درمش درخت قاتيت عاره کمی کدار وسیم چشت بر کرشمه نون می این ورقل خلا پیمنه خورد سعدی رکمن د خوبرویان تامیان داری نیوان ب ورسرننی درآستانش دير ين دى دى

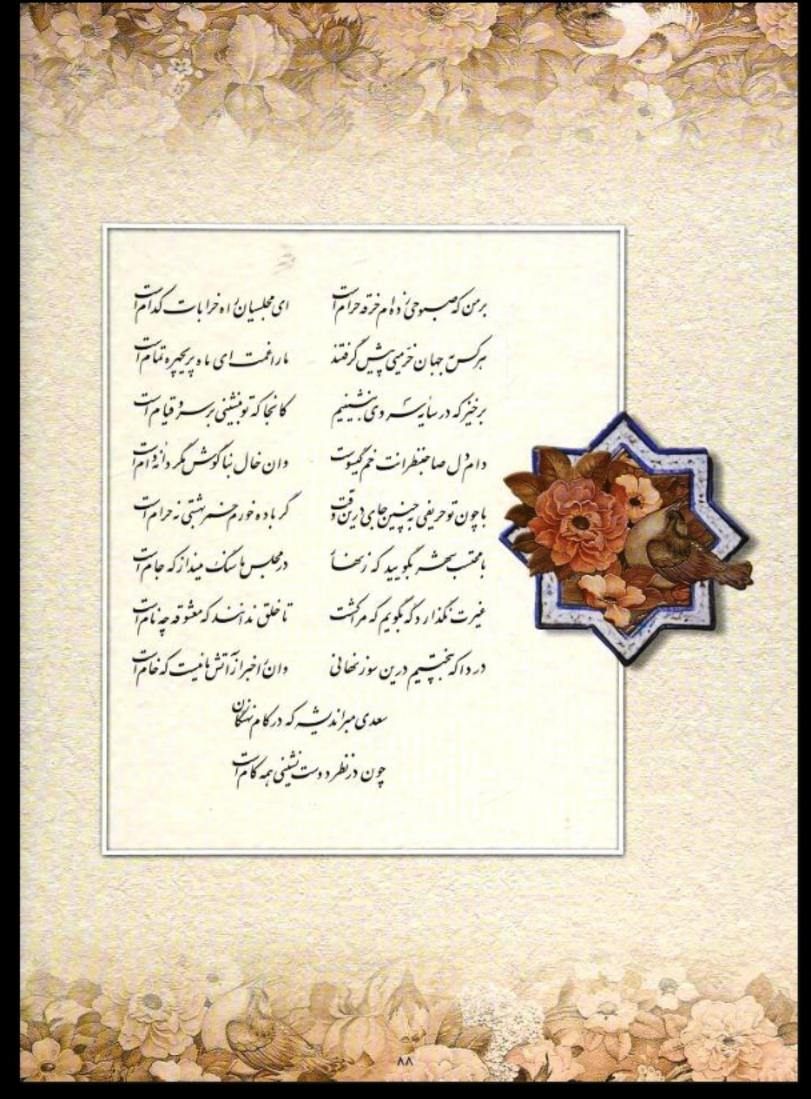


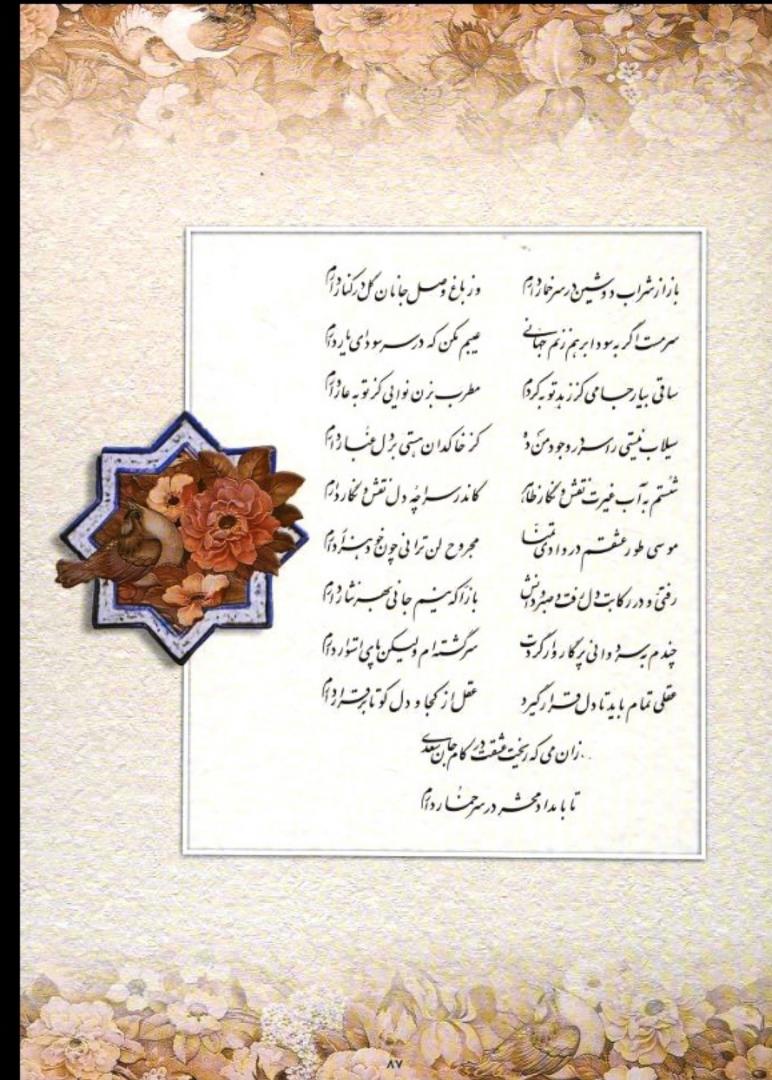
زودی چذار د زمان گفت ری

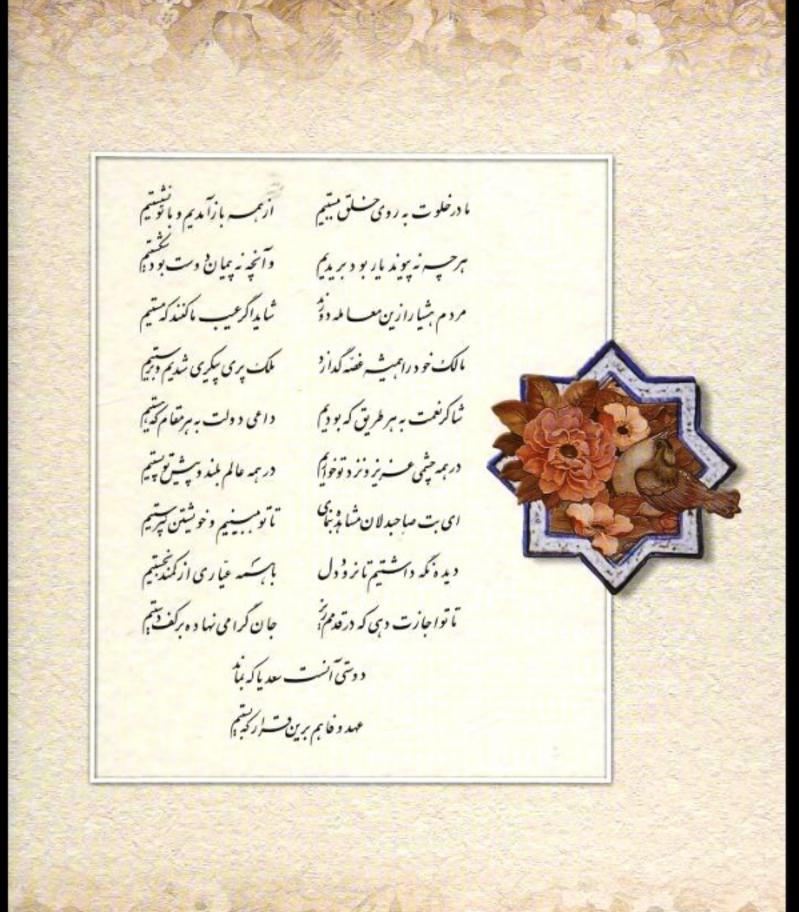


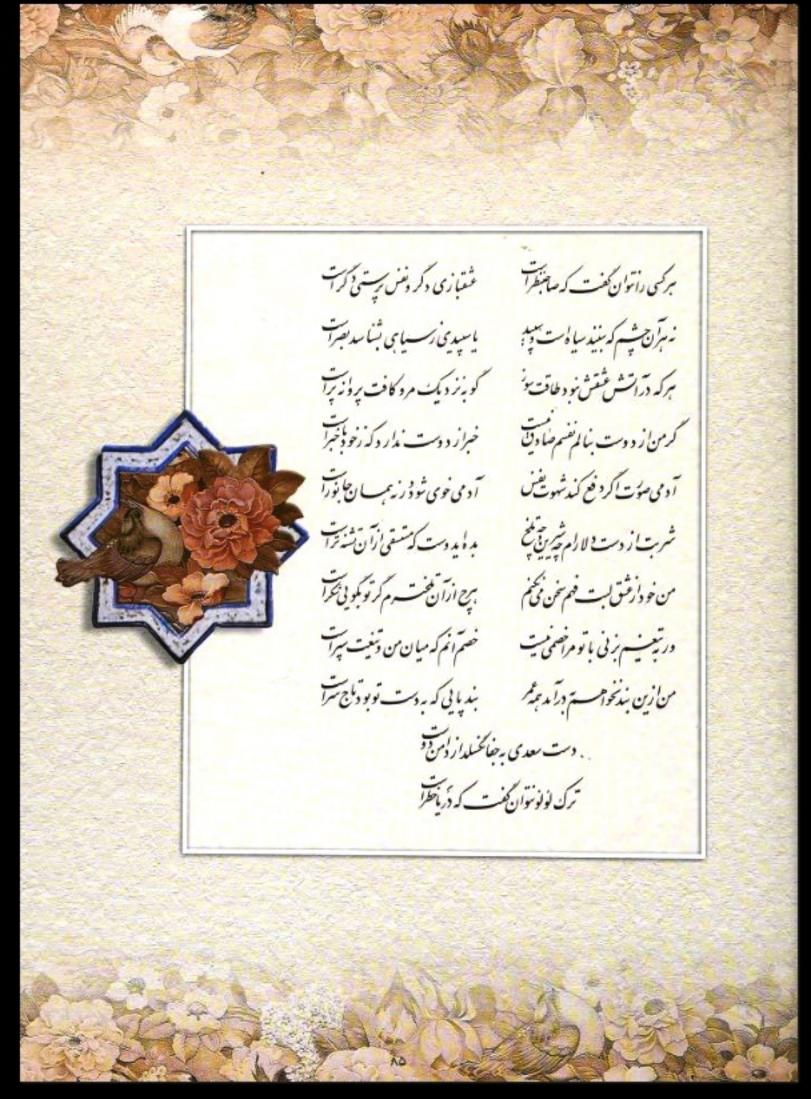
بخام ث ط ور وزمحرا وى كالك عارة تقاش صاحمن بادات فزاش حنسان ورق نشأ مر جا كه تو يي متنسيج انحا ماراسر مغ ووستان نهی ات زاین تفرکه مارات كويندنظت ترروي خوبان چن آب درانجبنديدا دروی تونوشنع بون چم چپ نوشتن رآدم تاحث نبیدت بخررات برآ دمی کوفت نک خارا روزی تروخک من بوزد آتش که برزیر دیک مود آ ناليدن بي صاب سعدى كويند خلاف راي دانا ازورط باسترنداده آمود کرکن دری

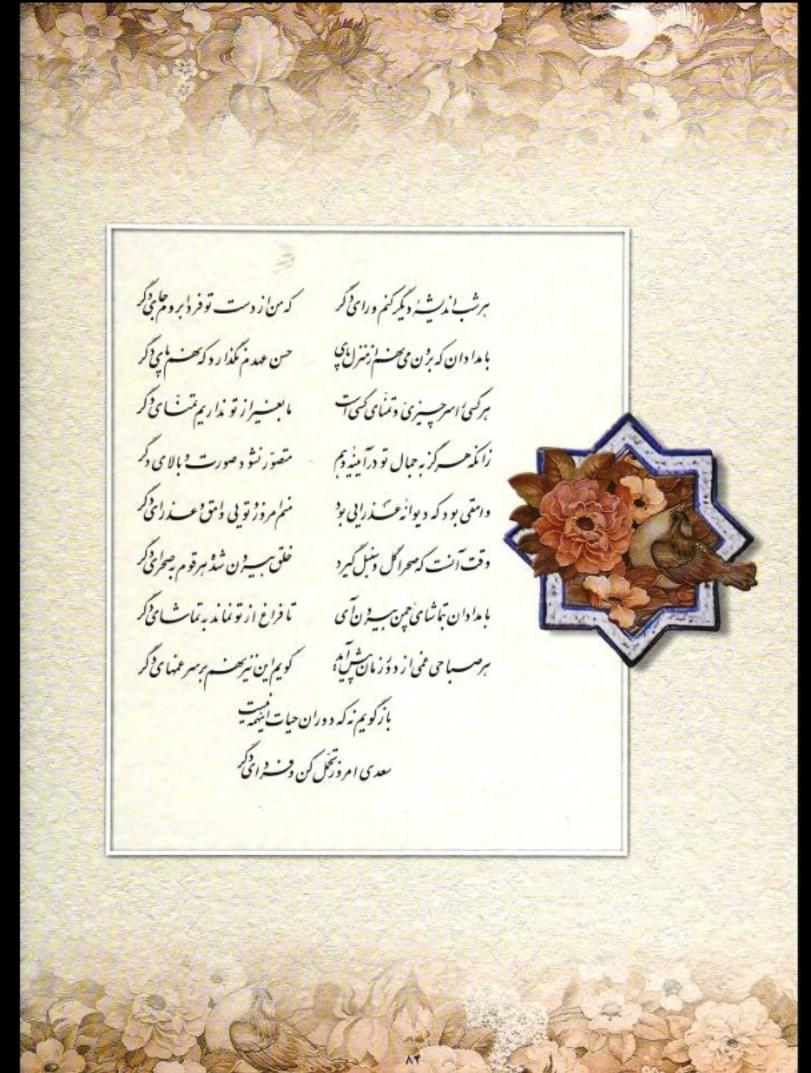


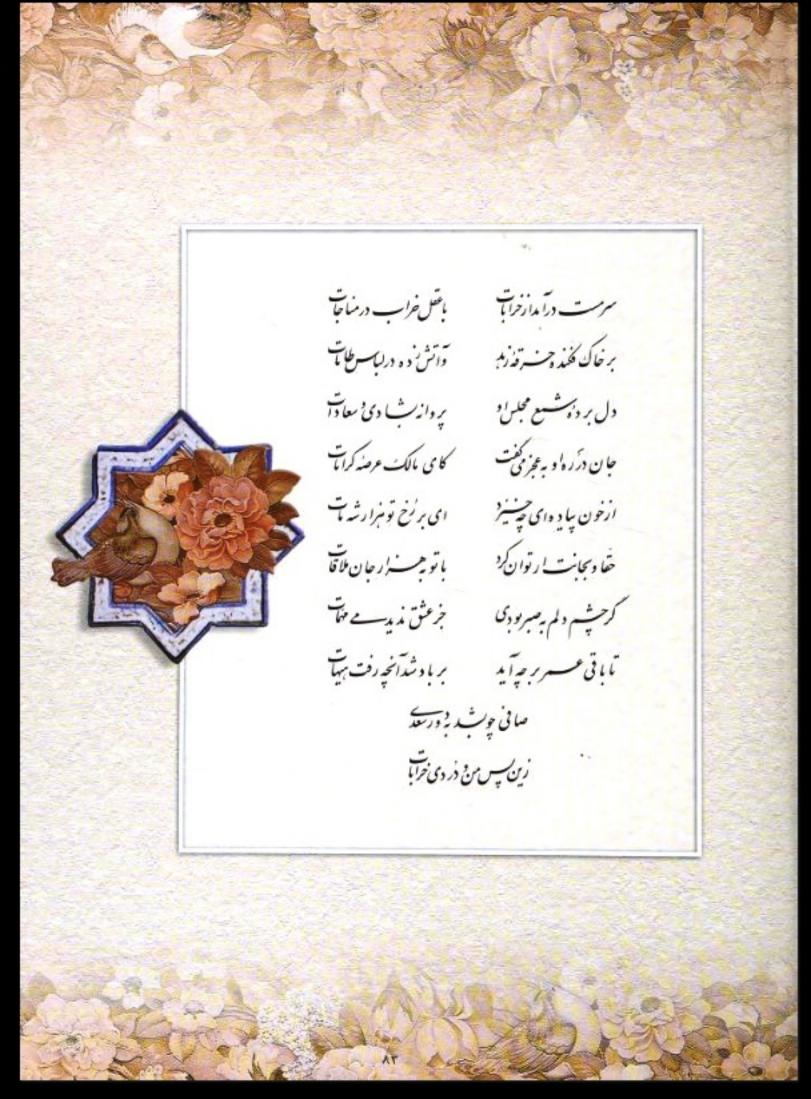


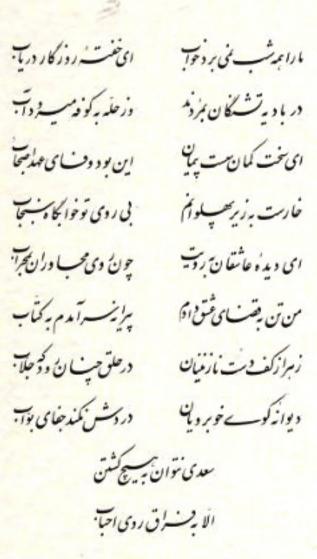




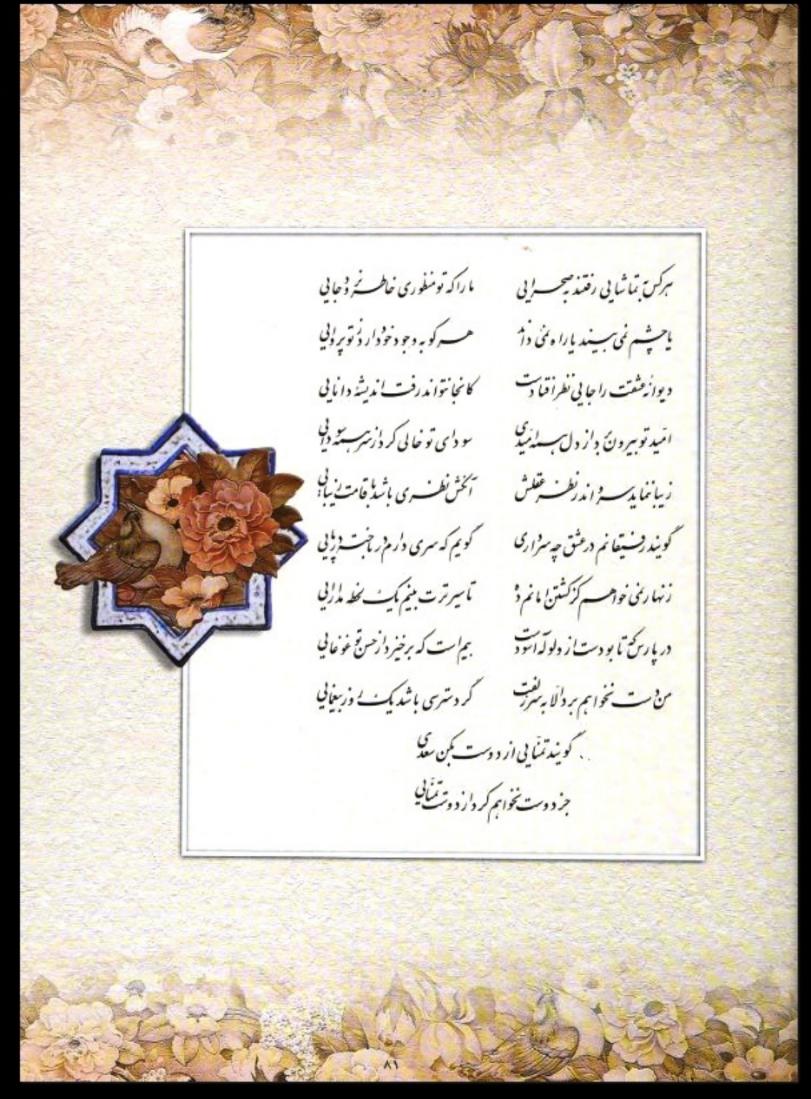


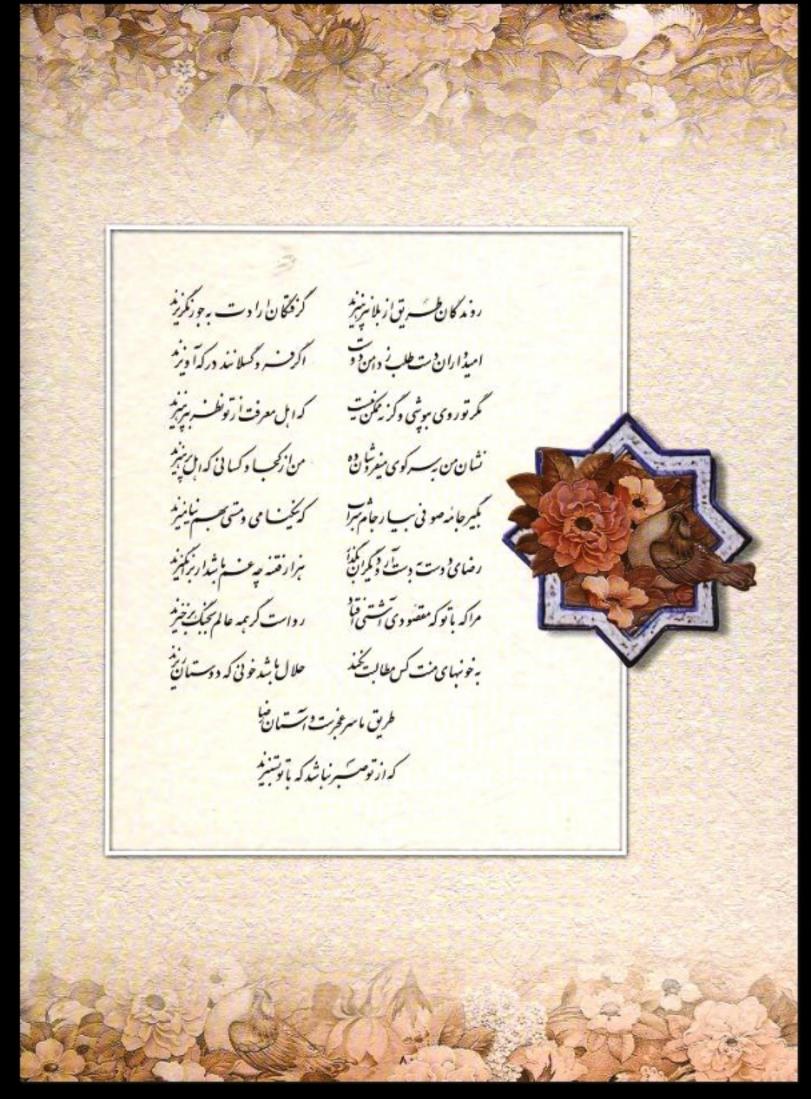


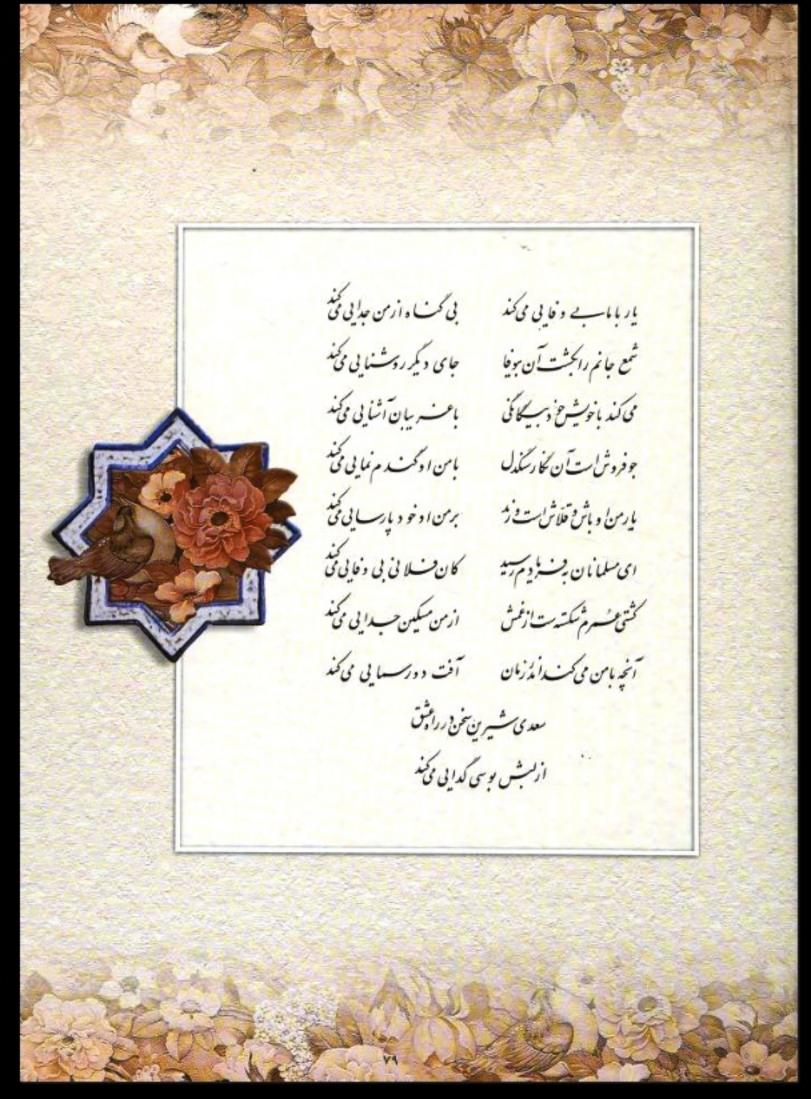


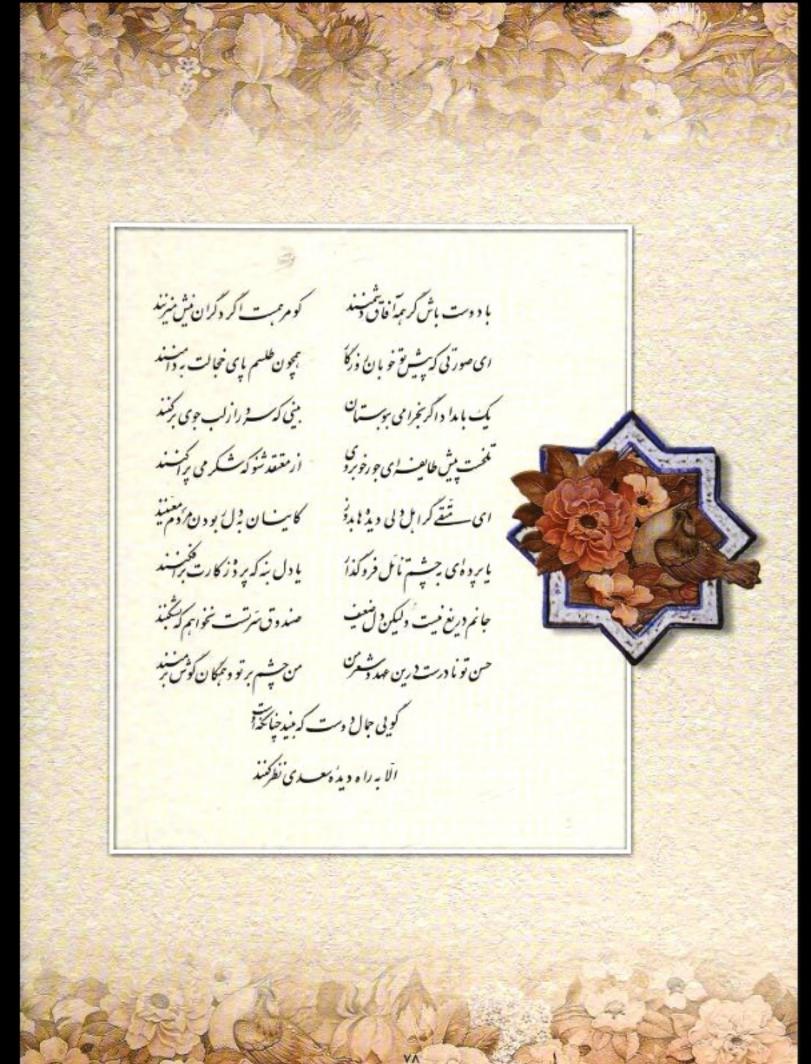


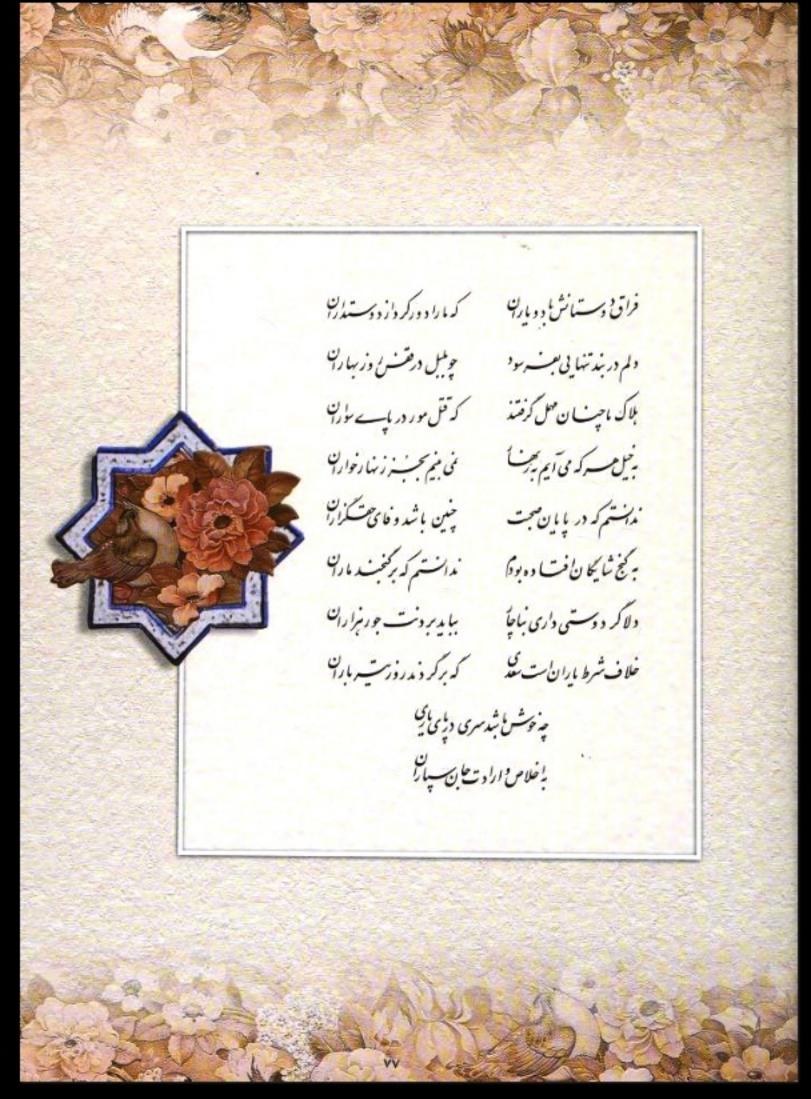


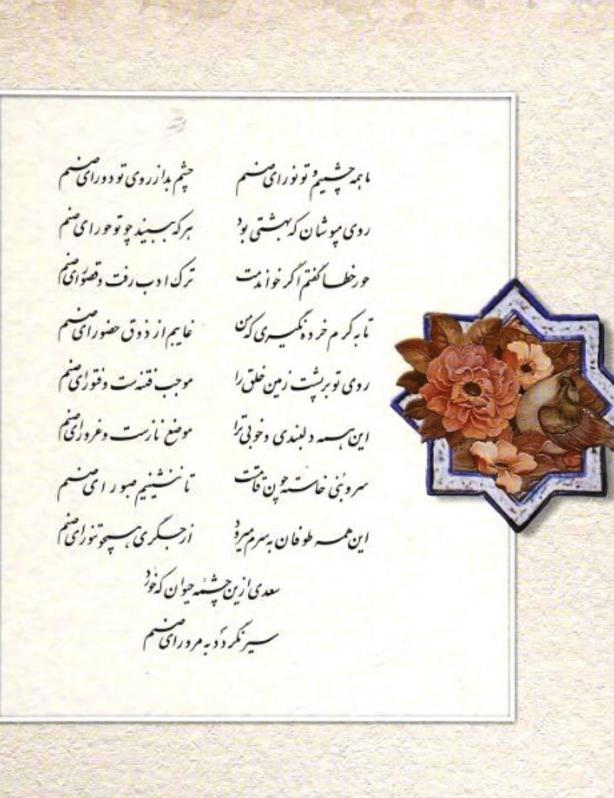


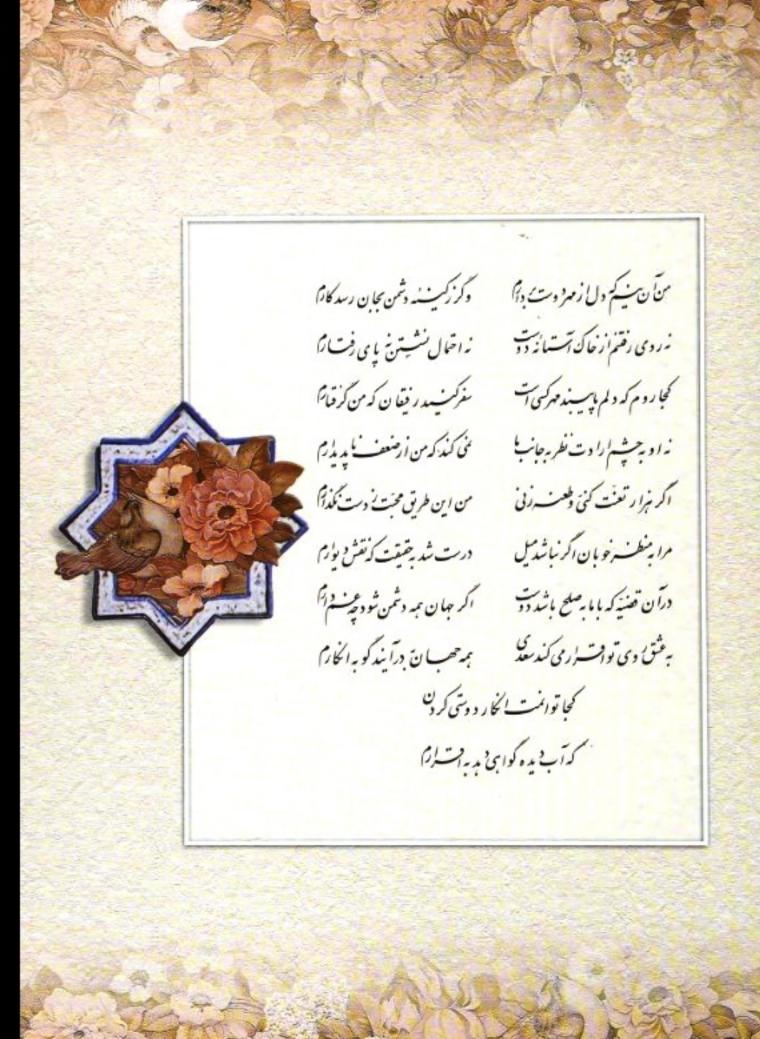


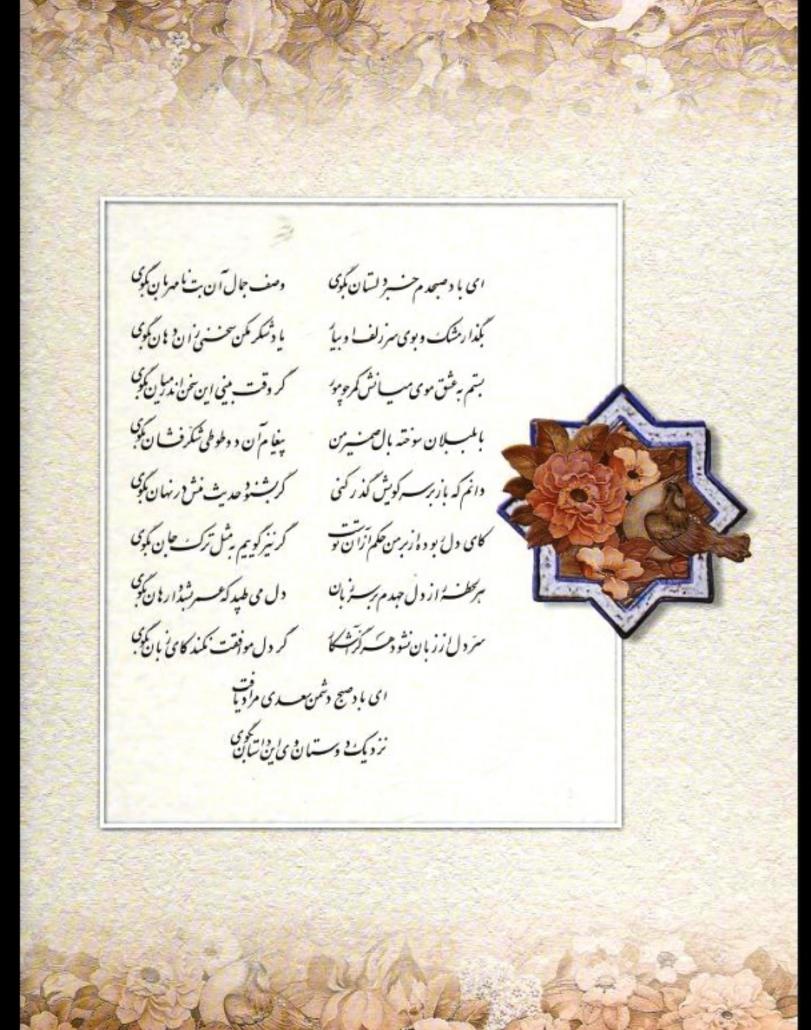


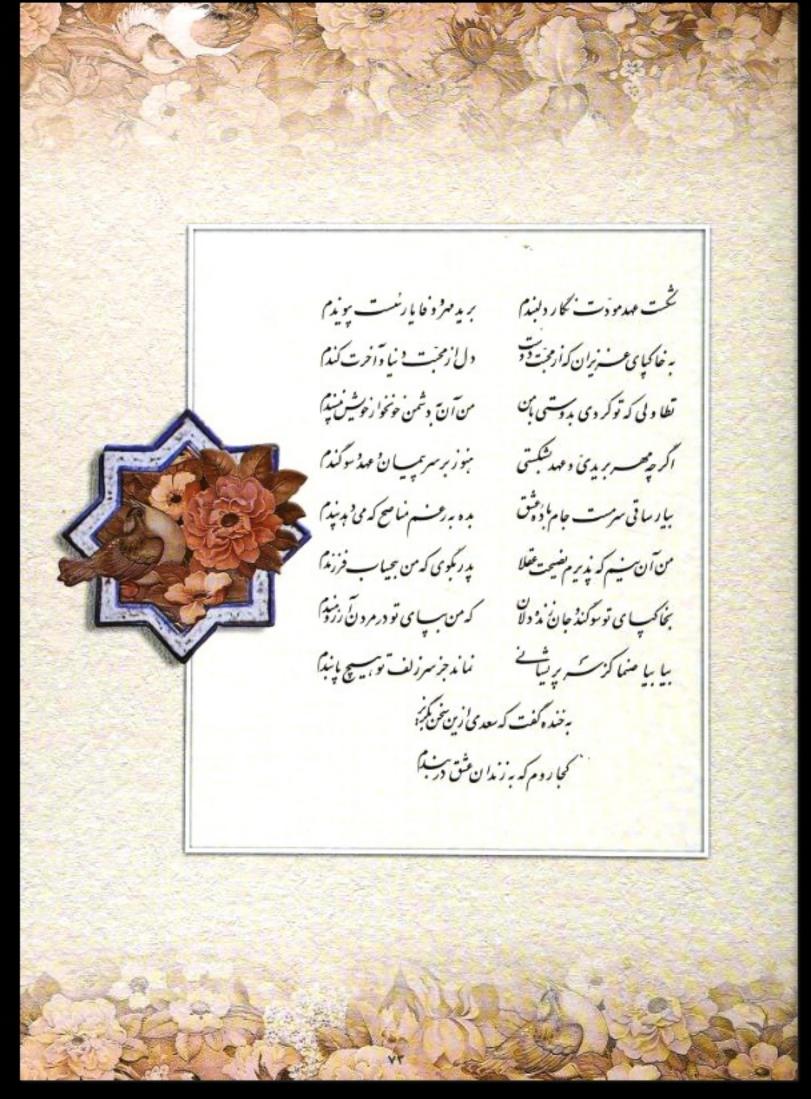


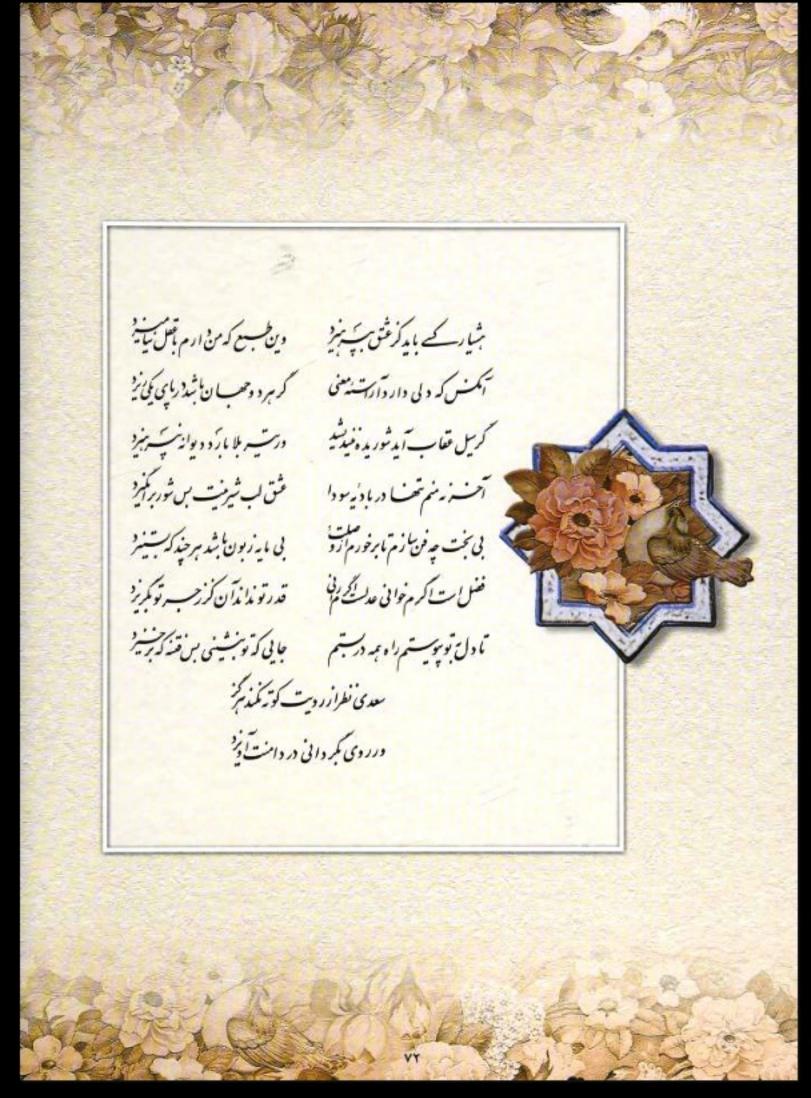


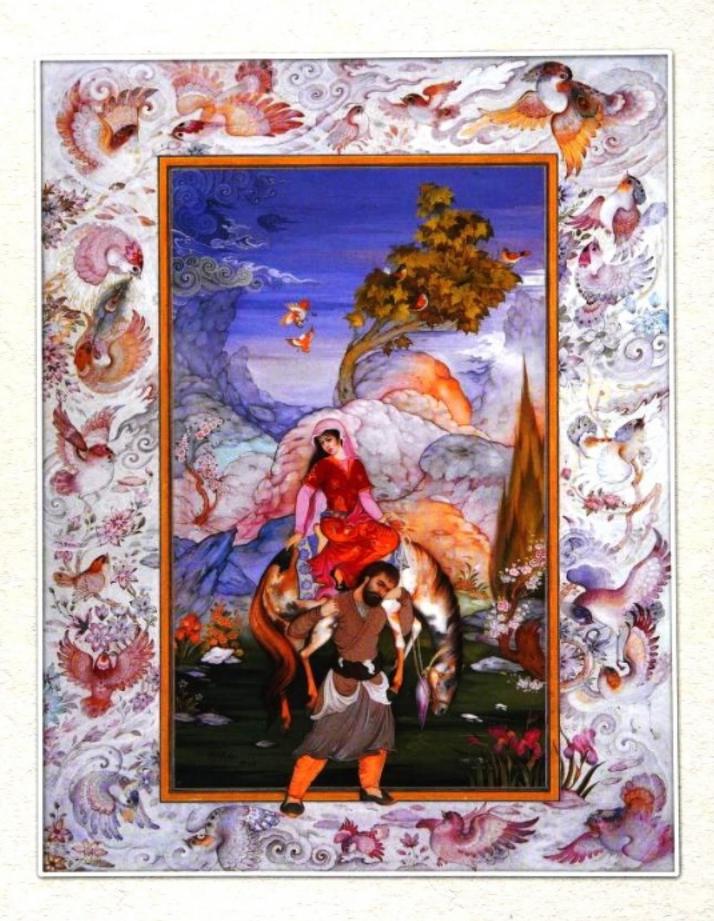


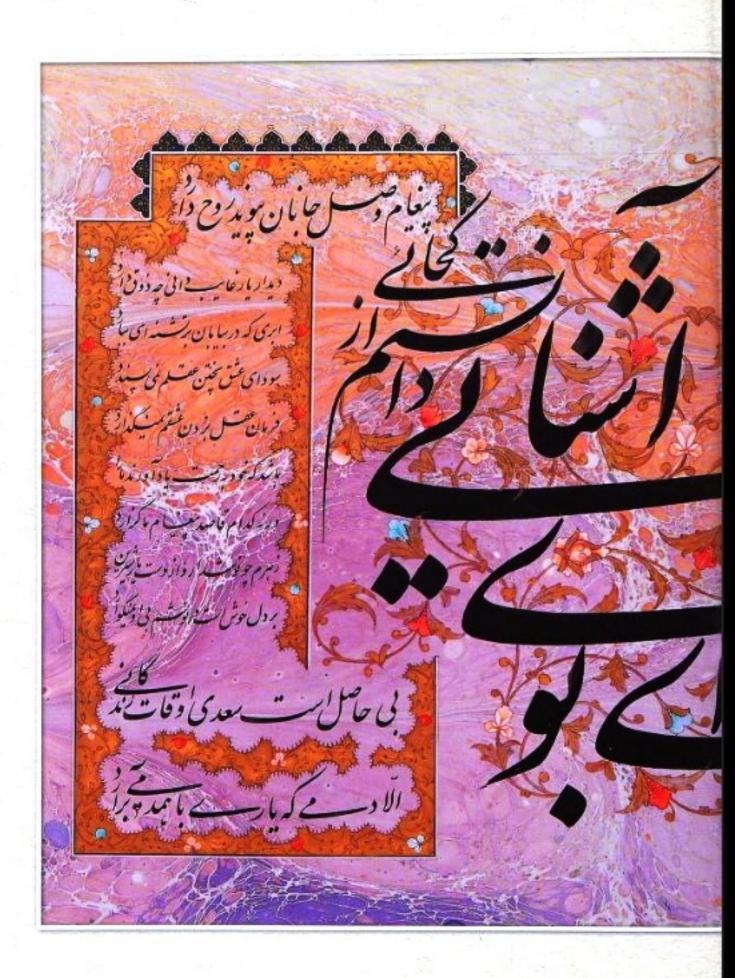


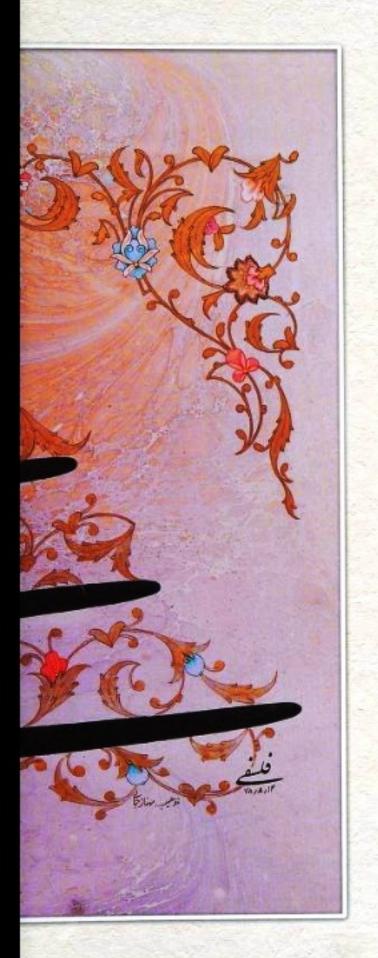








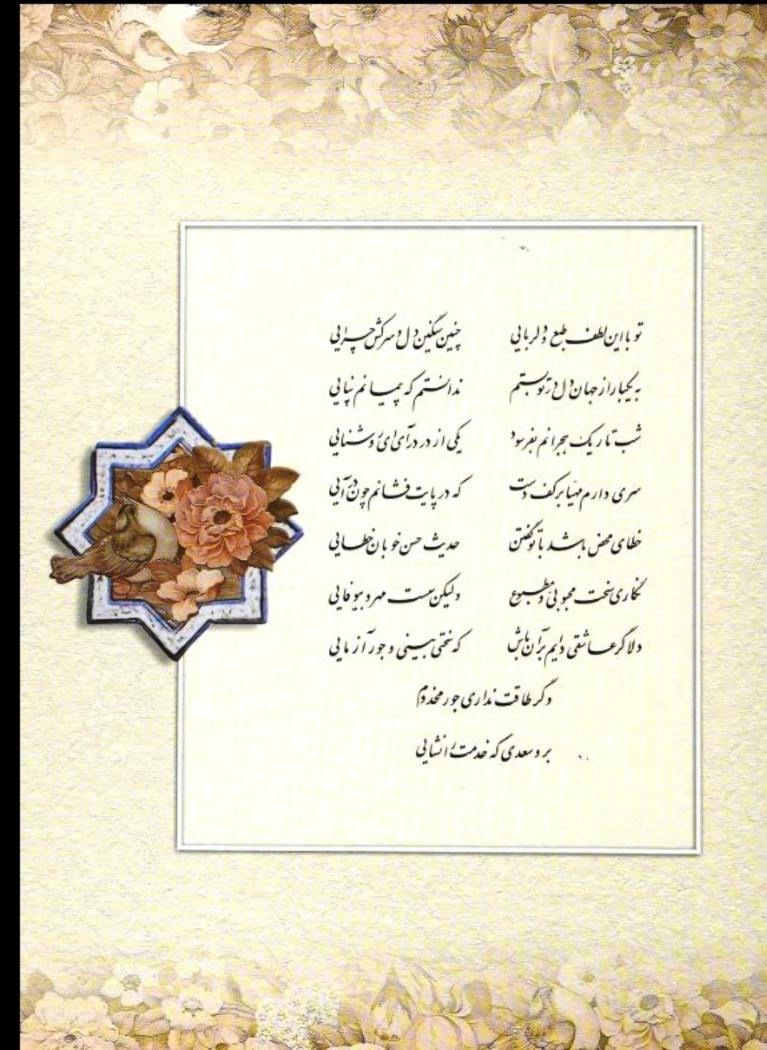


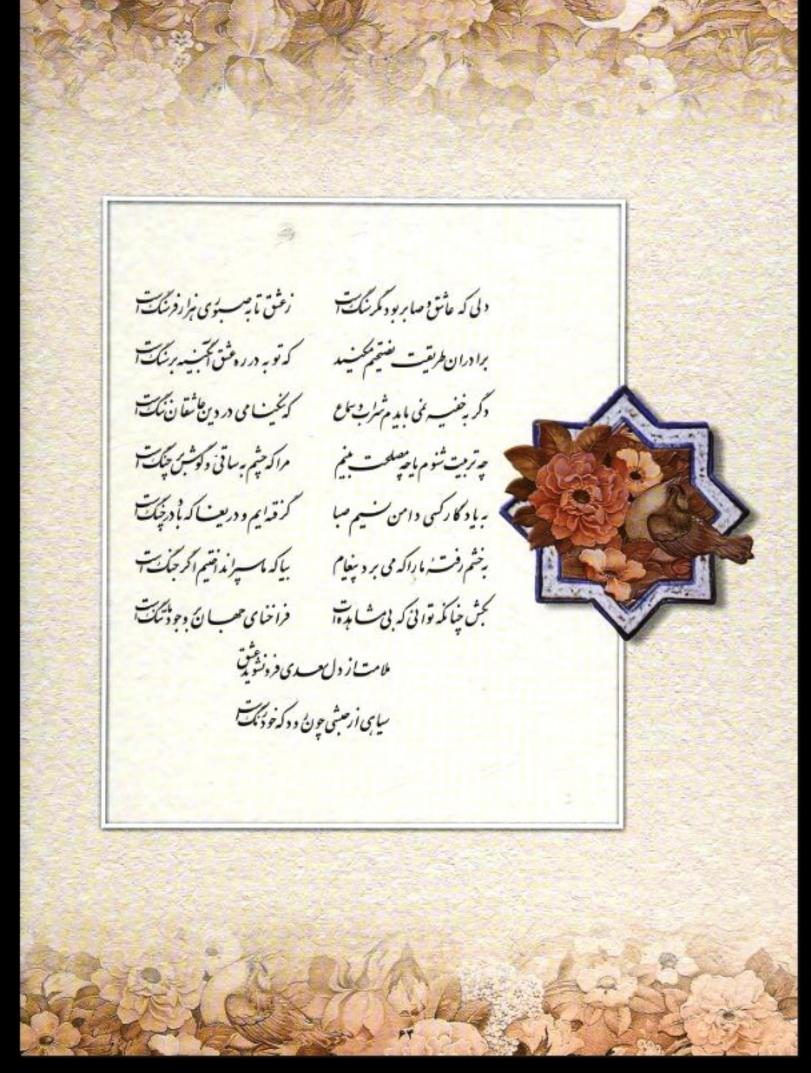


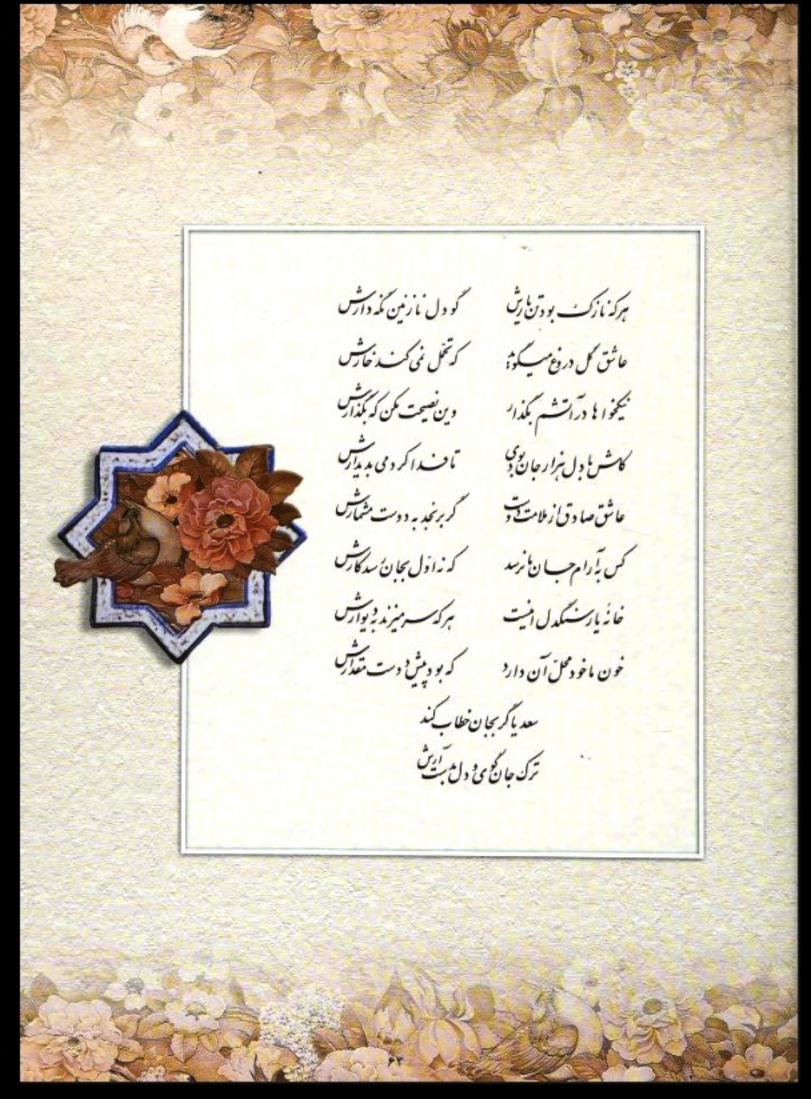
یابوی ومسال و تبان ا این و مهار بوستان ۳ کویی خطروی دستیان ولميسبراين طاكارين اى من به دام ل كفت بازای که وقت شان ۲ امنت كرموزمن نهان شهامن ومشبع مى كداميم كومشهم بوزازا تفات برداه وفلن مراتان کویم که درای کاروان آ ورما كأف مؤذني مراية باآن بمه دسشنی کدکر دی بازآی که دوستی بان آ باقونت بازوان ثبت سرحت مسزنا توان بیزاری دوستان دستٔ تغريق ميان حبم عان نالبیدن در د ماک سد<sup>ی</sup> بر دعوی دوستی بیان آ أتش بن تالم دراندا رين وين *مبر کومي ن*ود خان

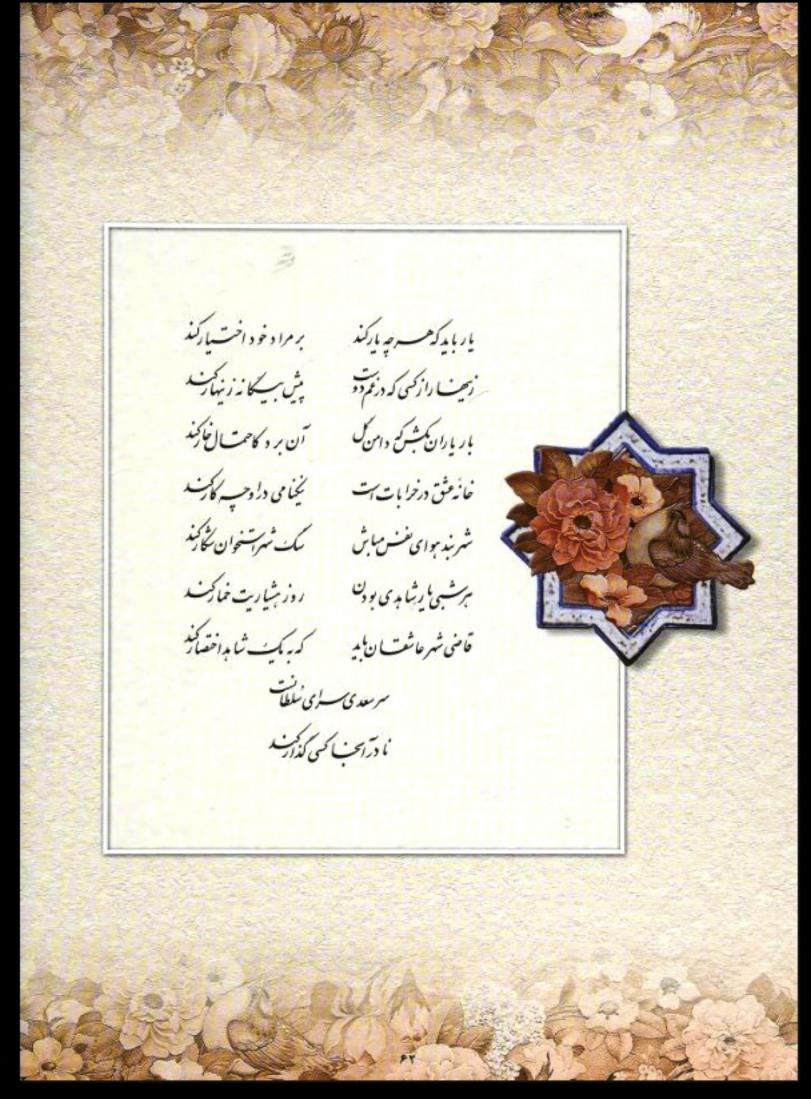


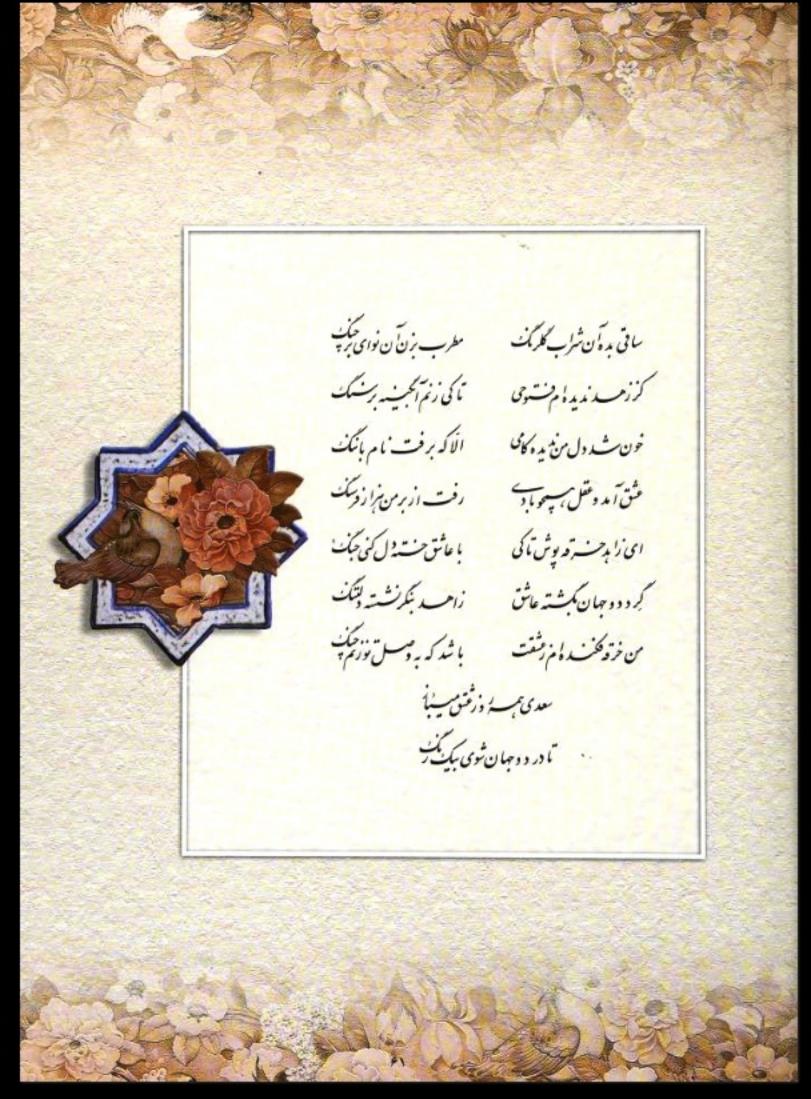
فلغل زكل و لاله رنحب ربرند بهت ز كات : كازرة مرغان حمر تنسية زنان مدخركوبا زين فخب كارظرف ميزاريره والثن برمنني كلت ررا آبازل رضاره اومكن فيت نجا د پنشنی که مر پین اوثد آواز واش ازحن أفغارية از چذمیان بسته زنار برآم زاج جوكزامات بت عارض وۋ بر فاک چون بیدل دیوارشاند الدرنف مركد يرواد برآم من غلس زان ورشدم روم و درسای جال توب زار را كام دام أن بود كه جان برنوش آن كام يرث وإن كاررا معدى حمينان ورست راج خرافا كزباغ وش وي كارترا

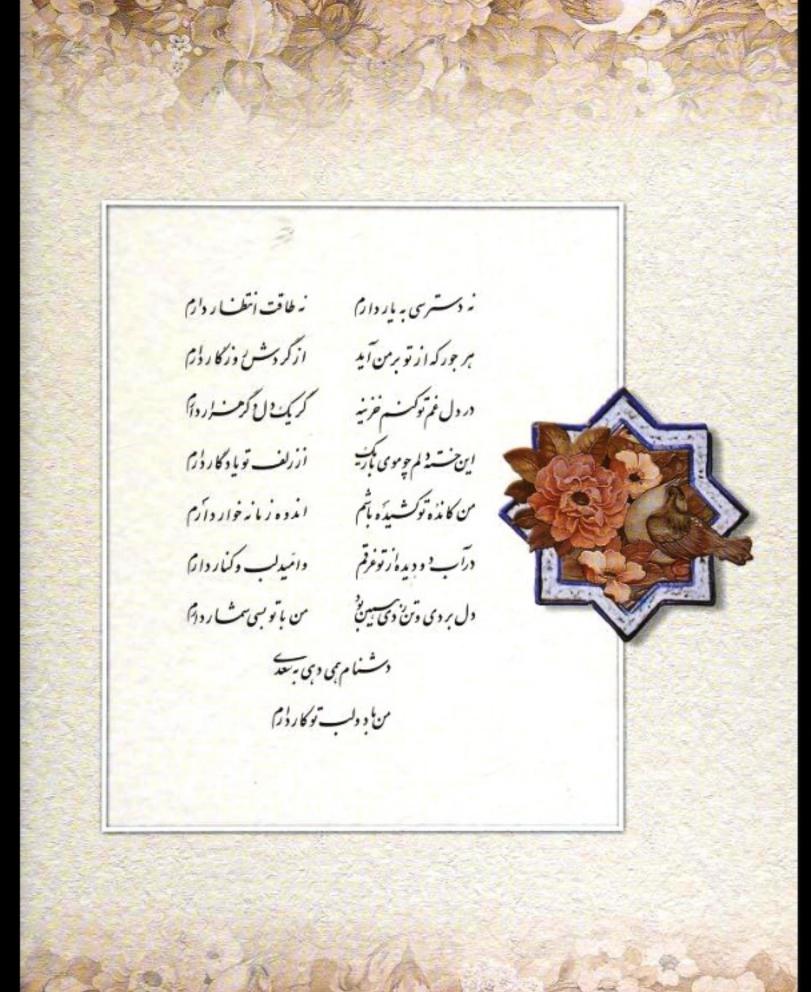


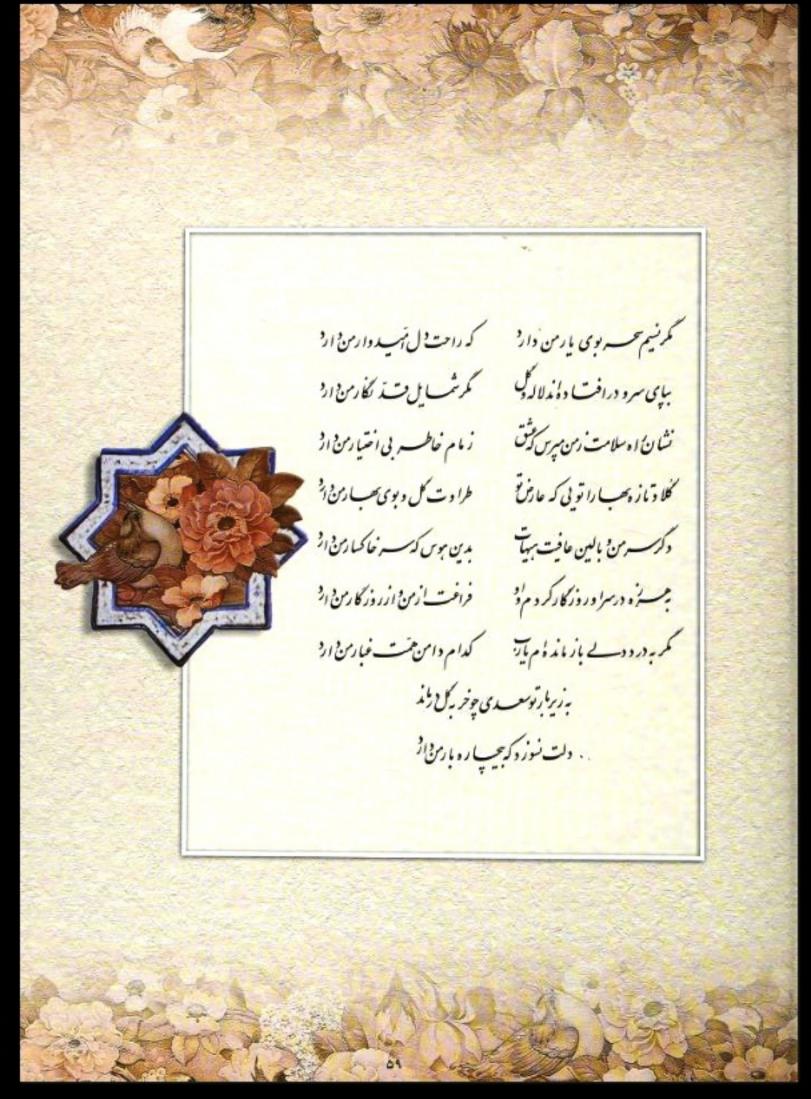




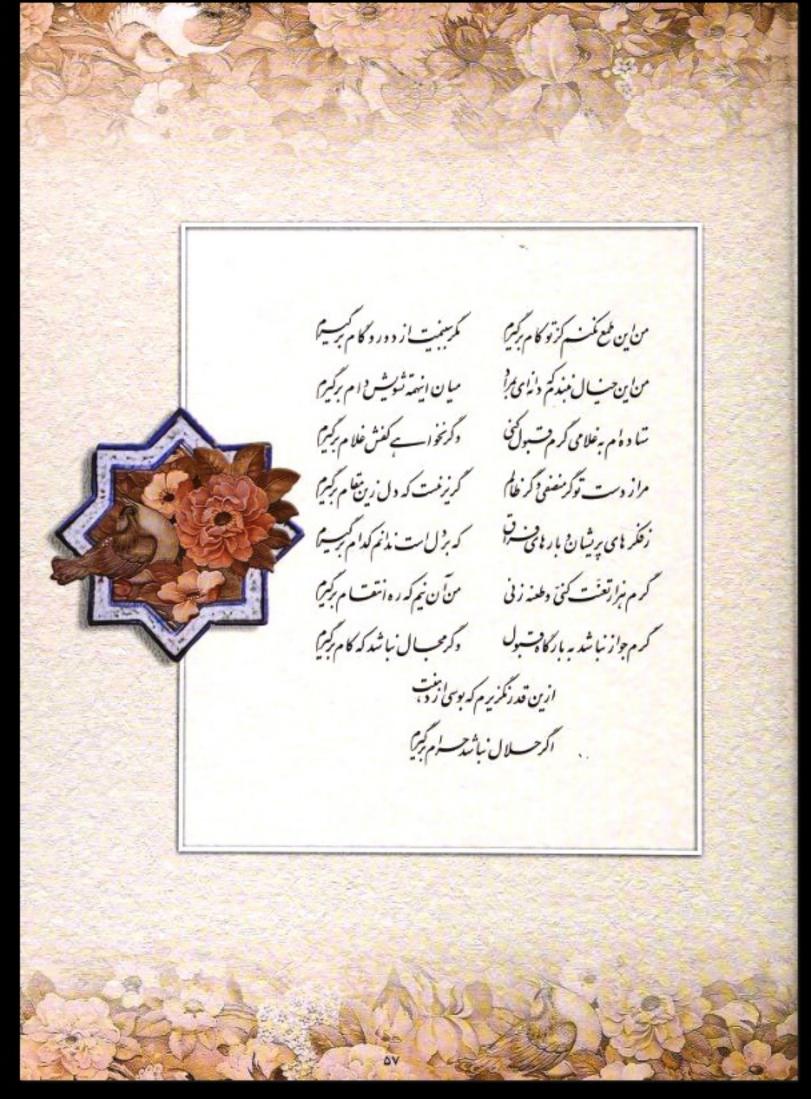


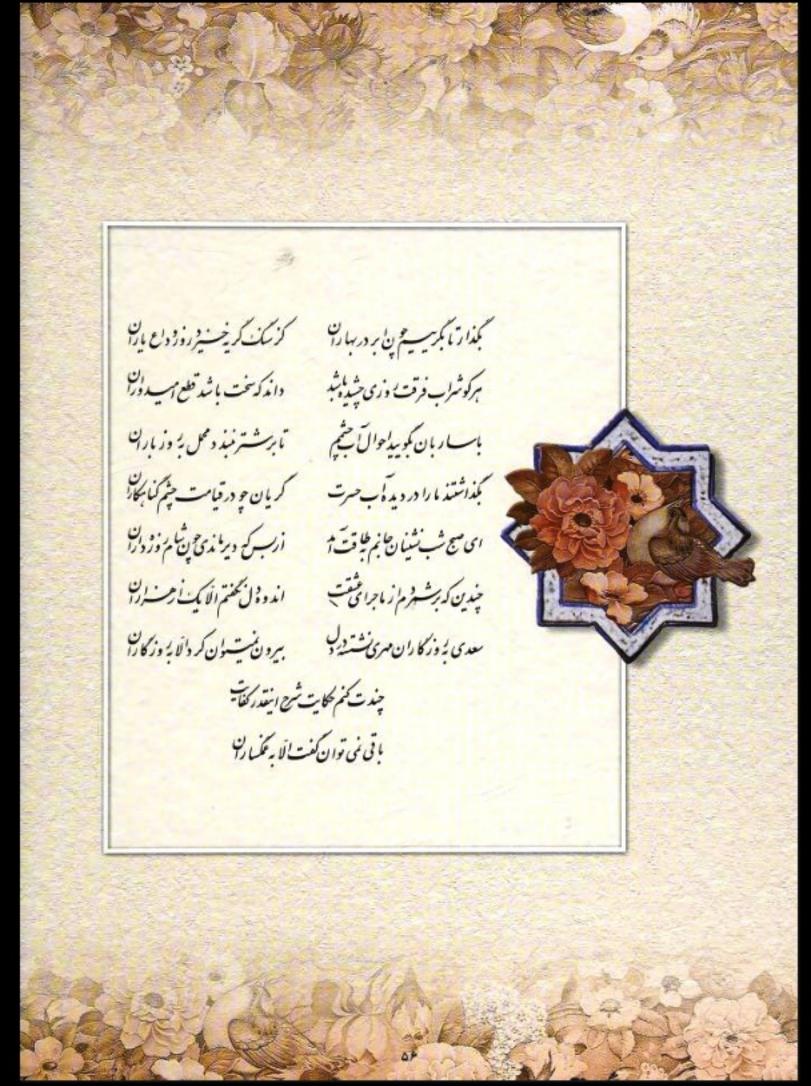




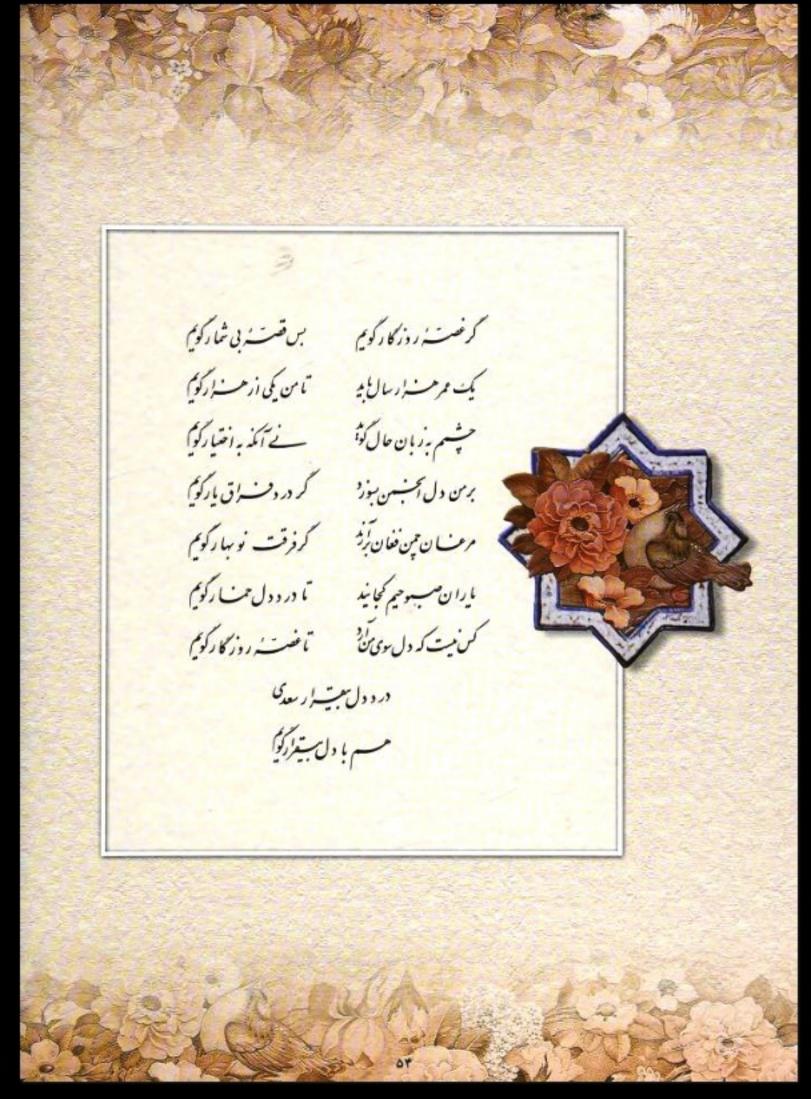


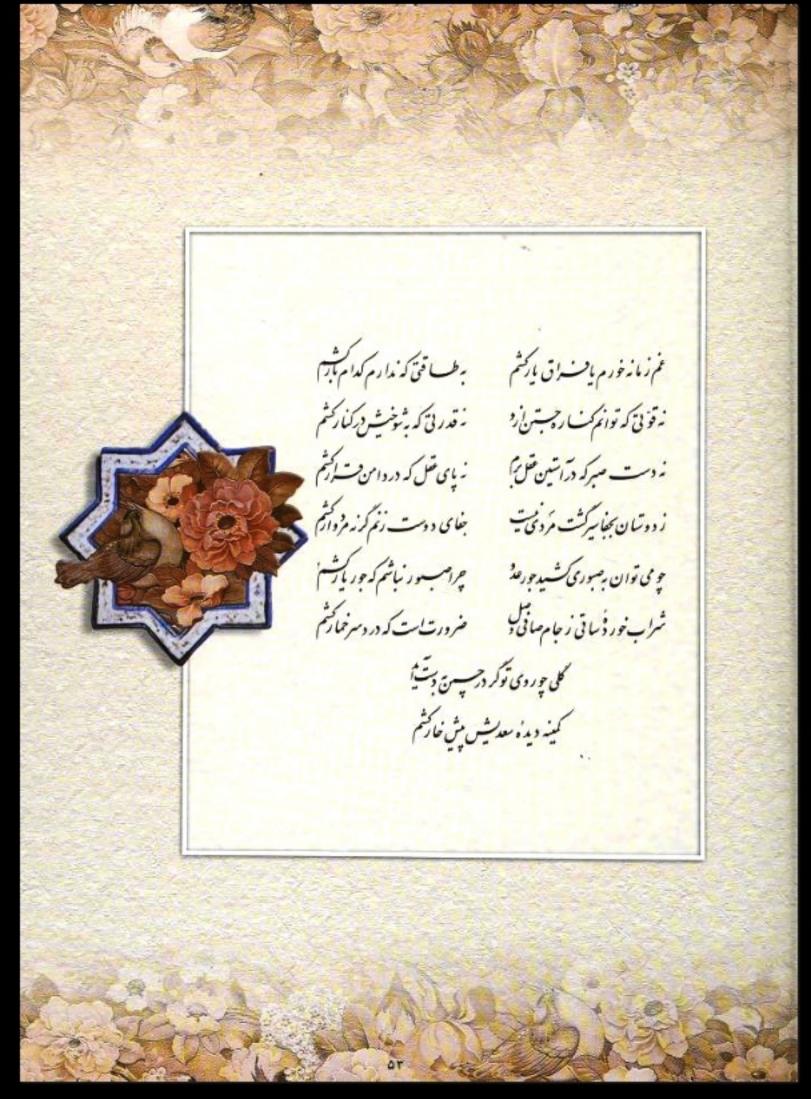


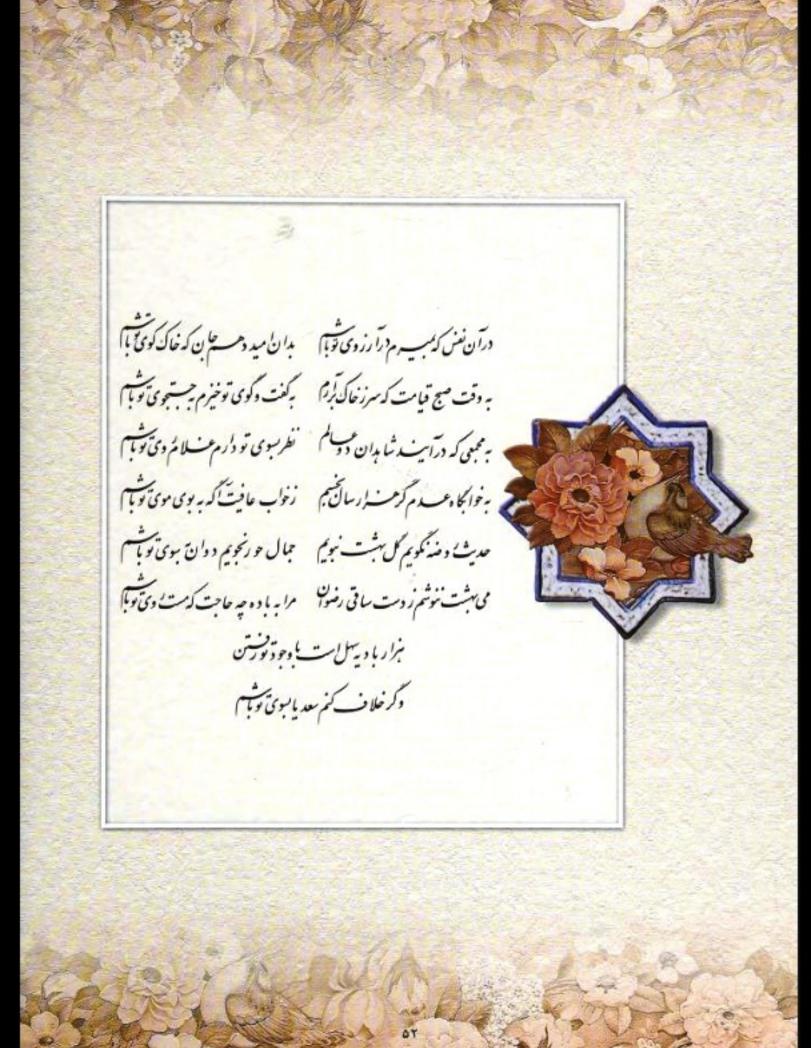


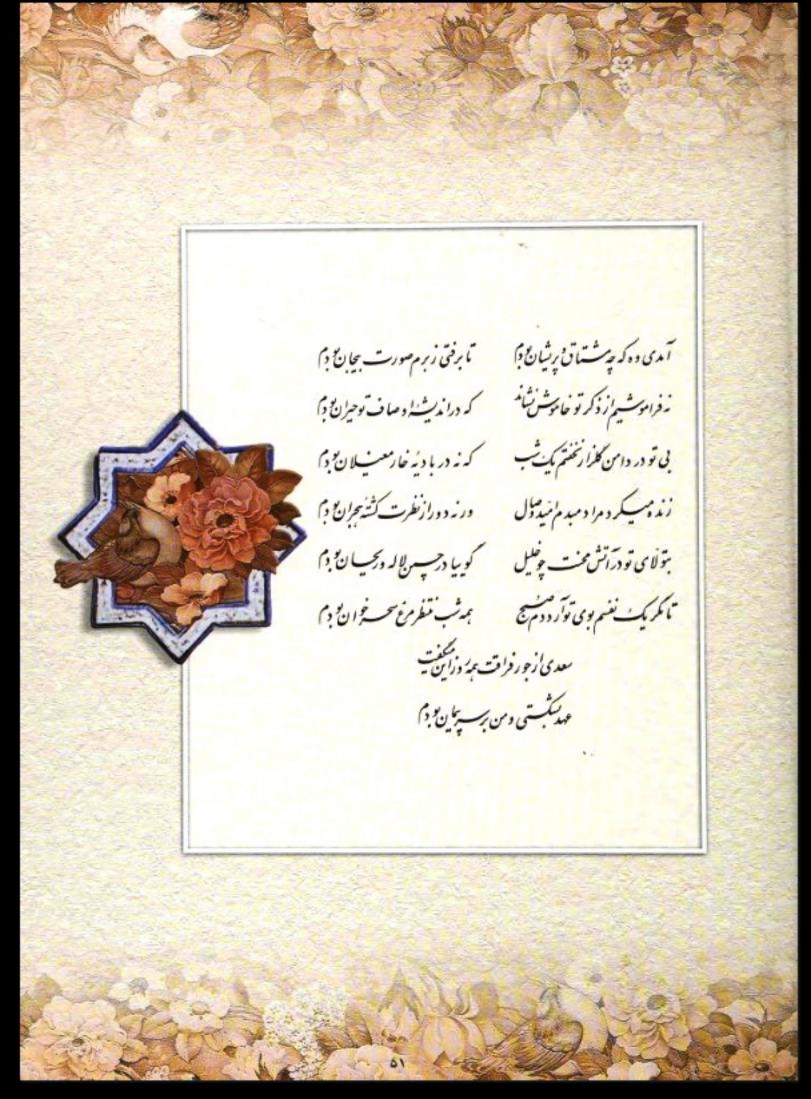


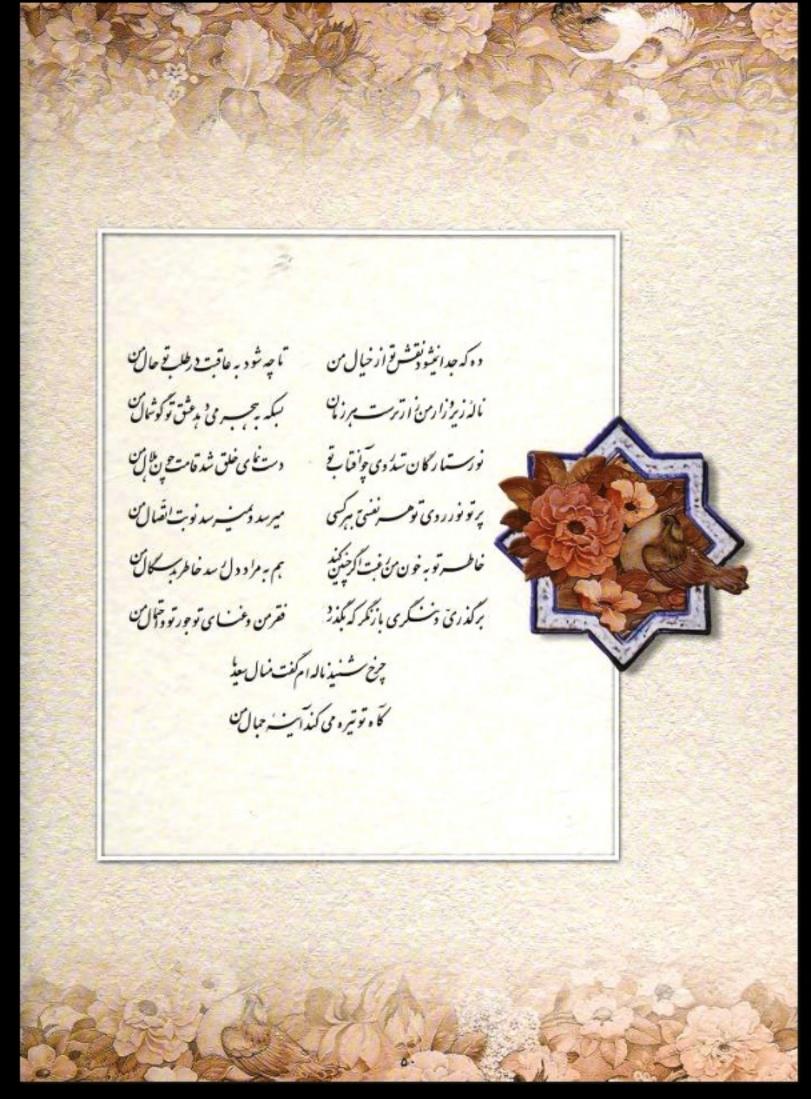


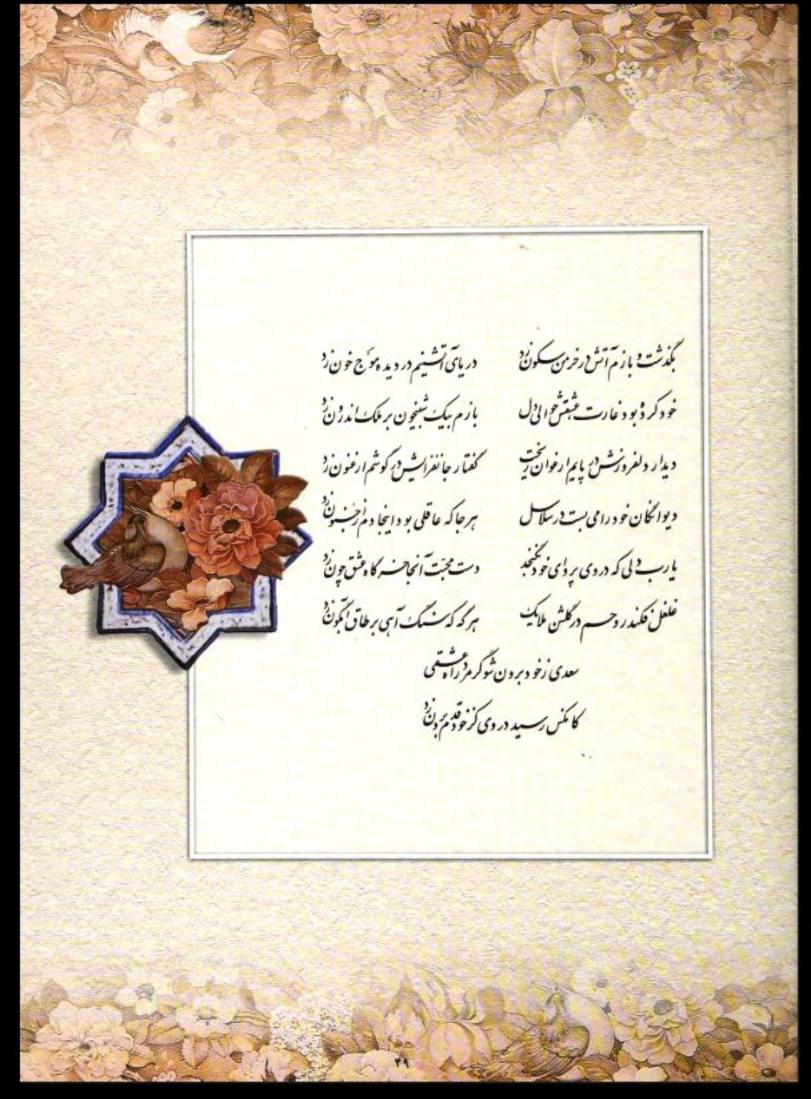


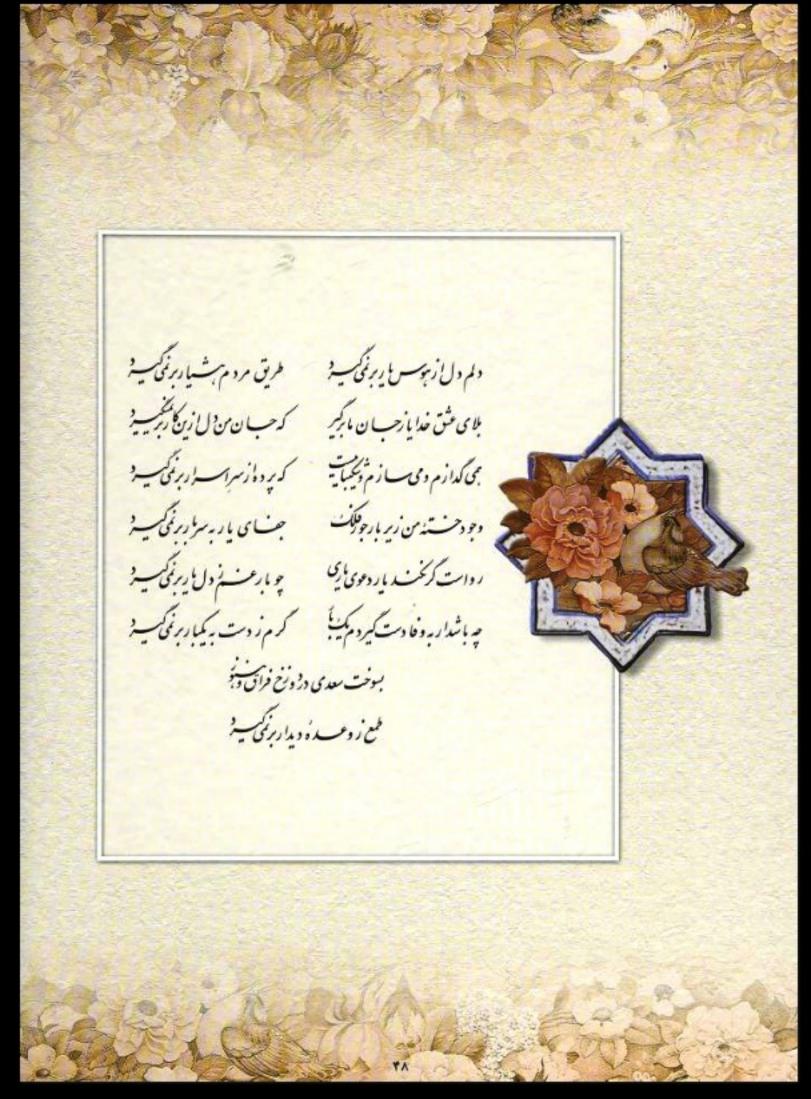


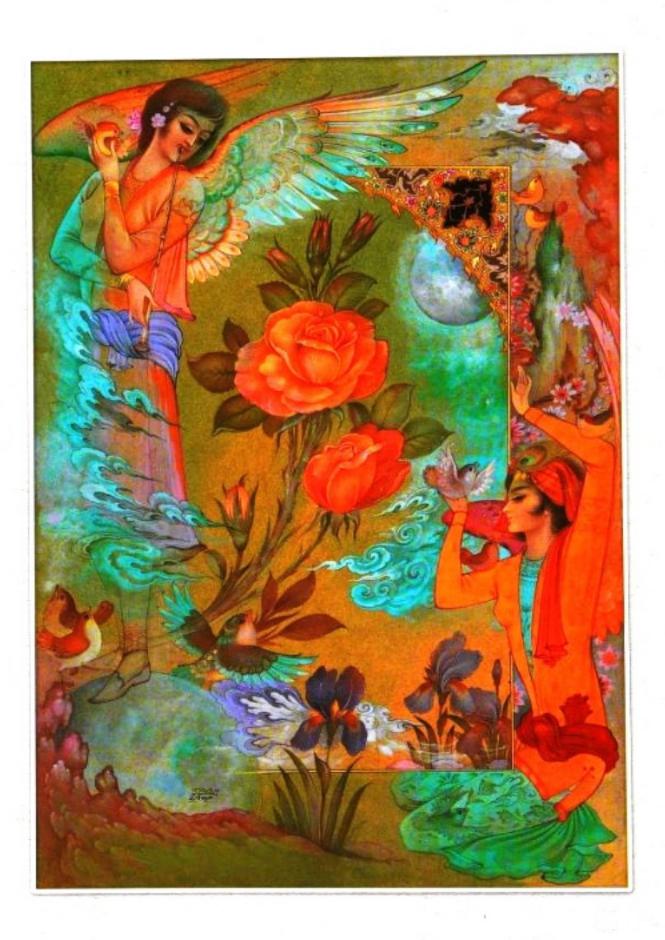




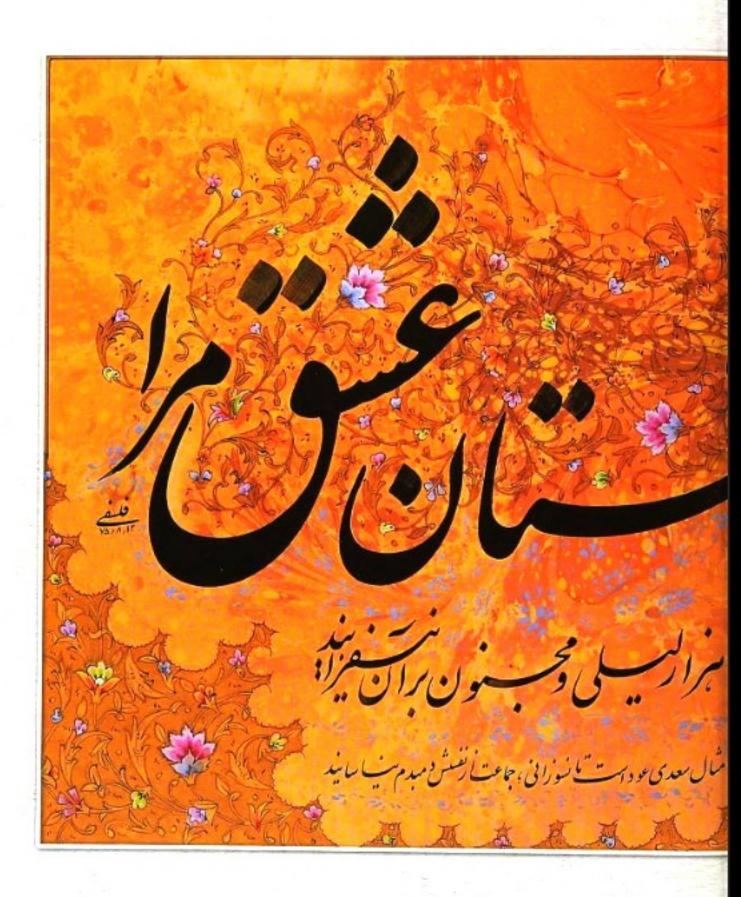


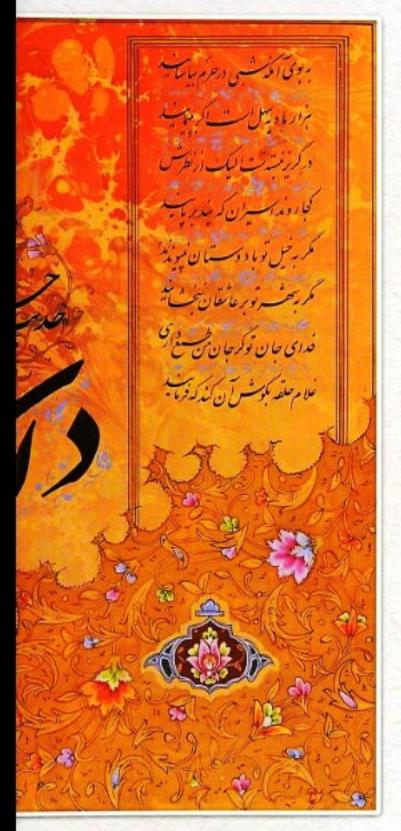




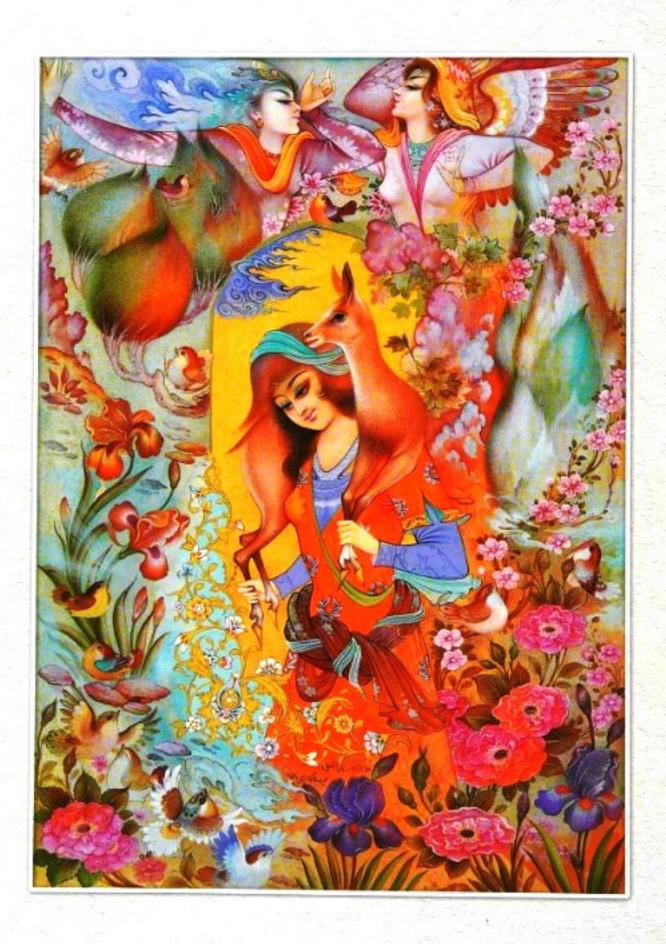


چ تواپ تیاده باشی و ب کمین تیم و والدي مرابس كه عدث وش هم كان شرور دكرسراى لخم تواكرض المين أدروستان آيي بمه خلق راسبر شدم ول كه مي منتم چ برستهار سدک برود قرار بیل به فاكم ال شرازي مكان بم بِاسْدَاكُ عالى ت يى نها د المثى بستار زبرار و تان كمثدت اقتم ووسيطوا ووكركانسم كرباني نوك آنات كرآب يدفغ نشندای کدن او حکوز تک ننتی . خالتای تکرمیات اکمنیخ زعب ثب دازم كه دونور وازائد زمسارون سدى كلذندكا توكوي ابرزند و كو كرن كمنتم

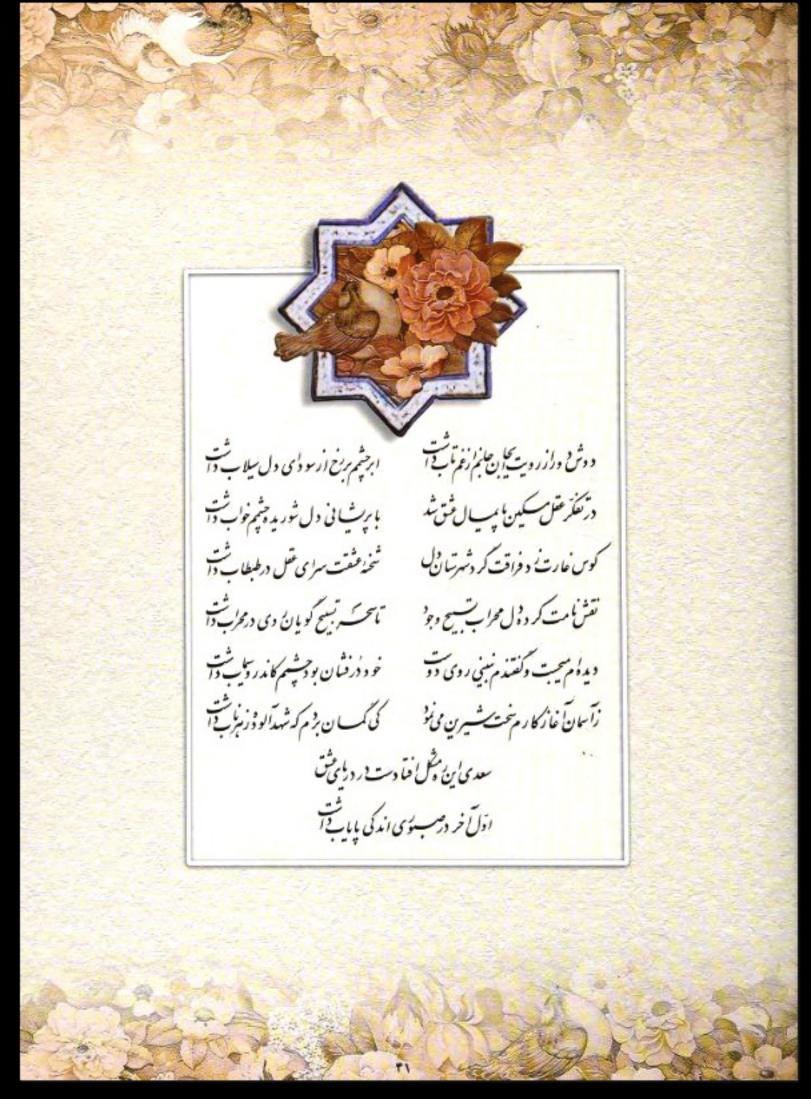


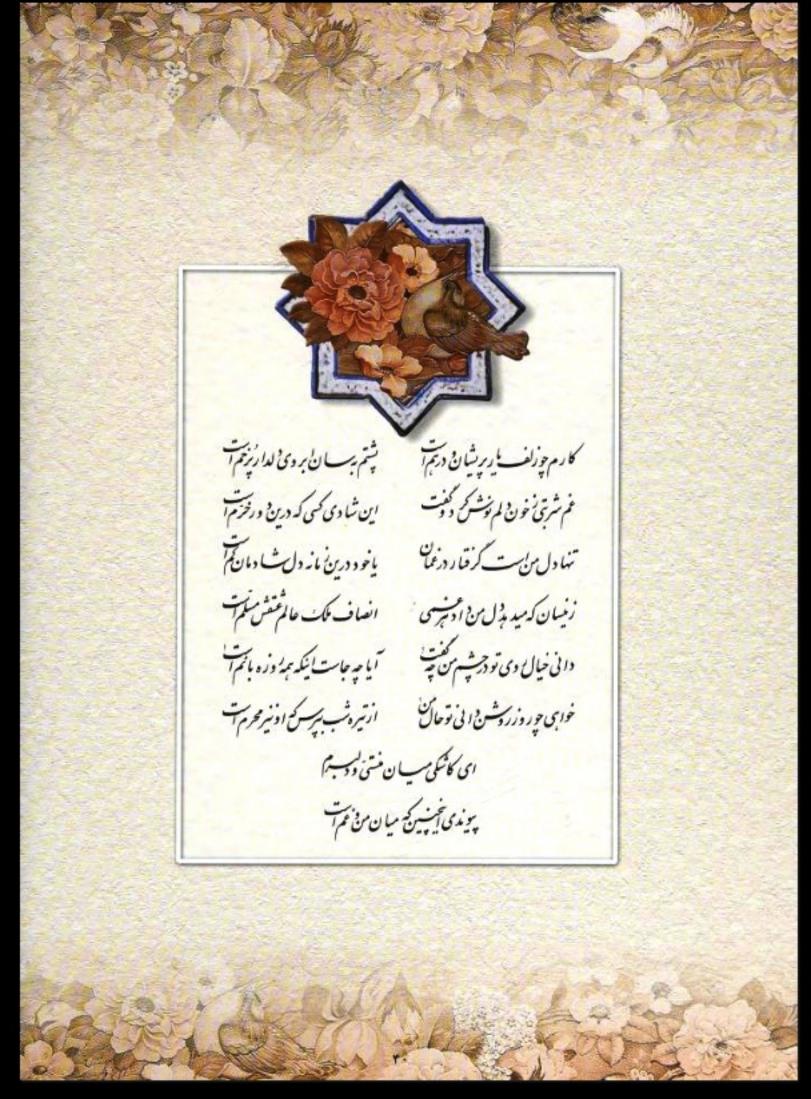


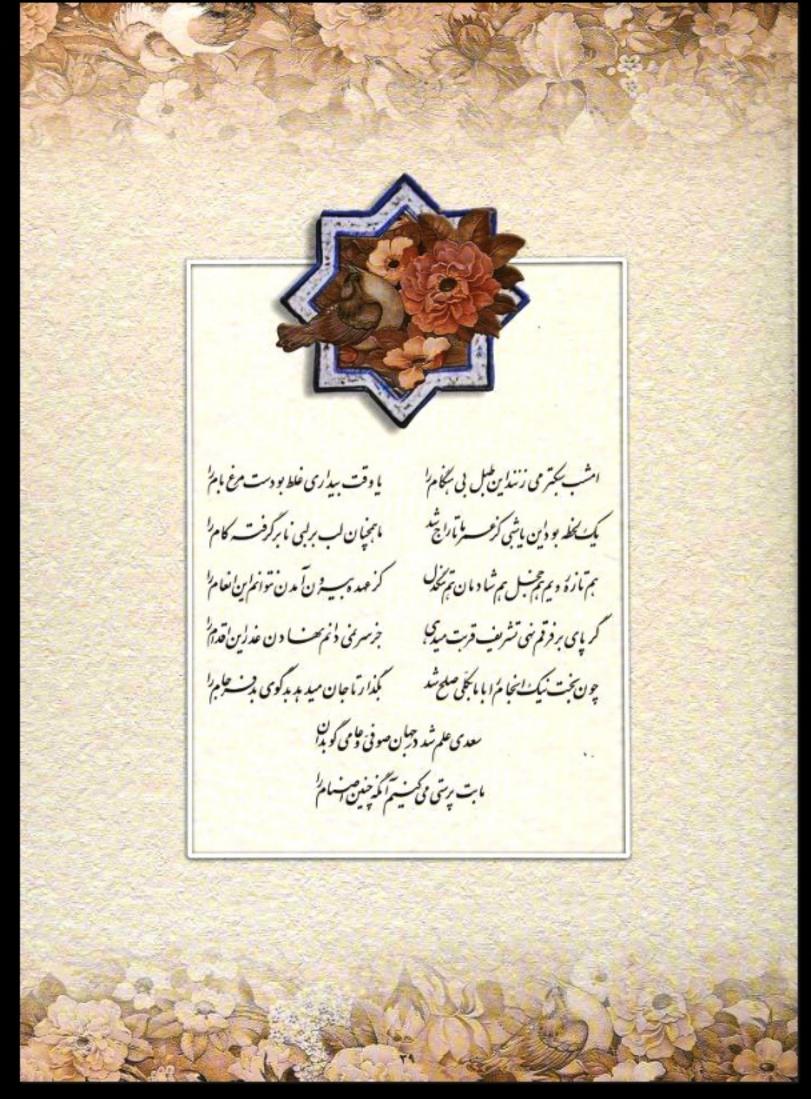
بزار با ویسل ست اگر میکید به بوی کاشی در حرم بایک به طریق مثن خابر دست جانبار وكرم عاروكه بازورمندرنة چە ، عدرانكشتهاش نمايىد اكروام رآيت اره ثبات در کرزنسیت میکن از نفرش کجارونداسیزان که بندبریشه زخون مزرز منست یای در تن فدای دست غرزان اکر بیالات كربه شرتوبر عاشت ن عِنا يَ كرين توباه وشانب يأثأ فلا مطلت كموش ن كندك فرانا فدای جان توکر جان من سع دار بة قامت تو وكرسر را سمان سايد بزارسروحن إمان بردائتي رسد عدیث حن تو و د**ہست**ان مثق مرا بزارليلي ومحب نون برآن نفزانه شال بعدی عو دست مانسورا حاعت ارتغیش میدم نیاسا

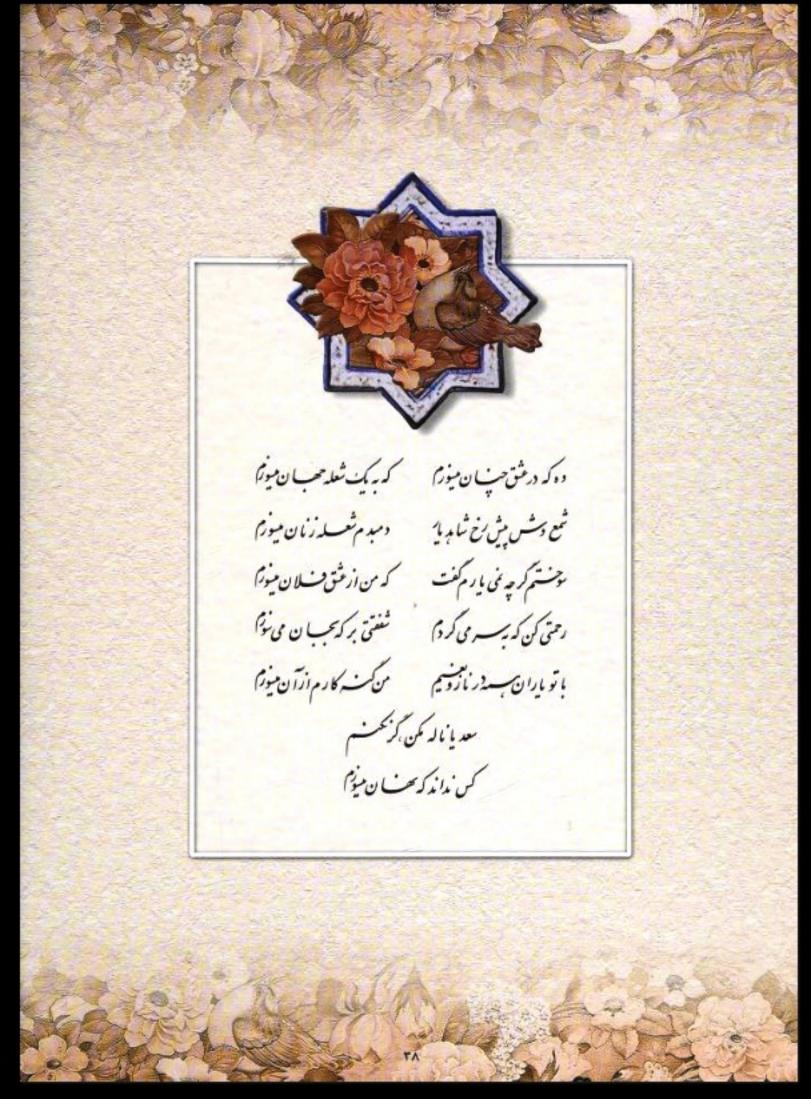


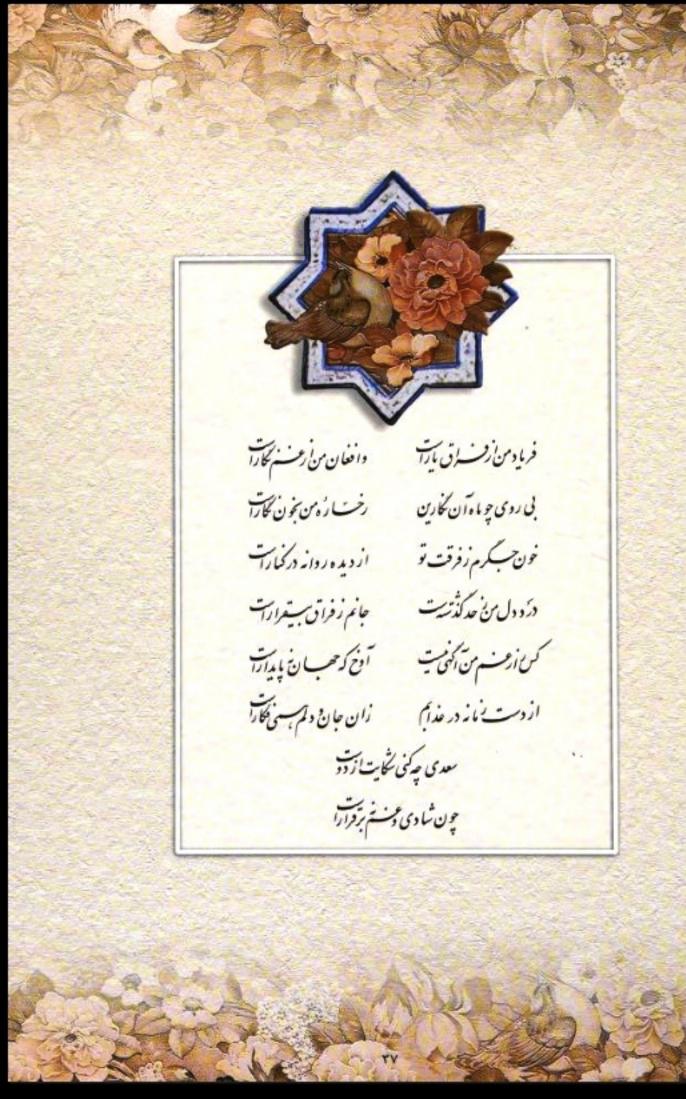
كولي أبوى مرمكذي خان در قد مرت ای بندا كمى برسال بي ما ما يخيم کی بروروسدرمان کرم كريند بوشم فان كاربدا مرابوشي ف زار عثق و كوش مال سرتك آمديك مديث عثق برصحك أفكند مد و كرعب قلى اى واديندك زمبنونم كه ول دارم زوو معا ذا مندمنا ينصورت نبدكم خِين صورت مند دبيخ تعاش مه جانها درفمت فربو د ونها بتحث من اسير ومتندي ومسم إرآمي ما جازاكا اكر بازآمى نجت بندم كآوازم دى من خت دركو برآب مدروان درومندا كآمايش رساني وركزهم سری دارم فدای فاک یا " وكرور بنج معدى داحت من این بیدا درخود می بیدا

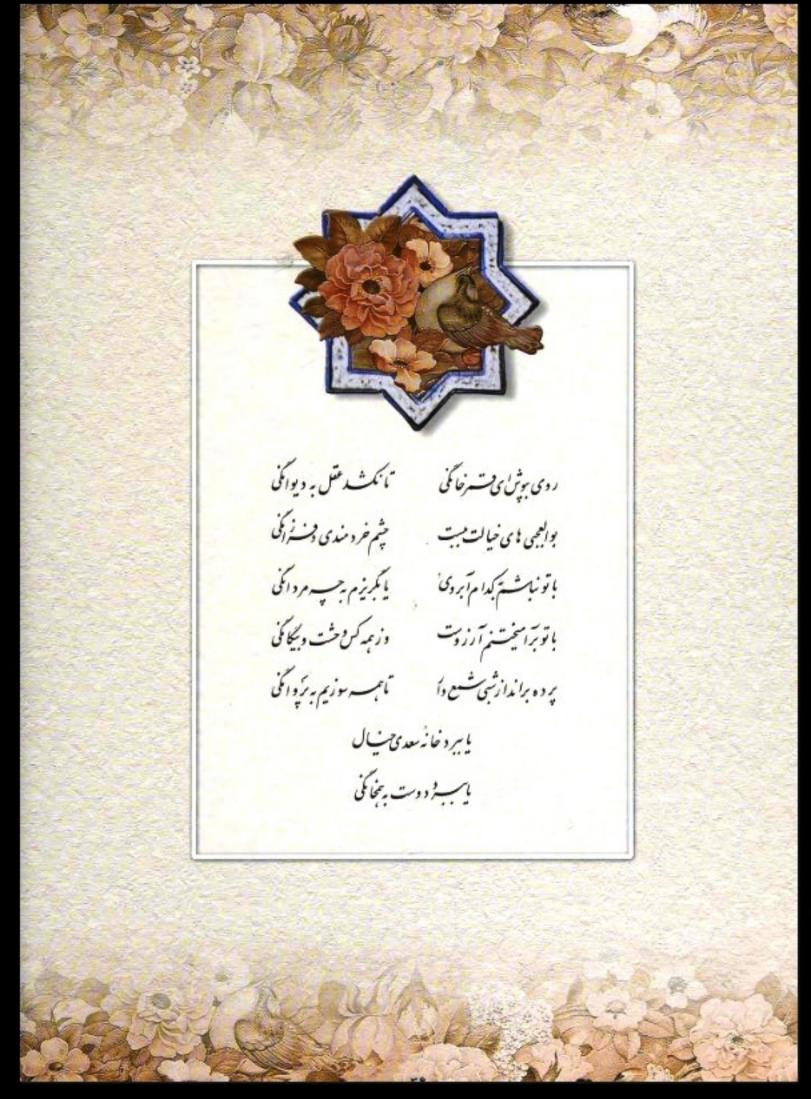


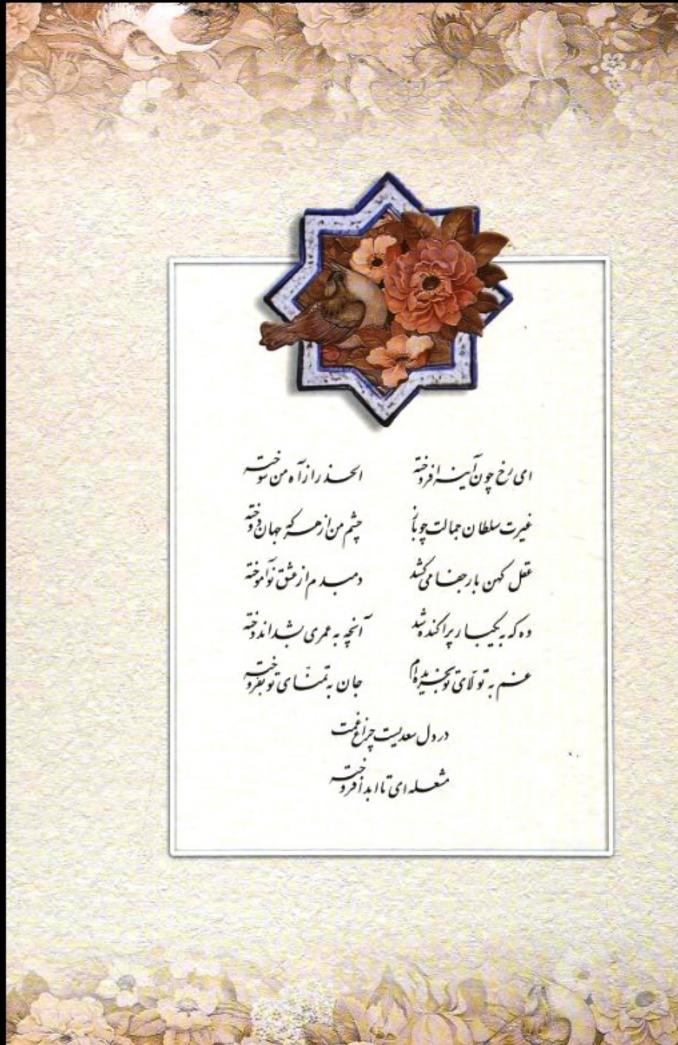


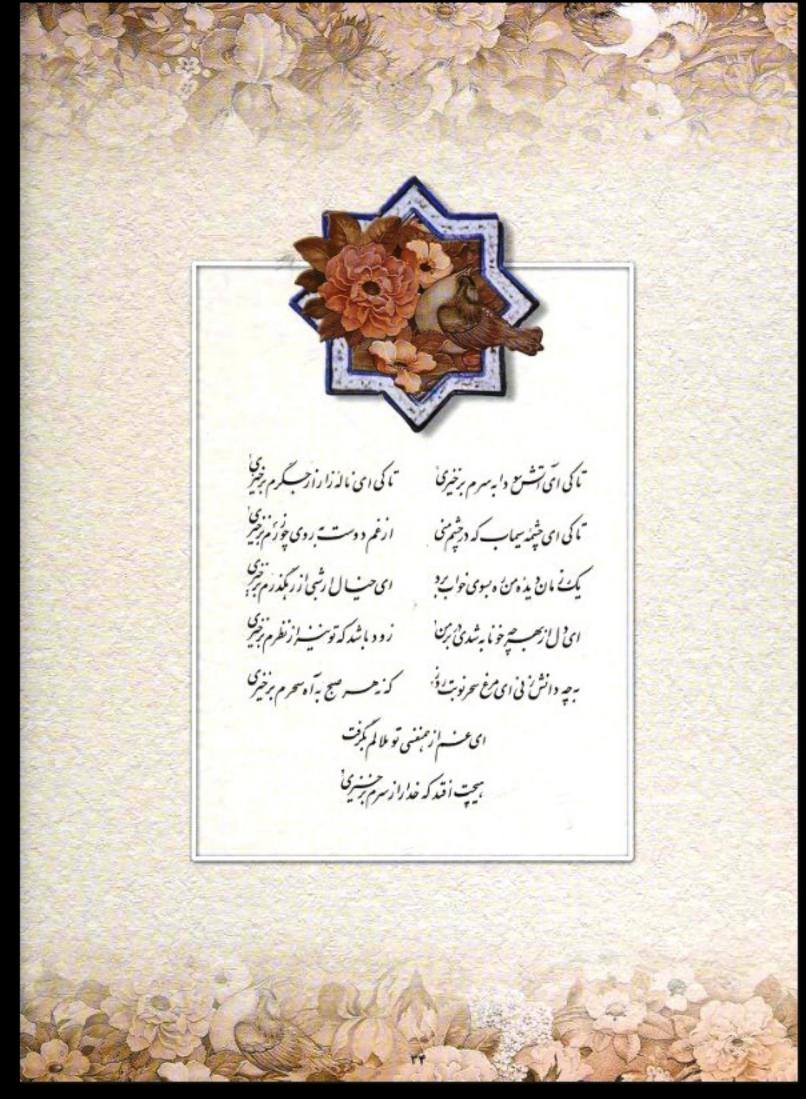


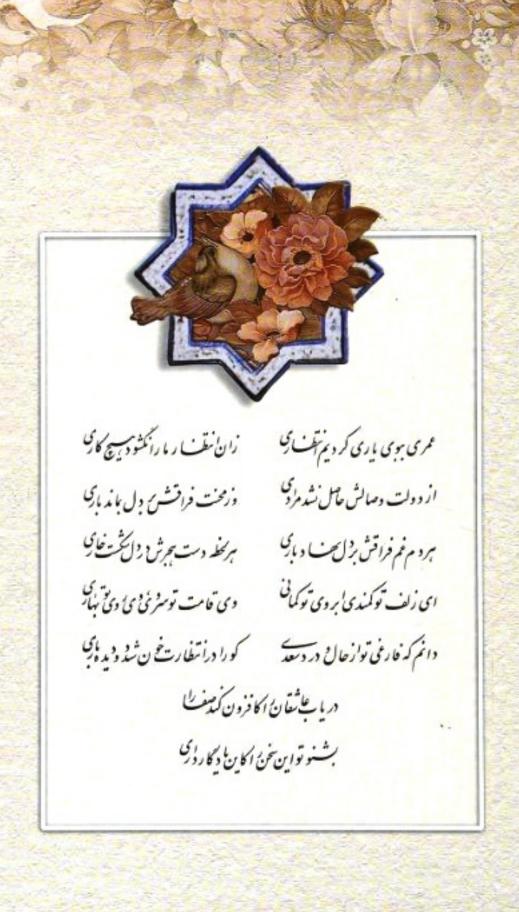


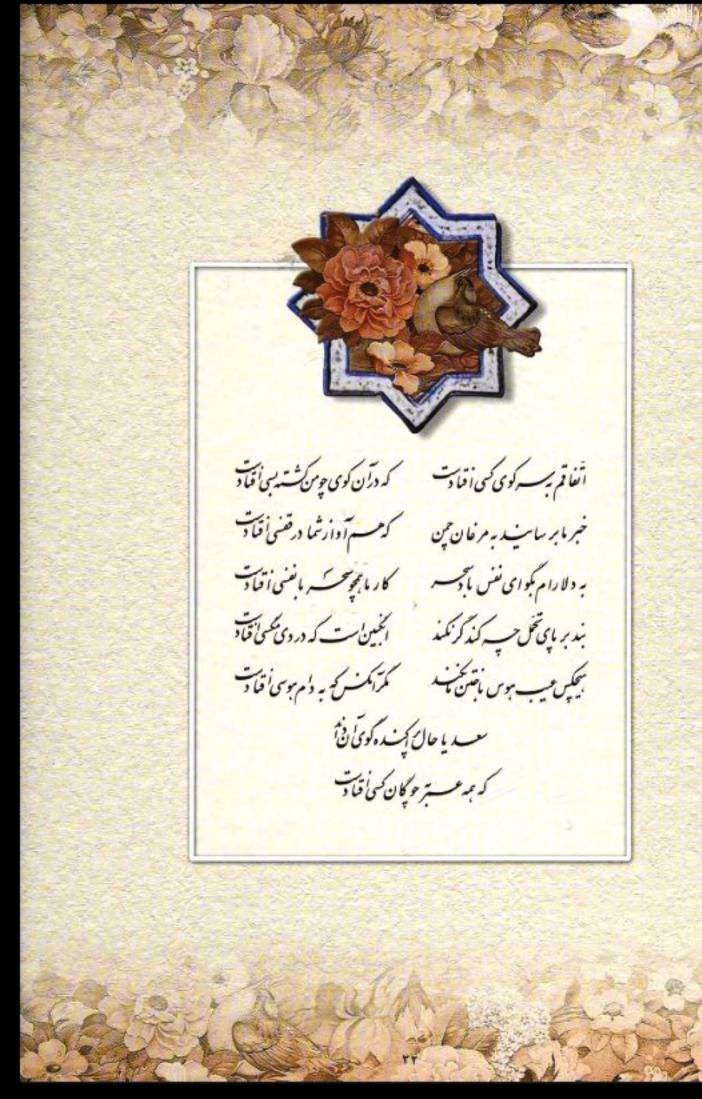


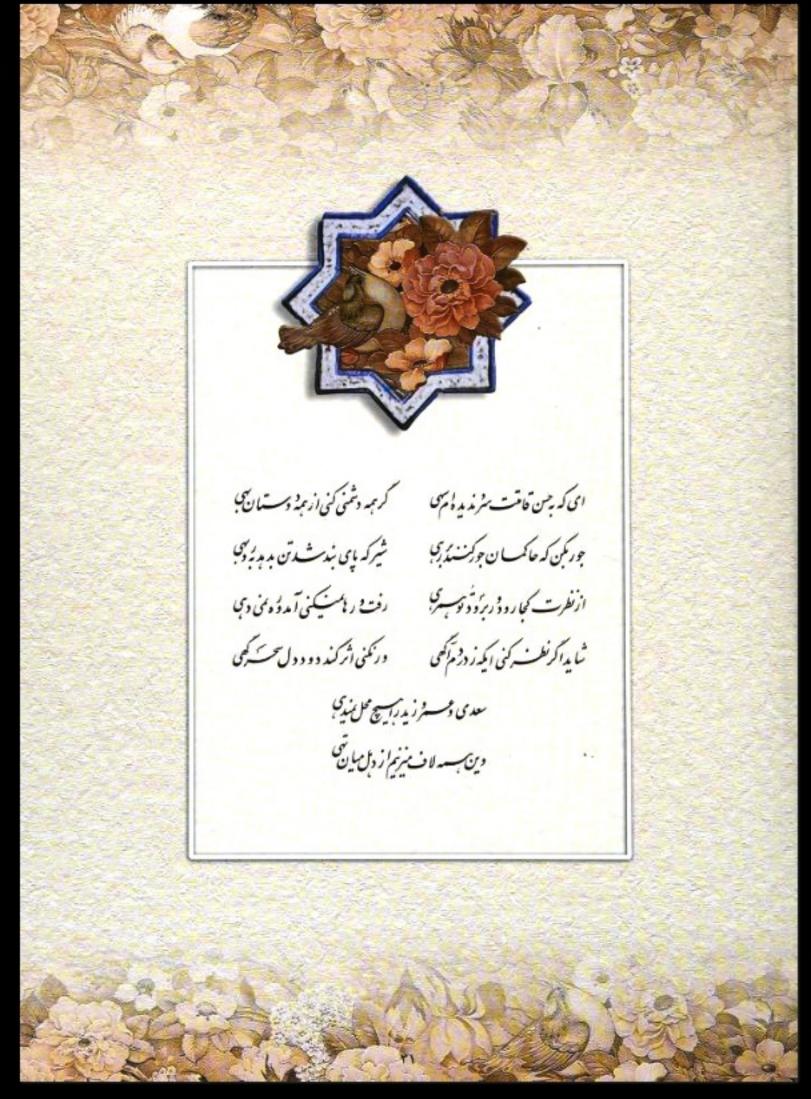


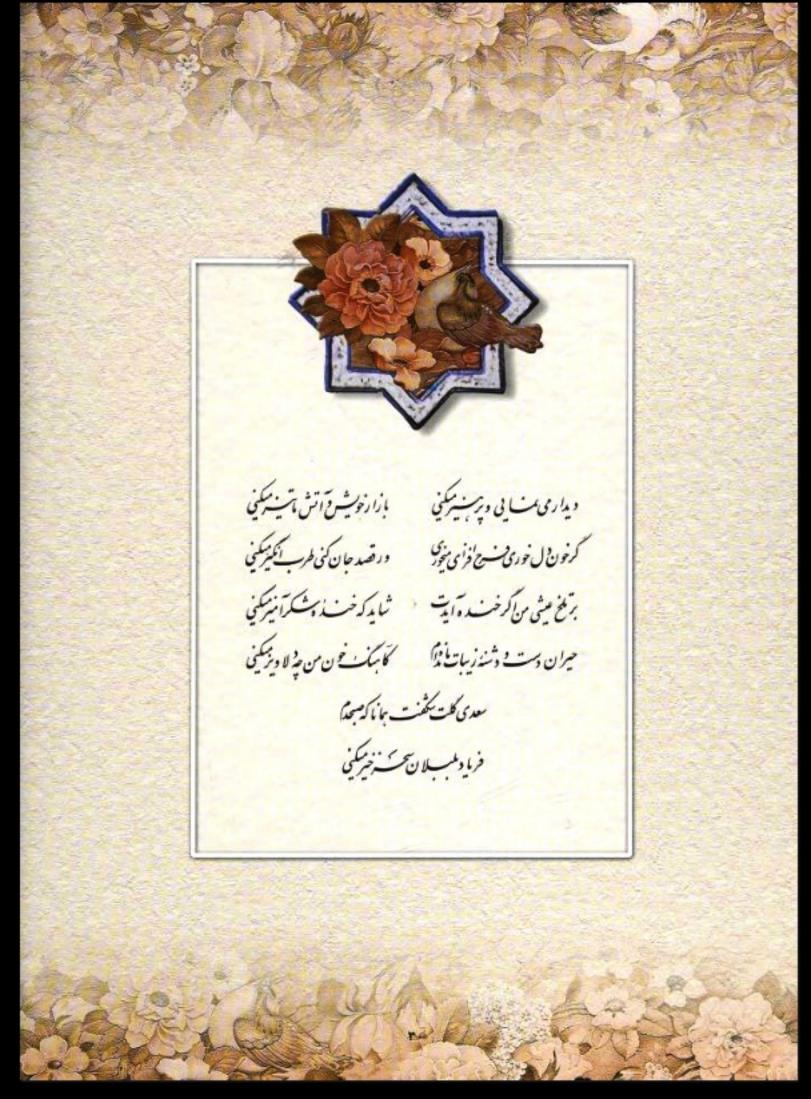


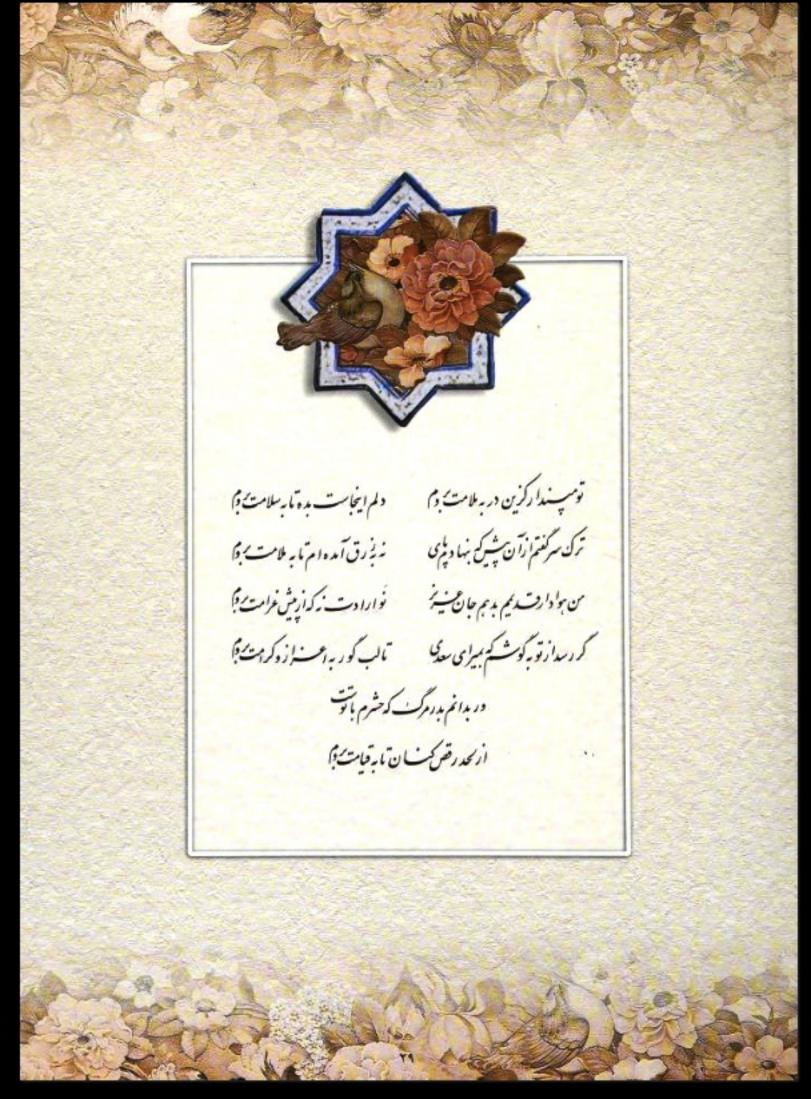


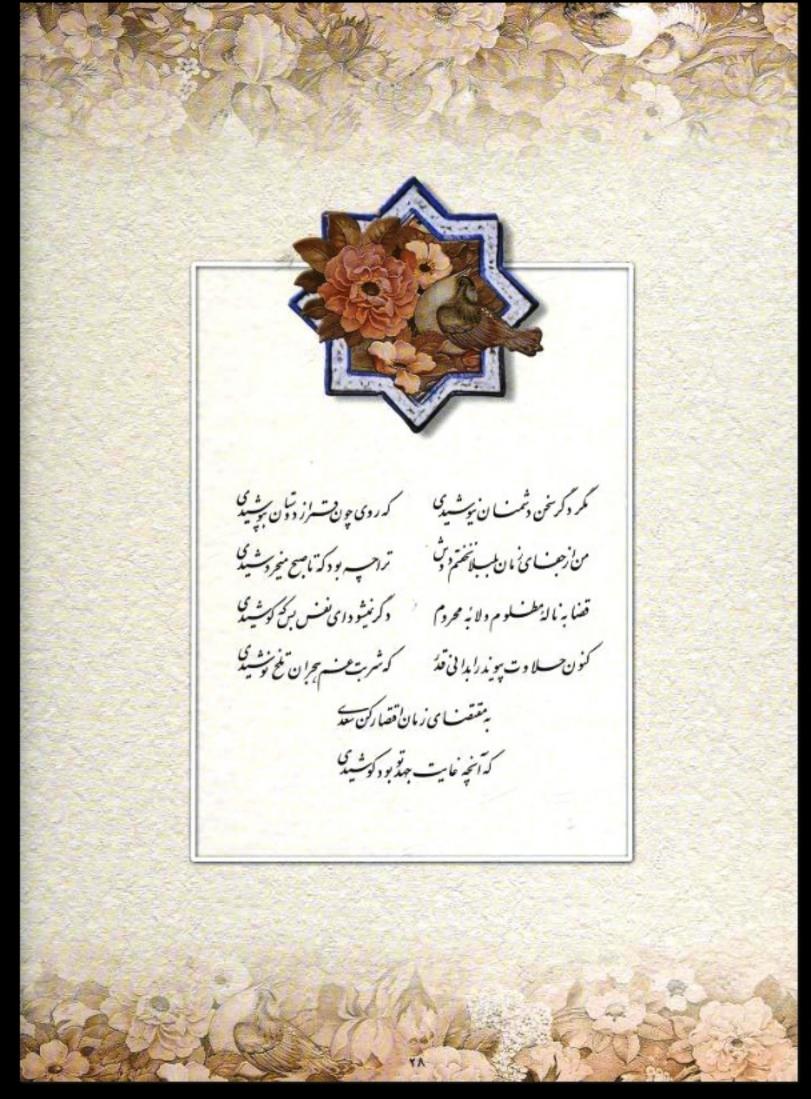


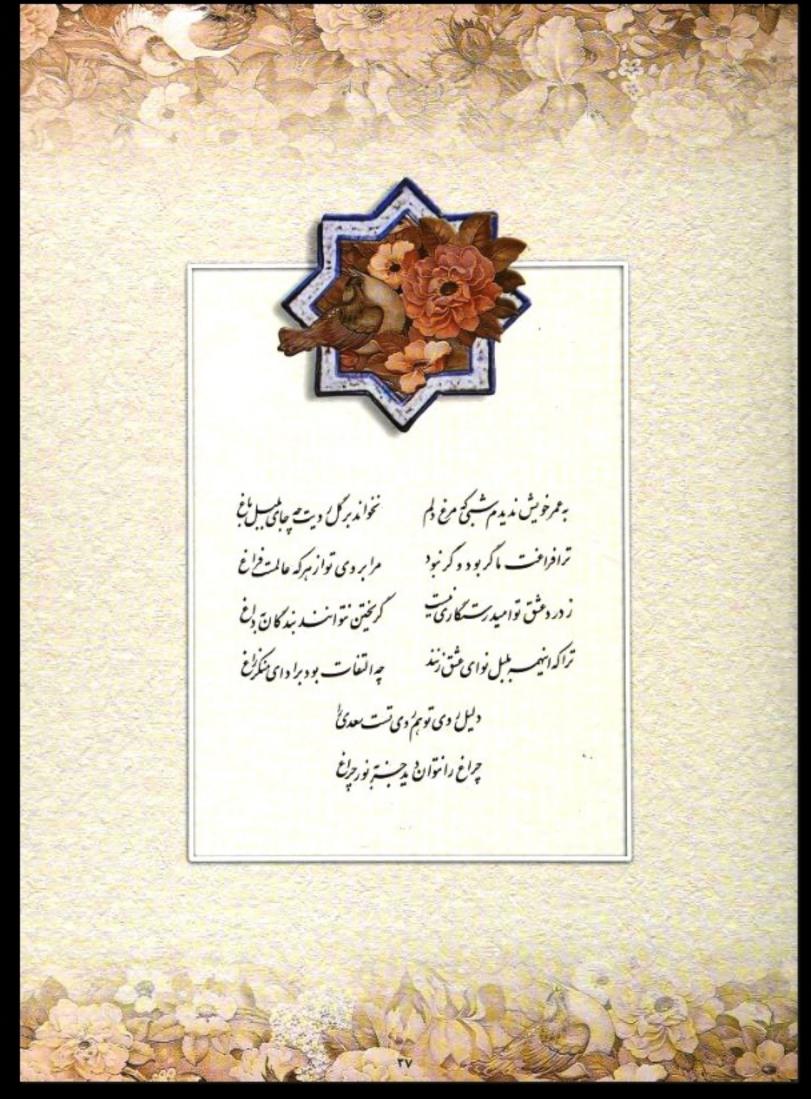


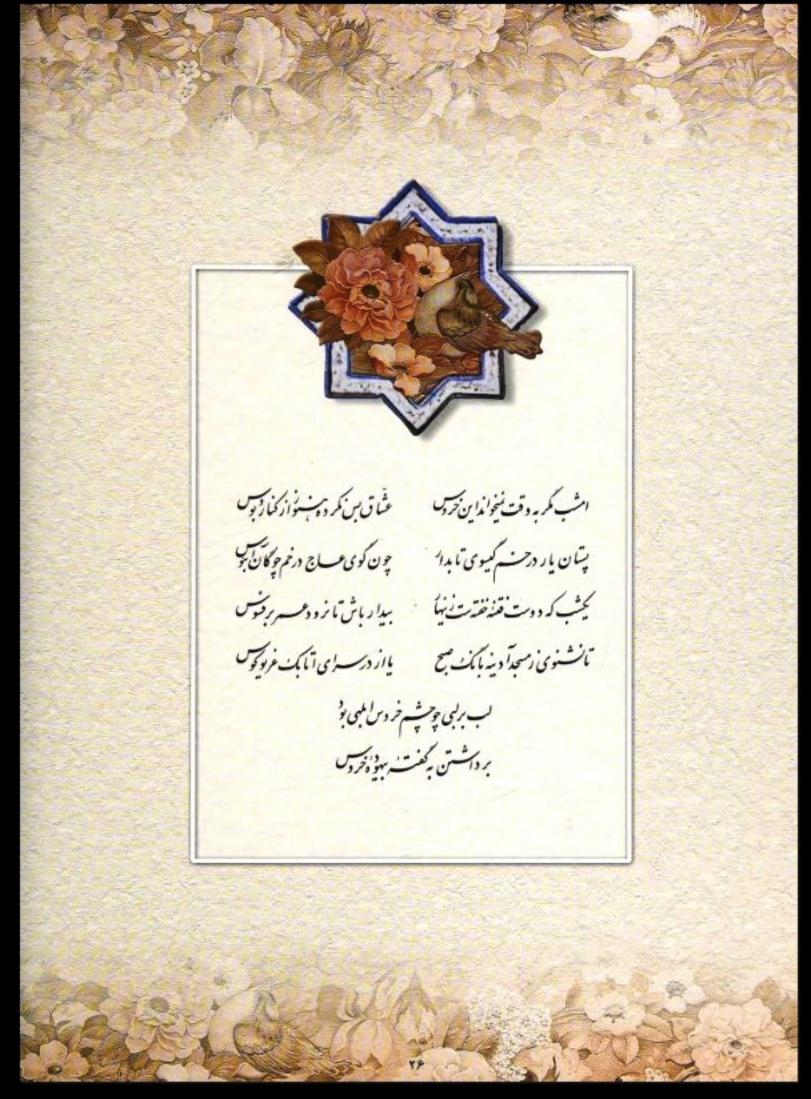






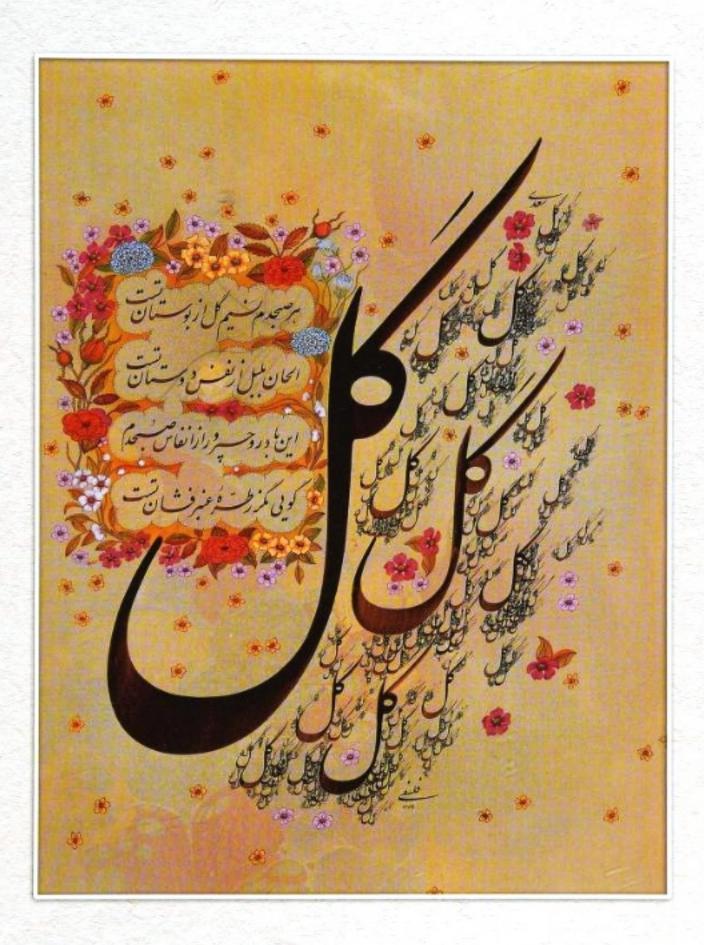








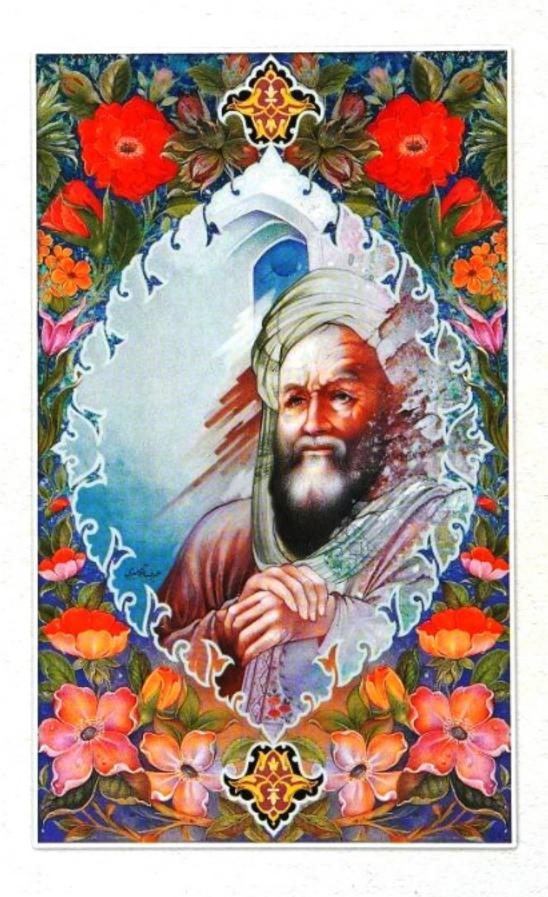
کفتم کر به خواب بینم خیال دو ایک علی ام بساح نظر بر جال و این مرد مرم سلال عبد بدید ندوشی است داکت بردی بچرن الآن مرد مرم سلال عبد بدید ندوشی است داک دوستی قامت با است در داک نفس خواب کرد دیه بعدی در کرکرد

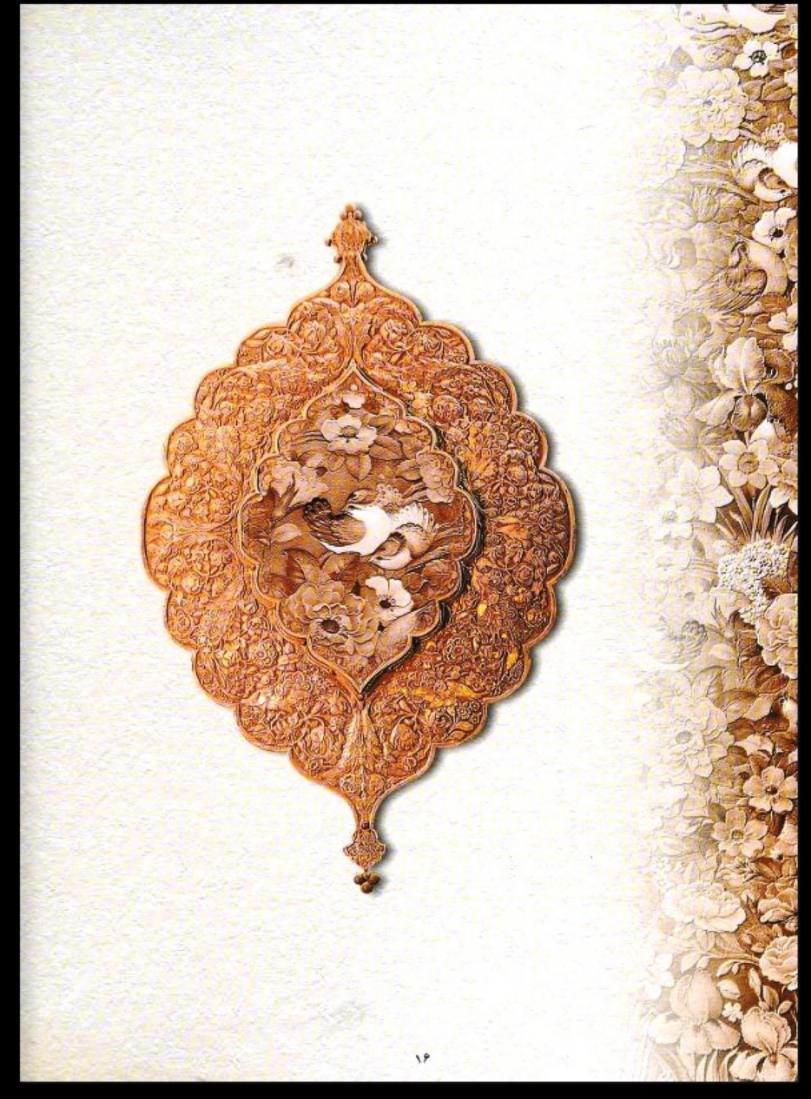


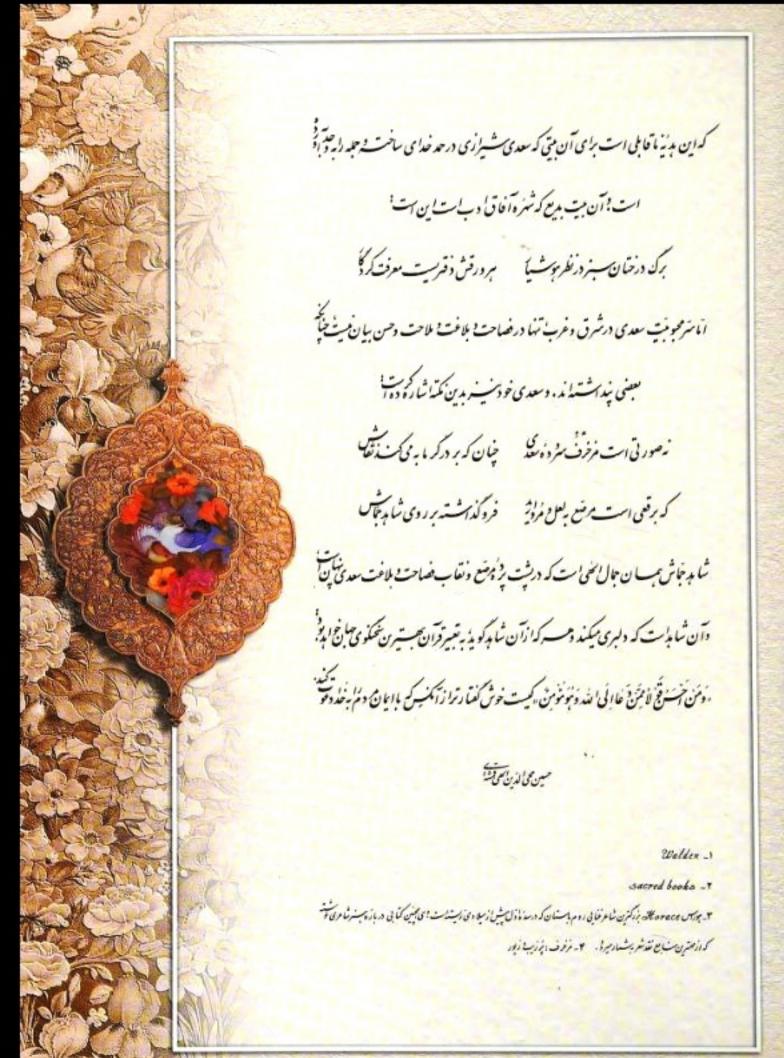


صانع برور د كارے توا ما اوَل وفت ربام ایزو دانا صورت خوب فريد وسرت زيا اكبروافكم خداى مسالم وأدم مغ بوار نصيب مايي درما از د بخشنه کی و بنده نوازی روزي نو دمسرند شهونت قمت نودي نوز منع دروس در بن ما بی رز رصحت فرمهٔ حاجت موری به علم غیب براند بك رازوب فك چشار فال جانورا زنلمن مى كندسكرارني نخلت وركندز دأبيثها شرب نوش ات مدار كمل ازمكان بيب زور مشنق ازمه عالم بحث ان وبرميلا ار خلمت ما ورای مکرت دا نا يرتوا نوارسرا د فاست جلاث خود زبان دان مارف شر عدونا ی کندکه موی رضا حف غور و رنفیس رحمت فردا بركه نداندسياس بغت امرون ذرمسه مين مقدسي مسرا بارمن دا يامُ يمني وندر ما نواسیسے می مد وکھنستن بالمدكز وسيان بالمالا معدى أنانجا كرفهما وسنحن ورنيك ال توويم كى رسانجا

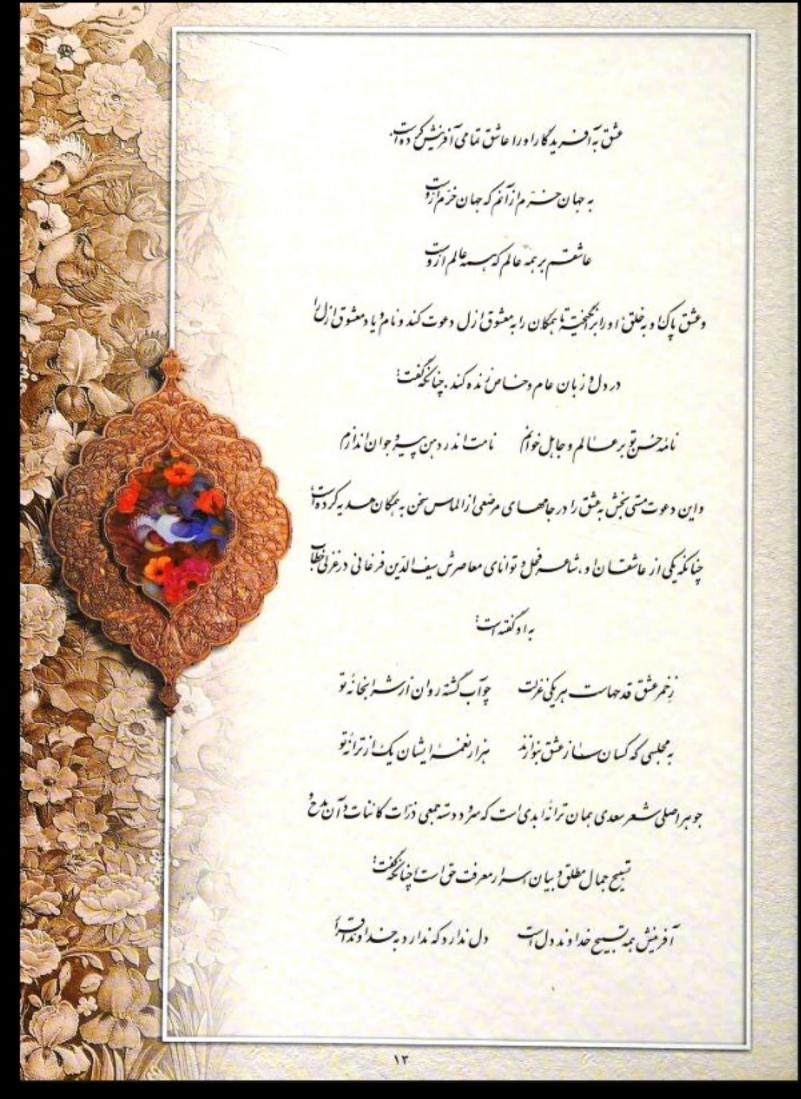


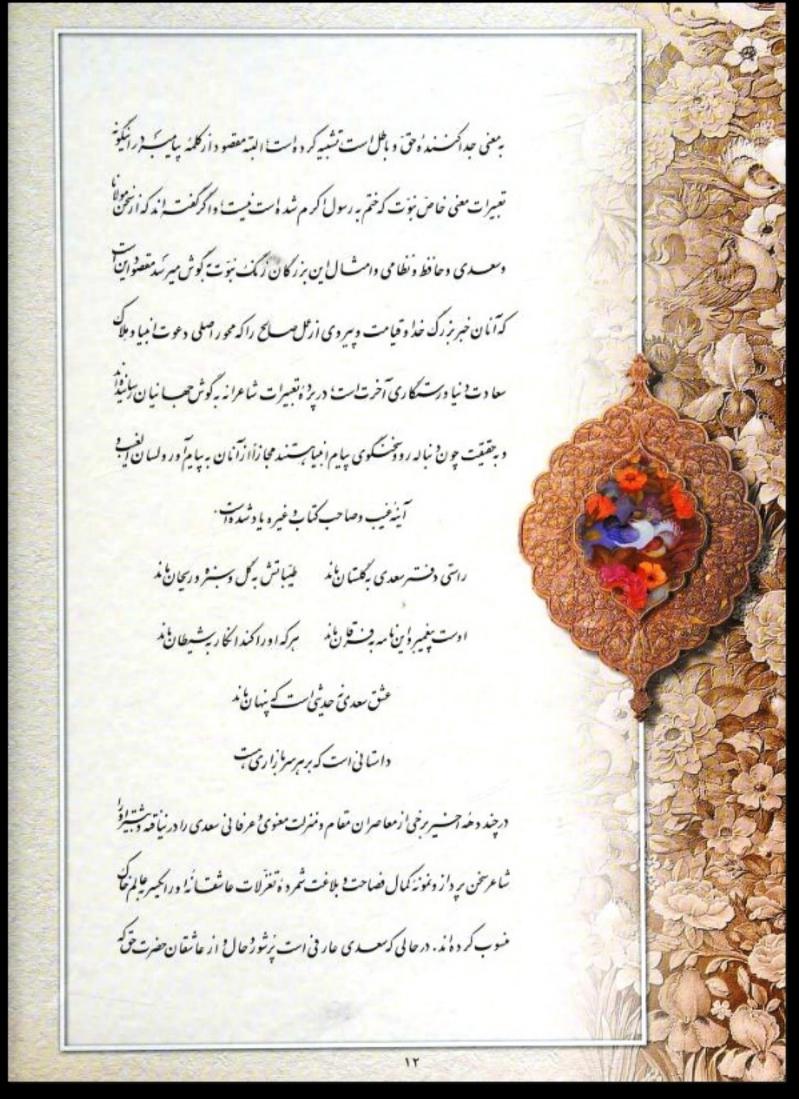


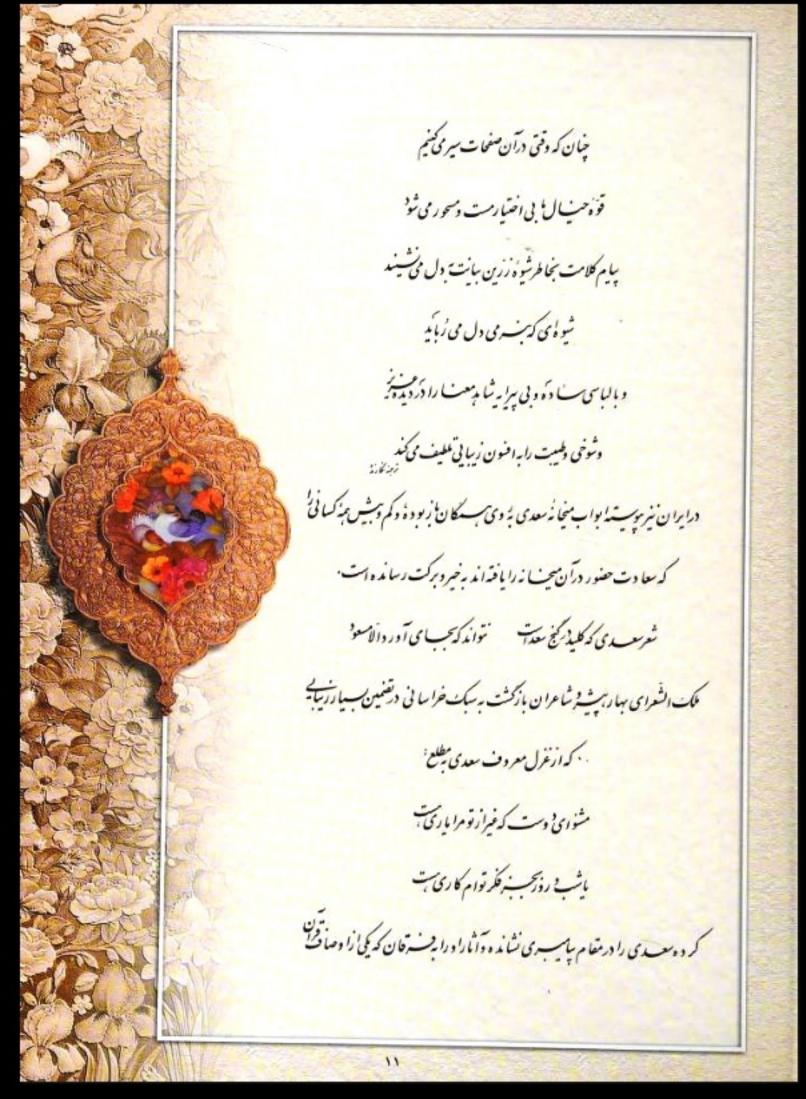


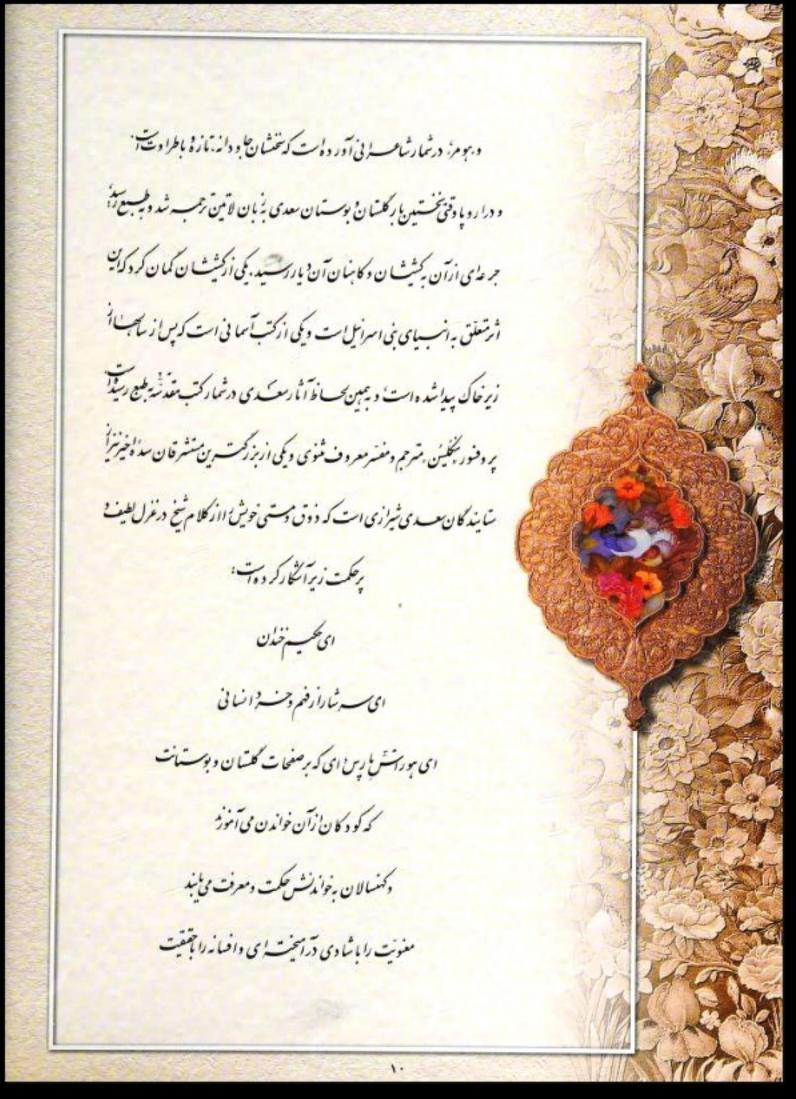


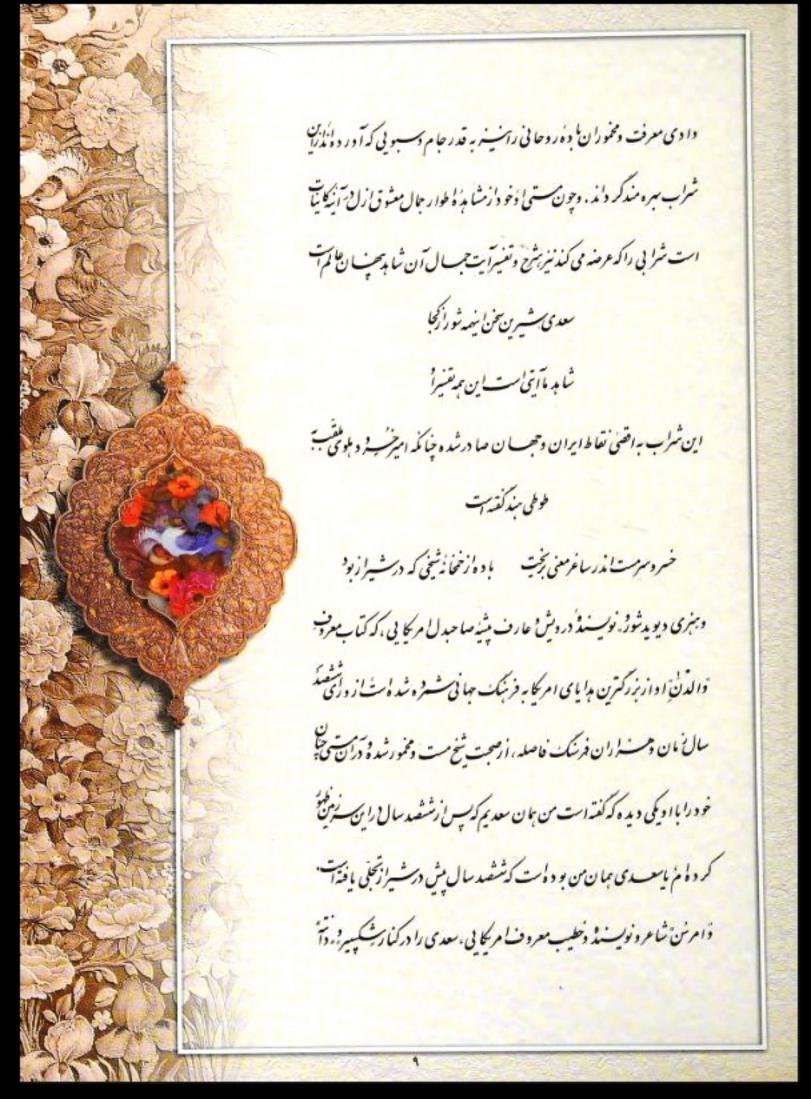
و بِحَتِيت بعديٰ سرار معرفت ااز برگ برگ كتاب فرمنی خواند و و كام منشو ومنوخم و ارج آن بسبار کر د است داین کاری است که جد شاعران بزرگ جهان شیل زمعدی چاک بركزيه أو يثق وارا وت دنيقات في كمال بإيان برواند جن ن كرشكيسر أمنا في ا کرازغو خای عالم واشتغالات باطل نبوی دمی موشیم درخان اجسنه رزان محكوى كيب وازويار فاكأب مي خوانم وازسك موعظه مي شنويم ونثان حنير فوبى دا در برحب نيرشا م أى كسنيهم سدی در کمی ارفصاید کو ماش متی بیمبرنصنسون سرّد و کرس از دوبیت سال جای <sup>شم</sup> ونويسند بزرك عرفاني تسرن نع راست كرد و در كايت سيارزيا ييش بستى خود و کرّوبیان عالم بالاردازاین مبت بیان کر د است بخلاصهٔ حکایت مین ست که یکی از صاحبدلا رابرسعدی ومعت م وننرلت و در دا دی معرفت در نهان کاری بود. بهشبی نواب میکرد آسمان نو غایی شد است و فرشته کانی چند طبقی از مرا پارسسه نها د هٔ روی جالم خاک کردنهٔ باحيرت مى پرسد كداين ثنوُ وستى وغو غااز مپيت اين مدايازان كميت فرشسكان پايخ مي ا

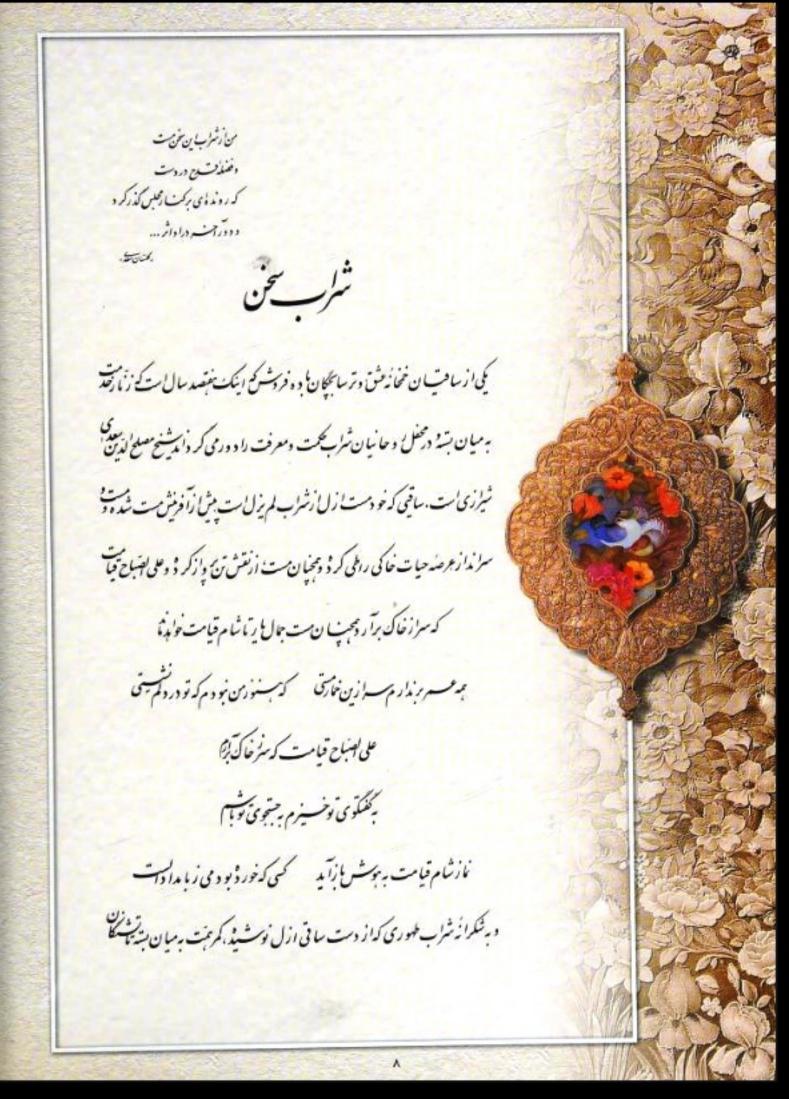










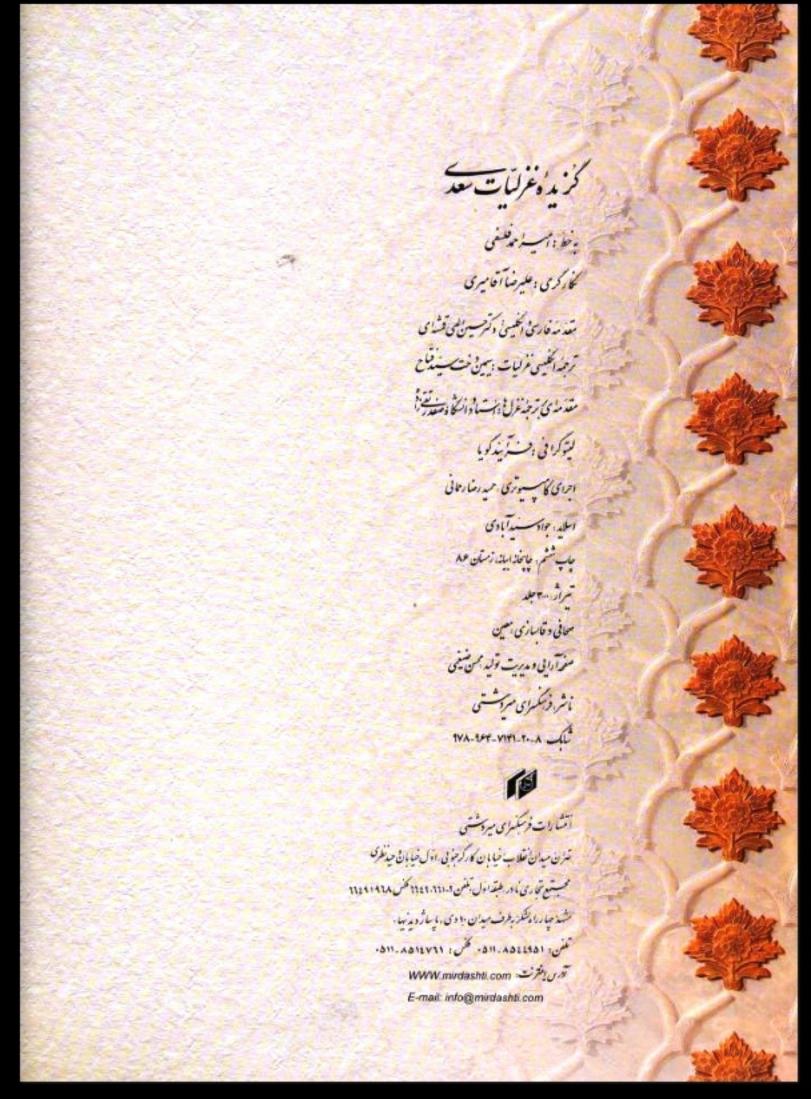


بركن تماثيا بي ونستند بعوايي بارفراق وستان سي كنشت في مرشيم أبرون لي آن وست كرمن ارم ان يركمن أم سران مارواث كرباراقا ما برث يرم تووراي نم بدور زادم سازن عارتي زوتم رنی سندک کدم نی نوشنی مخترين لكن الحن توميسنداركزين دروالاستروا کر دکرخن دشمان نوشیدی به ومنول الوسسام فالأصاحب خلاان مرى ا درخلوت روى على متيم دانی حکفت مرآن بس سری مكذار امت بن دى توكذريم رفتی و مخیان رحن ال من ندری اكدايان غيلك أنم 101 ككنم درسروفات سرى كرغن زوزكاركوي ونت مالبتان ي ونوبهاي برفيركه ميروة دمستان فبزاعش أردكه ماروي مجذارة كمرسيح بابر دربنازا مری سوی ماری که و مراقف ری فراق وستانش وويان مرا دلست كرفت رفق لدارى احت محنی برسوی ماکن تاكى اى اش سود يسسهم برخيرى ای روی توراحت ال من 1.9 روى موش ي تسرفاكني ووكد واني ثو ونقش توارحت أك 4 بالسنوار الخيافوة اى شيم تو ولفريب ما دُ بنده مريطت سنوالي اى نغ چ ناين إ فروخة ندانت يقنيت كرورجان كرماني ي برزندرت ق شع فان ب دياري نمايي ورمسيزي كني تأكيم أنك رفرما بي ا ای بادمنسجدم خرولتان کوی توبااين للف لمع و داربايي ای کرمن قاست سرند مراه كرم داخ رباني وركزاني من من المسلم زاول كر توبي مرووقات

172	و وست جان شربه تا بتر برفت نش	مرت زگاشانه بگزار بآند	- Carling
irr	۱۷۷ کریکی از مثق برآ روسنه وش	کی کدردی تو دید شطال بن آم	
ry	١١١ برونش دم بي كري دم	ورفت فني رآوره ولمبان تسند	35
795	١١٥ ماقىد ، آن شراب كريك	مِین ویت کران مورت برووارند	
174	۱۷۱ چشم خدار توای کمیع مث پل	دوچتم ست وکر فواب مبع برمنیز فر	
177	٨٠ بغاكياى فرزت كرمنتكتم	روندكان متيراز فانيهنيز	
۵۸	٢٠ ئىنولىك قازىن ئوتكورستم	اربايدكام بي اركذ	/
111	٧٥ ول شير ق د ويدْ به جاى د كرستيم	ورباموفايل محك	一一种独
"	٨٨ چوارى مراسك حدث ويشكم	إدوت بشركر مِرافاق وثمند	38
1.0	عد از در درامدے ومن زخود به در)	ببوى آگذشى دوسىرم بايسانيد	
11	١٥١ چان درقيدمرت پي ندم	ای ساربان سیدان کادام جاغرمیرو	- Carlibras
VY .	١٢٥ كت جدمودت كار دبيدم	آن نِمْتَلْت كارُولَ وَ إِن مِنَا بِهِ	
۵۱	١٢٥ آمري و وکر پيشتان پرشان وي	أولاز المراكز والمراد	
181	المن المنازيبيد مع بدام	دولت جان پر درمت صبحت میرکار	Colon
٧٥	عده منّان نيكم ول زمره وست إي	زنده کدام ات بربوشیار	
AY.	٨١ بازازشرب وشين رسرنمار دارم	برشبانديث ويركم وراى وكر	45
	۷۷ نومستری بیار داری	أن كمت كومرو و تخبير	1/9
1)17	١٢٥ كرمن زفيت بيرم	ادن شروب مدن فك غير	
24	١٠ من يوسيخ كم كرتو كا مرسيم	بآمه المبسح وبوی فردوز	100
TA.	ووی وه که در مثق حب ن می موزی	مارکزن در	1
۵۲	۱۲۰ درآن شرکی میرم درآرزوی توشیم	وى رآمد بال موسيرياس	- Maria
۵۲	۷۰ فرزمازخورم ایسنساق مارکش	اشب کمر به وقت نموانداین فروس	
117	٠٠ ښار د مرکزه م کاسنوش مونې	برکه ازک بود تنامیش	
			-

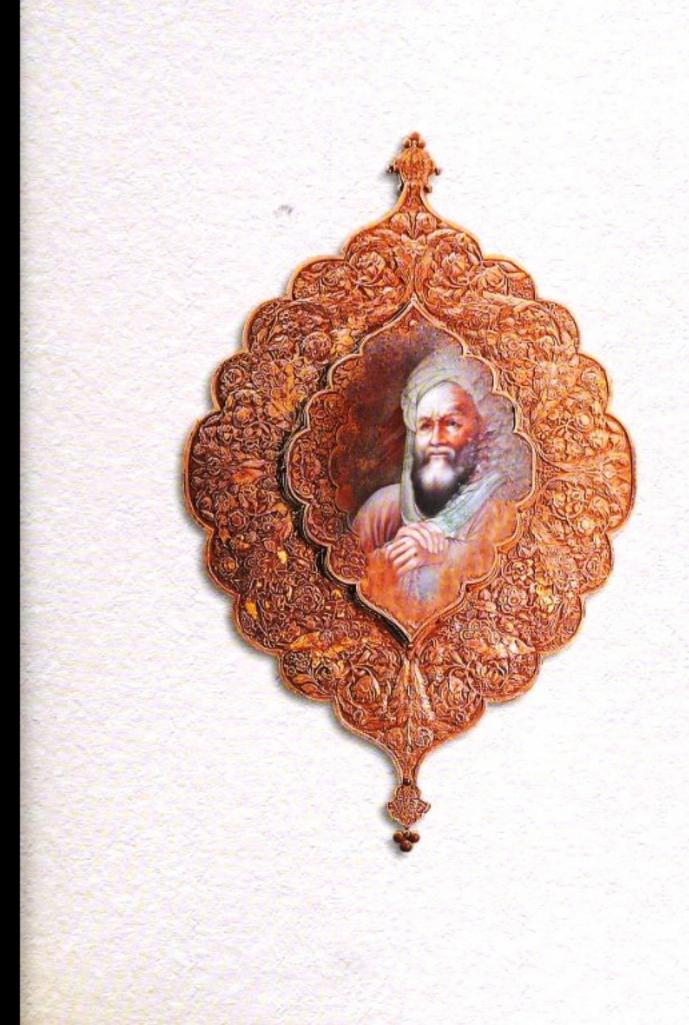
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No.			
1114	زىن مېرسىكە دروستا دونت چان آ	19	اؤل ومسترنام بيزودانا
Ju	تِنا چاک شور ورث درمبت دومبت دومبت	NEV	اكر توفار عني از حال وستمان إ
10	محنتم كمر بنواب ينم خيال وب	19	رشب بكترى رشدان فبل بي بخالم
1.4	ای پک بی فیت که داری شان در	199	برغيرة كمونسية بن القاررة فام ا
10	مراخ د باتومیسیزی درمیان ب	111	وقتى ول موايي ميرف يبسانها
177	در دیت روشن کریم بسینیت	AT	مارا برثب ني بروغوب
AN	روز وملم تساره بدن ب	AT	سرمت درآ مازخوابات
11	دوش ودارروشايان بالزفراك	101	خِان بوی وَاثْنَتْ مِینِی وَ <sup>سِت</sup>
IPT	بركه ولارام ديداز واشترام في	17	ورآمدی ای کارسرت
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31	كرنيم مسروى إدمن از	119	سليذموي وسنطقذ وامرات
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YA -	ولم ول زبوس اير وفيكي ا	179	از بره مرد و بخن وت وترت
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14.	فورش مبلان حرابند	**	دلی که عاشق وصابر بود مکرنگ
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ודר	مَا لِنت خِرنباشد	AA	بين كيموى زده م في مام
ur.	دوش بی روی در کتشن برم بری	91	این د معب ربوشان ۳
		17.50	





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